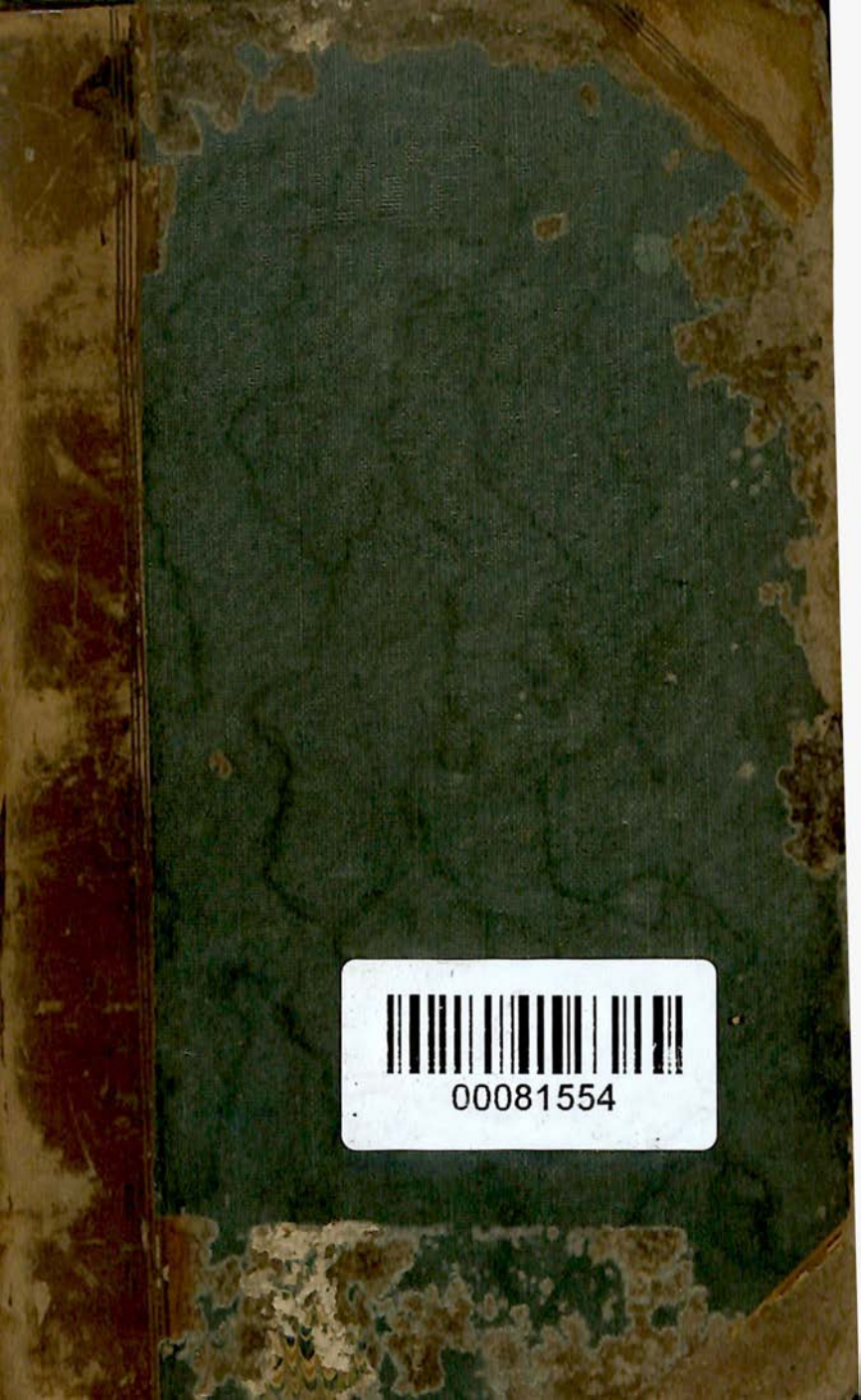
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THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

HERODOTUS

IN THE

FIFTH CENTURY BEFORE CHRIST:

AN IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY FOUNDED ON FACT,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

HISTORY, MANNERS, RELIGION, LITERATURE, ARTS, AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE GREEKS, EGYPTIANS, PERSIANS, BABYLONIANS, HEBREWS, SCYTHIANS, AND OTHER ANCIENT NATIONS, IN THE DAYS OF PERICLES AND NEHEMIAH.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

THE present work is an attempt to give in a popular form a complete survey of the principal nations of the ancient world as they were in the days of Pericles and Nehemiah. With this view, the author has written an imaginary biography of Herodotus, the Greek historian and geographer, who flourished in the fifth century before Christ; and by describing his supposed travels to the most famous cities and countries of antiquity, he has been enabled to review their several histories, narrate their national traditions, describe the appearance of each people, point out their peculiarities and manners, and develope the various religious views and ideas which belong to their several mythologies.

Such a work is peculiarly open to criticism. The author's anxious desire to render it as popular as possible has led him to take such freedoms as may probably be censured by the severer scholar. He has taken Herodotus to Persepolis and Jerusalem, and brought him into contact with Nehemiah, for the sake of connecting the sacred history of the world with the profane. He

has been compelled to throw a thick veil over the dark vices of the ancient world that he might fit his book for general perusal. He has been obliged to avoid all criticism and boldly state results which have not as yet received the approval of every scholar. He has even thought it advisable to omit specific references to authorities, as they would involve much critical discussion and bewilder those readers for whom he has more especially written. It is therefore with no little diffidence that he submits the present volumes to the public. He can, however, declare that he has conscientiously laboured to compile such an introduction to the study of ancient history as should both amuse and instruct the general reader, and lead him to the study of that higher class of historical, geographical, and critical works which as yet he may not have had the courage to undertake. In a word, the author has sought to clear ancient history from the dust of the schools, and teach it in shady playgrounds and flowery gardens.

The great work of Herodotus, and the labours of his numerous commentators, have been his chief authority for the historical narratives, the geographical descriptions, and the legends, traditions, and anecdotes scattered throughout the following pages. Besides these, however, the writer has been greatly indebted to the labours of Grote, Thirlwall, Müller, Heeren, Rawlinson, Fergusson, Wachsmuth, Becker, and Jacobs; to the

classical, biographical, and geographical dictionaries edited by Dr. William Smith; to the elegant and valuable treasury of Greek and Roman antiquities published by Mr. Rich, under the title of "An Illustrated Companion to the Greek Lexicon and Latin Dictionary;" as well as to many other works which he studied during the preparation of his "Geography of Herodotus," and which are duly mentioned in the preface and foot-notes to that publication. He might likewise name the "Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece," by the Abbé Barthelemy; but, though he has partly taken the idea of the present biography from that celebrated performance, yet he has borrowed none of its materials.

In conclusion, the author may be permitted to state, that should the present volumes meet with the approbation of the public, they will probably be followed by others of a similar class. It will be readily perceived that the ancient world is here surveyed through a Greek medium, and at a period when the empires of Assyria and Babylonia had ceased to be, when Judah was a desolation, and when Rome had not as yet commenced her career of conquest and of glory. Most gladly, then, would the writer return to that young world which he has so reluctantly quitted; and, surveying it under other aspects and through other mediums, call up brighter and still more varied pictures of the nations which have passed away.

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Melanchlæni
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Gelonoi
Sauromatæ
Agathyrsi
Scythia
Nomades
Pontus Euxinus
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Mæotis Palus
Cimmerium Bosporus
Asia
Phrygia
Armenia
Cappadocia
Cilicia
Cyprus
Syria
Palestine
Arabia
Arabian Gulf
Sandy Waste
Nomades
Greece &c.
MAP
to illustrate
THE TRAVELS OF
HERODOTUS.

LIFE AND TRAVELS

OF

HERODOTUS.

CHAPTER I.

THURIUM, B.C. 443—427.

HERODOTUS'S EMIGRATION TO THURIUM, B. C. 443. — SETTLEMENT OF THE COLONY. — HOUSES AND DRESS OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS. — COMMENCEMENT OF THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR, B. C. 431. — ARRIVAL OF AN ATHENIAN WAR GALLEY AND SAMIAN MERCHANTMAN AT THURIUM, B.C. 427. — HERODOTUS'S ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SAMIAN SKIPPER. — DEPARTS ON A VOYAGE TO ATHENS.

In the year B. C. 443, a band of Greek emigrants crossed the Ionian Sea in ten ships, to establish a colony on the southern shores of Italy. At that time the civilised world was enjoying comparative peace. The vast army of barbarians, which Xerxes had led from Asia for the destruction of Greece, had been cut to pieces forty years before, and Marathon and Salamis were only remembered as we remember Trafalgar and Waterloo. But the Greeks, being no longer united against a common enemy, were torn by faction, and the struggle between aristocracy and democracy was carried on in every city. Noisy and reckless orators were constantly exciting the turbulent passions of the multitude by their efforts to aggrandise their own party and destroy their opponents, whilst

men of nobler intellect and higher purpose, who disdained to pander to a mob, were ready to mingle in the tide of emigration which at intervals relieved the crowded states. Thus it was that Herodotus had joined the band of colonists proceeding to Italy. The great father of history, in the prime of life, and possessing an almost unprecedented experience of men and things, had been driven from his native city by the fury of party spirit, and forced to seek a home in a foreign soil, where he might forget the ingratitude of his countrymen, but cherish a fond remembrance of the glorious deeds of their mighty fathers.

The peninsula of Italy is one of the fairest limbs of the European continent. On her knee sits imperial Rome; the hollow of her foot is laved by the blue waters of the Gulf of Tarentum. In B. C. 443, just three centuries after the stern old Romans first built their nest on the Palatine hill, Herodotus and his compatriots landed on the shore of the Tarentine gulf. The sunshine of a summer morning joyously beamed upon a land where the scenery was as green and the sky as blue as in their own bright isles of Greece. Before them was the plain of Sybaris, as lovely as the garden of the Hesperides. Groves of orange and citron threw their pleasant shadows upon the sward; sloping hills were covered with the richest verdure; whilst far away in the interior the background of that glorious landscape was formed by the towering summits of the snow-capped Apennines. The fatigues and dangers of the weary voyage were now all forgotten. The turbulent assemblies and war of faction, in which many of the emigrants had so recently engaged, seemed as distant as the days of their childhood. The friendly Sybarites, clad in the airy and graceful costume of Hellas, had crowded the beach since the early morning, and anxiously watched the little fleet approaching their shores. At length they began to recognise the images at the several prows, and the pennons at the sterns; and

seeing the sails lowered and the anchors cast, they eagerly put off in their boats to bring the voyagers to land and welcome them to their new home.

The circumstances which had led to the present migration were peculiarly favourable to the new settlers. A Greek colony had been established at Sybaris as early as B.C. 720, and, by carrying on an extensive commerce with the principal countries on the Mediterranean, had acquired abundant riches for all its members. The Sybarites became renowned for their luxury and love of pleasure, and their very name was soon a by-word for voluptuaries. Their prosperity, however, was cut short by faction. A large minority were expelled the city, and the neighbouring state of Crotona took up arms in their behalf. In the fatal war which ensued, the Sybarites were completely conquered; in B.C. 510 their city was sacked and destroyed, and the few survivors were compelled to fly to other states. Sixty years afterwards, the descendants of these survivors tried to effect a settlement on the vacant site of the old city. Again they were driven away by the inhabitants of Crotona; but, instead of returning to exile, sent envoys to Athens and Sparta, the two great capitals of Greece, for assistance in establishing the new colony. Sparta refused to aid them; but Athens warmly accepted their proposals. It was this Athenian expedition, swelled by volunteers from all parts of Greece, which was now received by the Sybarites with the heartiest hospitality; and the welcome strangers gazed on the beautiful land with hearts full of thankfulness to Zeus the Preserver and bright-eyed Athena, and gave vent to their feelings in shouts of rejoicing.

Herodotus had joined the emigrants as a volunteer, and with him was the youth Lysias, at that time only fifteen years of age, but destined to become one of the mighty orators of Hellas. The leaders of the expedition were

Lampo, the prophet and priest, and Xenocritus. The first act of the assembled multitude was to offer up a solemn thanksgiving to Zeus the Preserver, for their safe arrival in so fair a spot. The sacred fire, kindled at the altar of Hestia, in the prytaneum at Athens, had been carefully preserved throughout the long and difficult voyage. The simple altar was now constructed of earth and sods, and the pile of wood was arranged. The fairest maiden was chosen to be the canephoros, and carried on her head the flat round basket containing the sacrificial knife, the incense, and the chaplet of flowers. The bull intended for sacrifice was led along with gilded horns and head crowned with garlands. Last of all the priest approached the altar, and, turning the victim's head heavenward to Olympus, performed the solemn ceremonial. The fire was kindled, the sacred portion was placed upon the flames, and full libations of pure wine were poured upon the altar; and whilst the incense was thrown upon the sacrifice, the sound of hymns and prayers ascended with the fragrant smoke in a sweet savour to the Olympian deities. Then followed an evening of festivity. New bread and roasted meat were eaten with gladness under the shade of over-arching groves. Bowls of wine, mingled with the clearest water, were passed from hand to hand, and quaffed joyously. Tents were pitched upon the greensward round the fair spring of Thuria; and many a weary politician pillowed his head upon flowers, and passed the night in dreams of youth and gardens, of nymphs and murmuring fountains.

A detailed account of the establishment and progress of this beautiful colony does not belong to our subject. Sixteen years must be supposed to have passed away. Vines and corn grew upon the hills; cows and sheep fed upon the pastures. Pleasant farms were enclosed with green hedges, and the hearts of men rejoiced at the noise of the wine-press and the threshing-floor. The town of Thurium,

named after the sweet spring of Thuria, had sprung up like a mimic Athens. Four main streets—the Heraclea, the Aphrodisias, the Olympias, and the Dionysias — were crossed at right angles by the three streets—Heroa, Thuria, and Thurina. There was the gymnasium for the young men; the agora, where all the business was transacted and the news discussed; the pnyx, where the assemblies were held and the orators of the colony thundered their denunciations from the bema; the prytaneum, the great town hall of the state, where the sacred fire from Athens was kept constantly burning on the altar of Hestia; and above all, there were the temples of fair Athena and Olympian Zeus, those bright gods who ever look benignly upon Attica, and cherish those of her children who are distant from her soil. The houses were still at considerable distances from each other, and only consisted of one story; but then they all had gardens at the back, and were airy and spacious. Like the houses in other Greek cities, each dwelling was of an oblong shape, and divided into two halves or squares. The square facing the street was called the andronitis, and was set apart for the men of the family; that facing the garden was called the gynæconitis, and set apart for the use of the women. Each square consisted of a quadrangle or open court, surrounded by apartments, including sitting-rooms, bed-rooms, eating-rooms, work-rooms, store-rooms, and other chambers. The slaves mostly slept on the roof, and holes in the wall and roof served both for windows and chimneys. The manners and customs of the Thurians were the same as those of the Athenians; but there was more freedom of intercourse, more open communication between the sexes, and the younger men of the colony were more refined in thought and deed, and more happy in their matrimonial relations, than the wealthiest and wisest gallants in the mother country. The fashions at Thurium were also the same as those at Athens. Both sexes wore a chiton, or tunic. The

men wore the short Dorian chiton, which resembled a woollen shirt without sleeves. The ladies, on the other hand, were modestly attired in the long Ionian chiton, which fell down to the ground in ample folds, and was girdled to their waist by a zone. The latter, however, had by this time discarded the old-fashioned Ionian sleeves, and by fastening the chiton to their shoulders with a simple clasp, were enabled to exhibit their fair white arms as in the olden time.* Both men and women also wore an outer garment, either the himation, or cloak, or else the chlamys, or scarf. Both the himation and the chlamys were made of woollen. The himation was only a large square cloth, which hung down to the knee, being first thrown over the left shoulder, then round the back to the right side, then above the right arm or below it, and then again brought back on the left shoulder or arm. The chlamys was an oblong piece of cloth, much smaller and finer, and generally more ornamented than the himation; it had tassels at the four corners, and was worn more like a shawl or scarf, being fastened by a button or clasp either to the right shoulder or across the breast. The slaves were merely clothed in a chiton of coarse cloth, and the field labourers in one made of rough skins. Shoes and sandals were only worn out of doors, and men wore no covering on

* The fashion of wearing clasps had existed at Athens at a more ancient period, but had entirely gone out during the Persian war, though, as we have seen above, it was again revived at the present epoch. These changes were connected with the following historical event:—Some time before the Persian war, an Athenian expedition against the island of Ægina was utterly destroyed, and only one man returned alive to Athens; but such was the anger of the wives of those who had fallen, that they attacked the survivor in the open streets, and killed him with their clasps. In punishment for this outrage the Athenians passed a law, obliging their women to leave off the short Dorian chiton with the elegant clasp, and to wear the long, full-sleeved Ionian chiton. In the time of Pericles, however, and a little before the date mentioned in the text, the memory of the outrage had passed away, the ladies had returned to the old fashion of wearing clasps, and beautiful arms regained their ancient privileges.

their heads, excepting when engaged in certain businesses or undertaking a long journey. The ladies, however, dressed their hair in a variety of elegant and graceful styles, and frequently confined it in a network, or by an ornamented bandeau. This brief view of the appearance of a Greek colony * in B. C. 427,— when Nehemiah was governor at Jerusalem, and Artaxerxes Longimanus was sovereign of Persia,—may, perhaps, prepare the reader for an entrance into those different classes of ancient society to which we shall soon find occasion to introduce him.

The year B. C. 427 was the fifth year of the great Peloponnesian war. The austere aristocracy of Sparta, the masters of the Peloponnesus and generals of the finest land force in Hellas, were arrayed against the rich and ambitious democracy of Athens, whose fleets had made her the mistress of the sea. The contest was convulsing every state in Greece. The aristocracy of every city were eagerly applying for assistance from Sparta, whilst the democracy were imploring the interference of Athens.

* I may here remark, that I have only attempted to convey a general picture of the houses and costume of the Greeks during the historic period. More detailed accounts may be found in Becker's Charicles, Müller's Dorians, and Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities; and in those learned works the reader may find a full investigation of that important question which has agitated all the archæologists of modern times, namely, whether the Greek ladies really wore a chitonion, or under-shift, and the gentlemen a chitoniscos, or under-shirt. Thanks to the laborious researches of Böttiger and Becker, the first point may be triumphantly maintained; and Tischbein has also preserved a representation of a lady in a bath-room, wearing a scanty under-garment, which in every respect answers to the supposed chitonion. When, however, Böttiger assumes that the *chitoniscos* was a corresponding under-shirt, he is guilty of an unwarrantable inference; and Becker distinctly proves that the chitoniscos was by no means an under-shirt, but only a very short shirt. We shall not, however, attempt to inoculate our readers with the fever of controversy. Let us hope that those eminent scholars who now feel the lack of knowledge upon this interesting subject, will compile such new and still more comprehensive volumes, that future generations may not thirst in vain for similar information concerning the corresponding garments worn in the present era.

The fury of party spirit, aggravated by the horrors of the war, was rapidly filling Greece with every kind of treachery and violence. The simple honest-heartedness of her generous citizens was fast disappearing, for no person could be believed, and no oath relied on. The leaders of the factions, whilst speciously crying on one side for a moderate aristocracy, and on the other for equal rights and privileges, were in reality only actuated by an ambitious and reckless desire to rule, and ventured upon the most horrible outrages to gratify their party and crush their opponents. During this particular year, the most unparalleled atrocities had been committed. Only nine days' voyage from Thurium, the streets of Corcyra were running with blood, and the mob were maddened by their wholesale butcheries. The democrats had attempted to slaughter every aristocrat on the island, and had included their creditors and private enemies in the general massacre. Sons were slain by fathers; suppliants were dragged from temples, or murdered within the sacred precincts; and many of the horror-stricken citizens hung themselves upon the trees in the insanity of despair. At the city of Platæa a similar massacre had taken place; not however, so much in consequence of faction, but in connection with the ravening war, which was desolating the country. The city had been taken by Sparta, and delivered up to the Thebans. The latter, who had been the rivals and deadly enemies of the Platæans, butchered every man in cold blood, sold the women into slavery, and subsequently razed every house to the ground. The news of these terrible deeds had already reached Thurium. She, too, had suffered from internal commotions. First the Sybarites, who had so warmly welcomed the settlers from Athens, and had profited by their assistance in defying the ancient enemy of Sybaris, had soon begun to treat the strangers as an inferior race, had claimed all the higher offices in the state, and had at length fallen a

sacrifice to the popular vengeance on their ill-timed arrogance. Secondly, another band of emigrants had arrived, and the population had become so miscellaneous, that a contention arose as to whether the colony belonged to Athens or to Sparta. The Athenian institutions still prevailed, but yet the Spartan Thurians were constantly asserting, with that dogged obstinacy which is so intensely irritating, that Sparta was in reality the parent of Thurium. The leading men used their utmost endeavours to allay these dissensions. They appealed to the oracle at Delphi for a decision, and the Pythia wisely declared that the colony belonged neither to Athens nor Sparta, but to Apollo — an answer which for awhile turned away the wrath of the rival parties.* Still, however, the progress of the Peloponnesian war kept alive the smouldering fires of faction. Rumour declared that the Athenians were projecting the conquest of the neighbouring island of Sicily, and that an Athenian fleet would soon pass the Thurian coast in full sail for the island. At this critical juncture, and when some weeks had passed without any trustworthy intelligence from the theatre of war, tidings were brought to the magistrates in the prytaneum that two ships were in the offing, and that one of them was most undoubtedly an Athenian war-galley.

The news at once flashed through the whole colony. The eagerness and excitement were universal. The streets were emptied of citizens; the hum of traffic ceased in the agora. All classes thronged to the beach like a swarm of bees. There, in the clear horizon, were the two vessels approaching from different quarters. The Athenian trireme, with her three benches of rowers at full play, was riding over the waters as swiftly and proudly as a war-steamer of modern times. The other vessel, apparently a

* Diodorus Siculus, xii. 11, 12.

Samian merchantman driven in by stress of weather, excited but little attention, excepting from a few traders whose storehouses were well stocked with flour and provisions, and who hoped for a little profitable barter with a hungry crew. The Athenian pilot evidently knew the coast, and soon brought his vessel to in the creek formed by the mouth of the river Crathis; and there the trireme was safely anchored. It was speedily known on shore that envoys from Athens were on board, bearing messages of the utmost importance to the Thurian people; and that a proclamation would be quickly made, convening for the morrow a general assembly of all the citizens. For the remainder of the day all business was apparently suspended; and none but the women and slaves continued their usual labours. The Athenian envoys were hospitably entertained in the prytaneum, amidst the scowls and laconic grumblings of the amiable members of the Spartan faction. Smart Athenian officers, in richly worked cuirasses, imposing helmets, glittering crests, and elegantly shaped greaves, were wandering through the streets, looking about them with gay curiosity, and rapidly finding hospitable hosts amongst the wealthier citizens of Thurium. The *ennui* of the voyage was soon forgotten in the pleasures of the symposium. Simple-minded Thurians heard tales of the camp, the theatre, and the gymnasium, embellished with accounts of beautiful flute-players and exciting cock-fights, with the same perplexed astonishment that maiden aunts hear of some wild nephew's exploits on the banks of the Isis or Cam. Of course the ladies of every household were carefully locked from such undoubted gallants, and not permitted to leave the gynæconitis to mingle in their dangerous society. An Athenian, it is true, was the soul of honour, and would sooner have shed his blood than have called up a blush on the cheek of a free maiden; but husbands and fathers felt that the noble forms and graceful bearing of their guests might

commit sufficient execution without the assistance of soft words and flattering speeches. As it was, bright eyes would peep through creeks and crannies; songs and laughter would penetrate party walls; and the fluttering of hearts sadly interfered with the embroidering of himations and weaving of chitons.

But amidst the general excitement and festivity, which followed the arrival of the Athenian vessel, the Samian merchantman has been totally forgotten. The night is fast coming on. The anxious colloquies between the magistrates and the envoys are nearly concluded. The groups of politicians who have been discussing the news of the war and the probable objects of the mission of the Athenian embassy, have left the corners of the streets and colonnades of the temples, and sought their quiet homes. Patriotic citizens are carefully preparing their speeches for the morrow;—speeches that are intended not only to sway the assembly at the pnyx, but to strike the more critical and experienced Athenians with admiring wonder. The symposia are over. Maidens are dreaming of crests and swords; and even the warriors have faint visions of beautiful forms in gracefully falling chitons, of white arms and braided tresses. Sailors who have drowned too many of their cares in Thurian wine, are imagining themselves in the Piræus, and tumbling over their own lanterns in vain attempts to reach their ship. Leaving these several scenes, we proceed to the outskirts of the town. In a small house, very pleasantly situated, are two men sitting in the open court of the andronitis. One of them, an old man bordering on sixty, with a long beard and white flowing hair, is Herodotus, the old historian, from Halicarnassus. The other is the captain of the Samian merchantman. Their conversation has been long and interesting. The Samian skipper, a dry, hardy salt, with a merry twinkle in his eye, has been drinking a cup of unmixed wine, and telling the story of his mishaps. His

narrative was short and abrupt; he cared not for danger, and seemed to chuckle over his own misfortunes. He had carried a cargo of wine to Egypt, and bartered it for fine linen. He had then coasted to Cyrene to purchase silphium, and from thence had endeavoured to run across to Crete. A Levanter, however, carried him far away to the west. At one time he thought of trying to reach Carthage, and taking his chance of being sacrificed to Moloch or sold for a slave; at another of keeping out at sea, and suffering himself to be driven to the pillars of Heracles or Elysian fields. The tempest, however, had lulled: a breeze sprung up from the south, which filled his eyes with sand from the Sahara, but bore him safely into the Tarentine Gulf; and he anchored at Thurium just as he and his crew were on the point of starving, having eaten nothing for two days but some rats and a few odd pieces of tackling. Thus far, all had turned out for the best. The physicians at Crotona, close by, would be glad to buy some of his silphium*; and he should take on board an extra large stock of provisions and water, and try to make his way round the hostile coasts of the Peloponnesus without encountering a Peloponnesian galley. If he could obtain a cargo of Laconian dye on his way home all the better; and in about a month or six weeks he hoped to arrive safe and sound at Athens. Having finished his relation, he began to talk of things in general: — the war, that was crippling the Corinthian trade; the increased demand for slaves; the riches of Tartessus and Gades; the tin mines and barbarians of Cassiterides; and, above all, of the folly of the struggle between Athens and Sparta, when, by uniting their forces, they might achieve the conquest of Carthage, establish a free trade over the whole world, and let the boldest captain get the best cargo

* Silphium was a valuable kind of assafœtida, which was used as an aperient medicine, and sometimes employed for fattening cattle and making their flesh tender.

without he and his crew running the risk of being sacrificed like sheep or sold like dogs by the Phœnician psalm-singers.* Herodotus did not deny the propriety of the haughty Spartan fighting in the cause of free trade, but tried to lead his guest to tell of his travels on sea and land. The Samian had been at sea since his early childhood. He knew every port in the Ægean, the Propontis, and the Euxine. He now told stories of strange nations and mysterious cities, to which the old historian listened with sparkling eyes and tingling ears. Herodotus heard places described which he had himself visited, scenes which he had himself witnessed, and was therefore fully disposed to believe every marvellous account. Sea-dragons or sea-nymphs, however, the Samian had never beheld for certain. A captain, under whom he had served, once caught a sea-nymph off Cyprus, but after a week or two she was reported to have swam away. The captain's wife heard of it; but the captain swore by Zeus that she was a real sea-nymph, if ever there was one. As for himself, he could only say that the sea-nymph had a beautiful head and shoulders, for he could not see the fish's tail, as she was dressed in a long chiton, and moved about for all the world like a Paphian damsel. Finishing this delectable story, the Samian began to talk about the glories of Athens, and of the magnificent structures erected by Pericles. He soon found the attention of his listener more enchained than ever. Many years had passed since Herodotus had visited Athens, and every year seemed to increase his desire for undertaking one more voyage to the famous city. Suddenly he determined to go to Athens at once. The vintage was all gathered, and the wheat harvest likewise was nearly all got in; and he could not expect to leave at a better time. Accordingly, he proposed

* The indignant Samian was probably thinking of the hymns sung at Gades to the genius of death. See Philostrat. *Vit. Apoll.* v. 4.

to the honest skipper to accompany him in his return voyage as far as Athens, and offered to furnish him with a fair stock of provisions in payment for his passage. The Samian immediately and gladly consented. He was by no means anxious to sell his silphium at Crotona, if he could obtain provisions on easy terms at Thurium; and he had discovered that the trireme from Athens was only forty-eight hours in advance of nineteen other war galleys, and that, consequently, salt beef and flour would soon be scarce and high-priced. On the other hand, Herodotus was willing to let him have all that he required beyond the quantity agreed on for the passage, and to wait for payment until they arrived at Athens. Thus the bargain was concluded, and each party made their necessary arrangements. The next morning, amidst the tumultuous uproar and speechifying at the pnyx, the Samian got his rough craft ready for the return voyage; and Herodotus, having obtained a passport from the prytanes, and placed his farm and household in the charge of a near relation, was once more on the salt waves, bound for the favourite city of bright-eyed Athena.

CHAP. II.

HALICARNASSUS, B. C. 484—464.

HERODOTUS BORN B. C. 484, AT HALICARNASSUS, IN ASIA MINOR. — ANCIENT HISTORY OF WESTERN ASIA MINOR. — CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE BIRTH OF INFANTS. — EARLY YEARS OF HERODOTUS. — NURSERY STORIES OF EMPUSA, OF THE LAMIÆ, AND OF THE NYMPHS. — STORY OF SCYLLA AND GLAUCUS. — SCHOOL AND GYMNASIUM. — WRITING ON TABLETS AND PAPYRUS. — FABLES, VERSES, AND WISE SAYINGS. — ARITHMETIC. — MUSIC. — GYMNASTICS AND GREEK SPORTS. — HERODOTUS AT THE AGE OF TWENTY. — HIS RELIGIOUS BELIEF. — GREEK MYTHOLOGY ACCORDING TO THE NATIONAL FAITH.

HERODOTUS was born at Halicarnassus, a maritime city on the south-western coast of Asia Minor, and we invite our readers to embark in our imaginary yacht and pay a visit to the famous site. Leaving the fair foot of Italy we sail round the sister peninsula of Greece, and thread our way through the green islands of the Ægean towards the torn and jagged coasts of Asia Minor. We pace the deck at midnight listening to the calm music of the waves. The Etesian winds of summer are flinging the light salt spray around us. In the distance the long fantastic promontories of Asia Minor spread into the Ægean like the tangled locks of some fair sea-nymph. Far away to our left are the immortal plains of Troy; close before us is the hill from whence in olden time the haughty city of Halicarnassus serenely gazed upon the crested billows. Steering between two antique piers we enter the once famous harbour. We see around us the precipitous slopes where sat the ancient city. Ascending the green shores we look with wonder on her impregnable acropolis; we taste the waters of that sweet spring of Salmacis where, twenty-three centuries ago, the young Herodotus drank many a cooling

draught; and here, where stood the palace of her by-gone kings, we will sit awhile and muse upon the past.

Three thousand years ago, in B. C. 1184, the city of Troy on the north-western corner of Asia Minor was taken by the mighty warriors from Greece. A few centuries only passed away and all that western shore, from the city of Priam southwards beyond the birthplace of Herodotus, was studded with Greek colonies. The principal cities were divided into three great confederacies. First, beyond the southern limits of Troy were the old Æolians. Secondly, in the centre of the coast were the gay Ionians, who lived in the finest climate and beneath the fairest sky in all the world, and who worshipped great Poseidon in their national temple of Panionium. Thirdly, along the south-western corner of the coast were the sterner Dorians, who worshipped far-shooting Apollo in their national sanctuary at Triopium. The infant colonies grew up to a luxurious and independent manhood. Their merchant fleets rode upon every sea; their marts were peopled by mighty caravans from the far East. The riches of every clime filled the streets; painting and sculpture adorned the temples; and the ears of men were charmed with the dulcet notes of philosophy and song. At length, about B. C. 540, the overwhelming power of Cyrus forced them to submit to Persian domination. The great confederacies were compelled to pay tribute to a Persian satrap, and furnish supplies of men and ships for Persian armaments. Free citizens were ruled by petty tyrants, who had sprung from amongst themselves, and yet consented to be the tools of Persia. In B. C. 503, the Ionians obtained assistance from Athens, revolted from king Darius, and commenced a death struggle for freedom. We need not dwell on the horrors that ensued. In six years the insurrection was crushed, and massacres, confiscations, and slavery effectually broke the spirit of the Asiatic Greeks. Then the haughty Persian determined to avenge himself

on that presumptuous state which had dared to support the rebellion of his slaves. The noblest virgins of Athens should be handmaidens to his queens; her proudest sons should be eunuchs in his harem; her arrogant democracy should be trampled beneath the iron hoof of Persian despotism. Thrice every day at the royal banquet a slave said aloud, by express command, "King Darius, remember the Athenians." At last, in B. C. 490, the Persian armament reached the shores of Attica, and encamped in the plain of Marathon. Athens heard and trembled. Freedom or death was the cry of her devoted children. Her youthful sons marched out in bright array, curled and perfumed as for a mimic combat, but cool as Spartans, and valiant as young lions. Then fought Miltiades his famous victory. Without archers to harass the enemy, or cavalry to break his lines, the Athenians rushed fiercely on to drive him from their soil. The battle lasted long. The Athenian centre was broken by the barbarian, but its wings routed their opponents, and then turned back and gained the day. The invaders were cut to pieces, and whilst the panic-stricken remnant fled back to Asia, the pæans of victory resounded through Greece; and even the disappointed Spartans, who arrived too late to share the glory, joined in the universal praises awarded to their victorious rivals.

The battle of Marathon was fought B. C. 490. Darius, half maddened by the defeat, agitated all Asia to raise an armament which should be invincible; but he died, B. C. 485, in the midst of his preparations. Xerxes succeeded, and continued to levy the men, the horses, and the ships required for the coming struggle. But we need not repeat the story of that mighty expedition. Armies bridged the seas, and navies sailed through mountains; but proud and stubborn Greece staked her all against the despot. Heaven sympathised with her struggles; the winds and waves helped to deliver her from the threatened yoke. Thermopylæ and Artemisium, Salamis and Platæa, gave

her victory and revenge; and the songs of triumph found an echo on the shores of Ionia, and Asiatic Greece once more panted for freedom.

Meantime Halicarnassus, unlike the other Dorian cities, had taken no part in the Ionian revolt, and seemed to live contented under the Persian sway. She had originally belonged to the Dorian confederacy, but was excluded in consequence of having violated one of its laws.* Subsequently she had been united with three neighbouring islands, and formed into a little kingdom, under the general superintendence of the Persian satrap. During the war of Persia against Greece, this humble throne was occupied by the celebrated Queen Artemisia, who joined the expedition of Xerxes with five ships, and showed herself to be the most able naval commander in all his mighty armament.

In B. C. 484—the first year of the reign of Xerxes, and four years before the Persian defeat at Salamis—Herodotus was born in this comparatively peaceful city. He was the son of noble parents. His father, Lyxes, who possessed great wealth, belonged to a family which had originally sprung from Samos; and many of his ancestors had been distinguished as statuaries in gold and silver, and as engravers of jewels and precious stones.† Dryo, the

* The circumstances connected with the exclusion of Halicarnassus were as follows:—At the great Dorian festival of Apollo, at Triopium, games were celebrated in honour of that deity, and a richly ornamented brazen tripod (a kind of portable altar) was the prize of the contest, but it was especially ordained that the tripod was not to be carried off by the victor, but to be dedicated in the national temple. On one occasion however Agasicles, a native of Halicarnassus, obtained the prize; but instead of placing the tripod in the temple, he carried it off to his own house; and for this offence against the common law of the confederacy, the city of Halicarnassus was denied all future share in its privileges. Herod. i. 144.

† That Herodotus belonged to Samian family, whose members were distinguished for artistical works in gold and jewels, may be inferred from the particular fulness of his accounts of Samos, his supposed residence there as recorded by Suidas, and his very detailed description of the golden ornaments at Delphi, and story concerning the celebrated ring of Polycrates, said to

mother of Herodotus, was of Halicarnassian descent, and was an amiable and religious lady, devotedly attached to her husband and family. The kind goddess Ilithyia smiled upon the birth of the infant historian; and as the midwife dipped the babe in cold water, according to the Greek fashion, she declared that he was as fair as Eros and as strong as an infant Heracles. On the seventh day the street door was decorated with olive branches and garlands, and all the friends and relations assembled to the birth-feast in the house of Lyxes. The infant boy was carried round the hearth in the nurse's arms, and thus placed under the protection of good Hestia, the goddess of the fireside and giver of all domestic bliss; at the same time, when the sacrifice had been offered, and whilst the guests stood round as witnesses, he received that name of Herodotus which was to be handed down to the latest posterity.

The first six years of the life of Herodotus were spent in the gynæconitis, or apartments of the women, according to the regular routine of Greek nursery education. He was suckled and weaned much in the same manner as the infants in modern times. He was either dandled in his nurse's or mother's arms, or carried about in a portable basket, wrapped in a coverlet of Milesian wool. When he cried, the women quieted him with a piece of sponge dipped in honey, a *bonne bouche* which he sucked like a young limpet; when he was tired, they sang him to sleep with lullabies as old as the Heracleids. As he grew older, he began to move on his feet, and to lisp those mysterious words, *tatta* and *mamma*, which are still frequently uttered by amazing children of British growth.*

have been the work of Theodorus the Samian. Suidas likewise says that the brother of Herodotus was named Theodorus; and as it was a frequent custom among the Greeks to name a child after its paternal grandfather, it is really not at all improbable that the Samian Theodorus was the ancestor of Herodotus.

* The authorities on the education of Greek boys, may be found in

Figs were given him to make him fat, and fresh figs were rubbed upon his eyes to keep off ophthalmia. He amused himself with the little baubles which hung around his neck, and also played with his little chariots, his coloured balls, and his pretty little images of painted clay. Truth, however, compels us to state that he frequently came to grief from his efforts to convert more important domestic articles into nursery playthings; and Plato himself might have been highly gratified at the careful manner in which the young hopeful was frequently castigated with the slipper or the sandal. The old nurse, however, was always enabled to enforce implicit obedience. That respectable lady had a stock of horrible stories which would have frightened a Spartan; and the future historian even went so far as to believe that she could call into active service those shapes and spectres with whom she had formed so intimate an acquaintance. He heard of the terrible Empusa, the phantom minister of Hecate, with one leg of brass and the other of an ass, who could appear in any form she pleased, and of course could glide through lonely chambers and dark passages to devour naughty children. He was also told fearful stories of the Lamiæ. There was the beautiful Lamia, whom Zeus loved, and who had a pretty little curly-headed son; but jealous Hera made away with the boy, and the poor broken-hearted mother went wild with grief, and devoted all her time to inveigling and destroying the children of others. There were also the Lamiæ who assumed the form of handsome women in order to attract young men, and then sucked their blood like vampires, and fed upon their flesh. Again, there were other Lamiæ who lived far away on the sands of the Syrtis, whose faces and arms were of surpassing beauty, but whose bodies terminated in huge serpent

Becker's Charicles, St. John's Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece, or in Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.

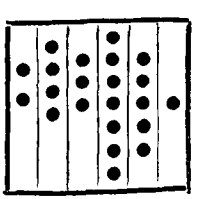
tails, and who, moreover, hissed like adders, and devoured all who approached them. The poor little fellow used to bitterly repent the misdeeds he had committed, and to be terribly afraid lest he should fall into the jaws of these fascinating monsters; but when the old nurse had sufficiently satisfied herself of the effect of her story-telling powers, she used to cheer him up with livelier tales of lovelier nymphs with long hair, who sported about all day long as gay and lighthearted as glittering butterflies; and he liked to hear of these fair ladies and to dream of them by night, better by far than hearing and dreaming of the bloody-minded Lamiæ. There were the Oceanids and Nereids, beautiful maidens who were half fishes, and lived at the bottom of the sea, and were always propitious to sailors; the Potameids, who took care of the rivers; the Naiads, who presided over the springs; the Oreads, who lived in mountains and grottoes; and the Dryads, who dwelt in lofty trees. Little Herodotus was never tired of hearing all about them, and of their dances with the merry satyrs; but above all he considered it an especial treat to be told the whole story of Scylla and Glaucus. Scylla was a lovely damsel, who played with the sea nymphs, and one of the gods of the sea named Glaucus fell in love with her; but she refused to marry him, because she did not like his long beard, dishevelled hair, shaggy eyebrows, and fish's tail. Glaucus, however, was determined to make her love him, and even went to that old sorceress Circe, to beg her to give him some love charm or philter which should induce Scylla to smile upon his suit. Circe, instead of assisting him, fell in love with him herself, and, of course, desired him to forget Scylla; but he was too faithful a lover. At last Circe grew so jealous that she poured the juice of some poisonous herbs into the fountain where Scylla bathed; and no sooner had the maiden touched the water than all the lower part of her body was changed into the

tail of a sea serpent, and surrounded by frightful monsters like dogs, which never ceased to bark hideously. Then the terrified girl threw herself into the sea, and was changed into a great rock, and now the waves are ever roaring around her.

When Herodotus was six or seven years old, he was sent every day to the school and gymnasium, and his father Lyxes, appointed a slave to attend him everywhere and carry his books, tablet, and other school requirements. This slave was called a pædagogue, a name which is often derisively applied to the schoolmasters of modern times. The school to which Herodotus was sent consisted of one hundred and twenty boys.* The studies were divided into three branches. First, the grammata, which included reading, writing, and arithmetic; secondly, music; and thirdly, gymnastics. Especial attention was also paid to the polite behaviour of the several pupils, and they were particularly enjoined to be modest and respectful in the presence of their elders. When Herodotus had learnt his letters, and could not only spell but read fluently, he was taught to write first on a tablet, and then in a regular book or roll of Nile paper; for writing on skins had long gone out of fashion. The tablet consisted of a thin wooden board, shaped exactly like a schoolboy's slate, but having one of its sides covered with wax. The writer used a stylus, or iron pencil, pointed at one end for inscribing the characters on the wax, and flattened at the other for rubbing out mistakes or bad penmanship. The higher classes, however, were initiated into the art of writing in books or rolls, and this was considered by the smaller boys to be a most glorious and enviable occupation. The Nile paper was made of the spongy pith of the papyrus, cut into layers, and gummed together in the form of sheets;

* The school at Chios consisted of 120 boys, when the roof fell in and killed them all but one, just thirteen years before the birth of Herodotus. See Herod. vi. 27.

and these sheets were pressed and dried and smoothed with a piece of polished ivory, and then fastened together so as to form a long roll. A proud boy was Herodotus, when, after sundry practisings on loose sheets, he was at last trusted with a roll, and a new and good reed pen, and was directed to copy out some of the fables of that rare old slave Æsop, who had composed them exactly 100 years before. Day after day the boy laboured at this mighty task, until at length the whole roll was finished, cut, and trimmed, and mounted on a roller, and carried home; and never indeed had Herodotus felt so happy as when his mother Dryo praised the grand achievement, and even his father Lyxes did not disdain to smile. Meantime Herodotus did not neglect his other studies. He read the works of several authors, which were deposited in the schoolroom chest, and committed to memory many old verses and wise sayings; and it was even then remarkable that he rarely forgot any fact which he had once heard, or any poem which he had carefully perused. His arithmetic, however, was faulty. He could reckon very well with his fingers, but when he took the abacus in hand, and tried to solve more advanced arithmetical problems, he at once found himself in a labyrinth of difficulties. The abacus was a square board or open box, separated into divisions, in which any sum might be represented by means of stones or counters. The counters in the first division represented units; those in the second, tens; those in the third, hundreds, and so on; thus the counters arranged in an abacus according to the accompanying plan would be equivalent to 243,751. This instrument of intellectual torture was considered by Herodotus to be only fitted for the amusement of Tantalus. When he took the result of his calculations to his master, the arrangement of



his counters was always incorrect. He cursed it with as much energy as a modern schoolboy denounces prosody or parsing, and to the day of his death he never could add up a sum without a blunder, or subtract one amount from another without being rarely laughed at by his more business-like companions.

When Herodotus was thirteen years of age, he was instructed in the art of music, and taught both to sing and to accompany himself on the lyre or cithara. A knowledge of music was indeed essential to every Greek citizen, for without it he could neither join in the sacred choruses belonging to the ritual of his religion, nor take his part in the pæans on the field of battle, or in the graceful amusements of social life. Flutes were almost out of fashion, for they distorted the face, and prevented a performer from singing to the sound of his own instrument.

In the gymnasium Herodotus spent some hours every day, and practised running, wrestling, and other athletic sports, with boys of his own age. Games and gymnastics were a pleasant change after the porings over the abacus and strummings on the lyra; and our young hero had joined in them from the first day that his pædagogue had taken him to school. The amusements of the boys of ancient Greece are still nearly all followed by those of modern Britain. Herodotus could drive his bronze hoop, which jingled with little bells, as fast as any boy in Halicarnassus. Blindman's buff was a great favourite; the blind man acting the part of Polyphemus, who had his one eye put out by Ulysses, whilst the other boys played the parts of Ulysses and his companions, trying to get out of the cave. The chytrinda, again, was like our hot cockles: one boy sat on the ground, and was called the chytra or pot, whilst the other boys ran round, pinching and pushing him, until one was caught by the chytra, and made to take his place. The epostrakismos was like our ducks and drakes. The boys stood on the beach, and

flung oyster shells edgeways over the harbour, and he whose shell made the most leaps in the water won the game. Throwing the ball, and playing at odd or even for walnuts, almonds, beans, or money, were as common then as now. What need, then, for further description? Herodotus and Thucydides, Plato and Aristotle, Themistocles and Pericles, were as active in the gymnasium of two thousand years ago as our statesmen, our judges, and our bishops were in the playground of yesterday.

At sixteen years of age Herodotus may be said to have completed his school education. Ten years had passed since the little boy had been taken from his nurse's arms, and taught to be a man. Two more years elapsed, during which he devoted nearly all his time to the gymnasium, for the completion of what may be called his physical education; and, not content with running, shooting the bow, hurling the javelin, and throwing the discus, he even wrestled and fought in the palæstra with the regular athletes. At eighteen he was admitted amongst the ephebi, and perhaps served the state in some military capacity.

At twenty he left his father's house in Halicarnassus, to visit the Ionian island of Samos; and it was here that he commenced his real studies in history, and began to aspire after literary renown. Before, however, we describe the circumstances connected with this event, it will be necessary to obtain some insight into the state of his religious belief; and, in pursuance of this object, we shall endeavour to present the reader with a brief sketch of the orthodox faith of the ancient Greeks, and a summary of their mythological system.

The modern reader, who has received the truths of revelation, and lived beneath the light of the Holy Gospel, will scarcely appreciate the simple piety and childlike superstitions of the great body of the Greek people. He knows that the Stone cut without hands has shattered the heathenisms of the ancient world. His memory is

filled with the inspired denunciations against those foul systems of paganism which surrounded Canaan on every side. His imagination is occupied by vivid pictures of the vile idolatries at Damascus and Babylon, of the Mount of Corruption, and the Vale of Hinnom. But no such abominable pollutions were connected with the religious faith of the Greeks in the time of Herodotus. We only see an intellectual but credulous people, anxiously seeking for general information, yet tenaciously clinging to the beautiful but extravagant legends of divine beings, which had been, as far as they knew, handed down to them from primeval times. Philosophers might sometimes teach that these legends or mythes were mere allegories; but all such innovators were popularly regarded as enemies to the gods; and even to a much later age the great mass of the people continued to be as earnest as ever in their simple devotions to their imaginary deities; believing themselves to be ever under the superintendence of the Olympian gods, and connecting every duty and every festival with the worship of some special and guardian divinity.*

Herodotus, though a young man, was deeply imbued with the general religious feeling which existed amongst his countrymen. The early teachings of his mother, the family sacrifices, and the public festivals had vividly impressed him with a sense of the goodness and greatness of the ancient deities of Hellas. The thousand beautiful mythes, which were sung by the poets, or recorded by the logographers, had enabled him to contemplate the

* In a future chapter we shall have occasion to notice the deeper mysteries of the Greek religion, and the more refined and secret doctrines which were adopted by the more intelligent and better-educated classes, and then, perhaps, we shall be able to inquire more critically into the origin of the Greek mythology and its character as compared with that of other systems. At present our only object is to take a general view of the popular religious belief in which Herodotus, as a boy and young man, must undoubtedly have shared.

whole history of those mighty divinities, and of the immortal heroes who sprang from their loins; whilst at the same time he knew that most of the noble families of Greece claimed an unbroken descent from the divine beings of the primeval world. A doubt of their deified existences never crossed his mind. Religious enthusiasts, with too strong a mixture of Asiatic blood, might disgust him by their extravagance. Proud philosophers might ascribe the government of the universe to the material laws of order and effect. But when Herodotus saw the weary Sun-god driving his invisible steeds towards the golden west,— when he heard the roaring tempests of old Poseidon, or saw his crested billows breaking joyously on the beach,—when mother Earth decked herself in flowers, or yielded up her harvests,—or when he gazed upward through the blue ether and saw the countless stars looking stedfastly down like the omniscient eyes of Zeus,— then he felt that the gods were everywhere around him; and with heartfelt awe and reverence, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and uttered aloud those words of praise and thanksgiving which were ever acceptable to the Olympian deities.

To a mind thus religiously disposed, the mythes of the gods and heroes presented irresistible charms. We shall, therefore, present the reader with a brief outline of the mythology according to the theogony of Hesiod, which is such as we may suppose to have been ever impressed upon the memory and conventional thoughts of every educated Greek of the historic times.*

First of all was Chaos. Then arose from Chaos the broad-breasted Earth, having gloomy Tartarus at her base. Eros, or Love, the fairest of the immortal gods, and subduer of gods and men, came forth immediately afterwards. From Chaos sprang Erebus,— the darkness which is in the depths of the Earth, and black Night, the

* The Orphic theogony, will be discussed in a future chapter.

darkness which passes over the surface of the Earth. Then Night and Erebus were united, and from these two dark children of Chaos sprang the ever-shining Æther of the highest heavens, and the bright Day which brings light to the Earth. From Earth herself sprang Heaven, to vault her round and be a residence for the immortal gods; next the Mountains, to be the lovely abodes of the divine nymphs; and then the roaring and swelling Sea — rough, barren, and unkindly.

Earth married Heaven, who is called Uranus. From this mighty union sprang the twelve Titans and Titanides, the three Cyclopes, and the three Hundred-handed Giants. Uranus, the father, was filled with fear and horror at this powerful progeny; and as fast as his children were born, he buried them in the caverns of the Earth. Mother Earth groaned beneath the pressure. She produced hoary steel, and made a sickle, and implored her sons to avenge both her and themselves. Cronos alone, the youngest of the Titans, undertook the deed, and, armed with the sickle, he mutilated his unsuspecting father. Drops of blood fell upon the Earth, and thence arose the Erinnyes, the Giants, and the Melian nymphs. Other drops fell upon the Sea, and the fair Aphrodite, the goddess of love and beauty, emerged from out of the billowy foam.

Meantime the Cyclopes and Hundred-handed Giants were imprisoned in Tartarus. Cronos and his brother Titans therefore assumed the supreme sway. From the Titans and their sisters the Titanides (exclusive of Cronos and his wife), sprang the Ocean Nymphs, the Rivers, and Springs, and the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Winds, and numerous other beings belonging to the material universe. Cronos married his sister Rhea, and became the father of the gods; namely, of three daughters — Hestia, Demeter, and Hera; and of three sons — Hades, Poseidon, and Zeus, the latter being at once the youngest and the greatest.

But it had been told to Cronos that, in the course of ages, one of his sons should deprive him of his kingdom. He therefore swallowed his children as fast as they were born, and retained them in his own belly. When, however, his wife Rhea was on the point of being delivered of Zeus, she determined to save her infant. Accordingly she concealed it in a cavern in Crete, and gave to Cronos a stone wrapped up in swaddling-clothes in place of the babe. Cronos swallowed the stone, believing it to be his own child, and thus the safety of Zeus was ensured.

The infant Zeus rapidly increased in strength, and began to develope his vast powers. He induced his father Cronos to throw up first the stone and next the five children whom he had previously swallowed. At last he and his brothers determined to wrest the supreme power from the hands of Cronos and the Titans. Then commenced that tremendous struggle in which all the gods and goddesses took a part; and, indeed, a host of divine beings too numerous to name had already sprang from the different families of the older deities. Zeus released the Cyclopes and Hundred-handed Giants, who had been imprisoned in Tartarus by their father Uranus, and induced them to join him in the war against Cronos and the Titans. The struggle lasted ten years; Zeus and his party occupying Mount Olympus, whilst Cronos and the Titans were established on the opposite mountain chain of Othrys. All nature was convulsed. The Cyclopes supplied Zeus with thunder and lightning, whilst the Hundred-handed Giants tore up crags and mountains, and hurled them on the Titans. Thus Zeus prevailed. Cronos and the Titans were defeated and thrust down to Tartarus; a mighty wall of brass was built round them by Poseidon; and there they were doomed to perpetual imprisonment in a subterranean dungeon, with the three Hundred-handed Giants stationed as their guards.

The dominion of the Olympian deities was now firmly

established, and the new family of gods divided amongst themselves the government of the universe. Zeus retained the blue æther and the atmosphere, together with an acknowledged supremacy over all. Poseidon obtained the sea, and was thus lord of tempests and shaker of the earth. Pluto, or Hades, became ruler of the under world, the residence of the shades of departed men. Earth and Mount Olympus were the common property of all the gods. Of the three sisters, Hestia became the goddess of the fire-side and giver of all domestic bliss; Demeter was the protectress of agriculture and of all the fruits of the earth; whilst Hera became the wife of Zeus, and permanently maintained the dignity of queen of the gods. Zeus had a numerous offspring, of whom the principal were Apollo, the god of prophecy and song; Artemis, the virgin goddess; Ares, the god of war; Hephæstus, the god of fire and the celestial artisan; and fair Athena, who sprang from the brain of her father, and became the great goddess of wisdom, industry, and art, and the lofty protectress of the Athenian state.*

Henceforth twelve great gods were supposed to sway the destinies of mankind from the summit of Mount Olympus, viz.: six male deities—Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Ares, Hephæstus, and Hermes; and six female deities—Hera, Athena, Artemis, Aphrodite, Hestia, and Demeter. In addition to these were several other divine beings, such as Pluto, the god of the under world; Helios, the sun god; Dionysus, the inspiring god of wine; Selene, the moon; the cup-bearing Hebe; the rainbow Iris; the three Graces; the nine Muses; the three Fates; the three Erinnyes, or avenging Furies; the countless nymphs of

* A classified list of all the important divine beings in the Greek mythology is to be found at the end of the second volume, in the shape of an appendix, and for the purposes of reference. We have not thought it necessary to include the names of the heroes, as they belong more to the domain of history than to that of religion.

sea and land; and numerous monsters of divine origin, including the Harpies, the Gorgons, the Dragon who guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides, the Centaurs, and many others. But of these, as well as of the numerous demigods or heroes who formed the connecting link between deity and man, it will be unnecessary here to enter into any farther detail.

Such was the primitive faith of the ancient Greeks, handed down to Herodotus and his contemporaries by the traditions of their fathers. The mythic relations of the several gods and their descendants, were constantly being sung or recited by successive generations of poets and rhapsodists, in the private banquet or the public festival. In olden times they constituted the entire literature of the people, and were indeed the germ of their after history and philosophy, their theology, and their romance. Each phenomenon of nature was supposed to be the action of some particular divine being; and thus the trees, the rivers, and the mountains, the sun and moon, the earth and sea, and even the blue atmosphere, were not regarded as merely governed by some monarch god, but as being each embodied by some soul-like deity, and, in fact, as being the gods themselves. Contradictions in the several legends were never noticed by a credulous audience, so long as the narrator described nothing which interfered with the orthodox distribution of the attributes of each deity; thus full latitude was given to the inventions of the poet, so long as he did not transfer the shield and ægis of Athena to the love-inspiring Aphrodite, or exchange the thunder of Zeus for the silver bow of Apollo. In process of time, however, as was to be expected, the residence of the gods was removed from the summit of the Thessalian Olympus, and gradually transferred to the blue vault of heaven.

The sacred mysteries connected with the individual worship of some of the deities whom we have already named will be noticed hereafter. We shall also have to

mention several modifications which the religious belief of Herodotus subsequently underwent; but for the present we must return to our general narrative, contenting ourselves with this brief summary of the mythological system which was received and implicitly believed by the household of the father of Herodotus. Sufficient also has been brought forward to convince the modern reader that however much we may admire the beautiful creations of the poets of Hellas, and that however bright may be those few scattered rays of truth which flicker about some of the significant mythes which belong to that old religion, yet that it was absolutely necessary that the whole should be swept away before man could comprehend the exalted and spiritual character of the Divine Godhead, receive the inspired works of a Divine Revelation, and embrace that faith in the only true Saviour, by which alone we can obtain a regeneration of the heart and a reconciliation of the soul to the Eternal Father.

CHAP. III.

HALICARNASSUS (CONTINUED), B. C. 464.

HERODOTUS PREPARES FOR A VOYAGE TO IONIA. — FAMILY AFFAIRS. — POLITICAL STATE OF HALICARNASSUS. — QUEEN ARTEMISIA. — STRUGGLES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. — AMBITION OF LYXES FOR HIS SON HERODOTUS. — HERODOTUS'S POETICAL ASPIRATIONS. — HIS ARDUOUS LABOURS IN THE COMPOSITION OF AN EPIC POEM. — REVIEW OF EARLY GREEK LITERATURE. — HOMER AND HESIOD. — RISE OF LYRIC POETRY. — FIRST EDITION OF THE HOMERIC POEMS PUBLISHED BY THE PISISTRATIDS. — CRITICISMS OF LYXES UPON HERODOTUS'S EPIC. — PARTING ADVICE.

HERODOTUS was twenty years of age when it was ordained that he should leave his father's house at Halicarnassus, and pay a visit to the two Ionian islands of Samos and Chios. Kinsmen of his father resided in both places. In Chios, which was the farthest off, lived a namesake, who was well known as Herodotus the son of Basilides, and who had taken an important part in the late Persian war. In Samos lived Theodorus, a descendant of the famous Samian artist of the same name.

The reader must now be made acquainted with the reasons which induced Lyxes to send his son upon such a voyage. Lyxes was a man of considerable wealth, and of great influence at Halicarnassus; and it had been arranged between the families that Herodotus was to be married to the fair Phædra, a granddaughter of the old queen Artemisia. At the present time, however, Phædra was only eight years old, and Herodotus was not at all sure that he had even seen her. It was therefore necessary, in the first place, that some ten years should elapse before the intended marriage could be celebrated. In the second place, Lyxes had noticed strong evidences of talent in his son, and hoped that his marriage would enable him

to take a prominent position in Halicarnassus. At the same time, Halicarnassus was the worst city in Greece for the development of a young man's powers; and we again find it necessary to glance at its peculiar political position.

Halicarnassus, as we have already seen, had been excluded from the confederacy, or amphictyony, of Asiatic Dorians, which was connected with the worship of far-shooting Apollo in the Dorian sanctuary at Triopium. This political isolation, combined with her geographical position, had rendered her citizens less alive to the national glory of Hellas. Though bound to the other Greeks of both Asia and Europe by the ties of a common descent, a common language, and a common religion, yet their exclusion from the Triopian confederacy rankled in their breasts, and prevented their sympathising in the common cause of Greek independence. They had therefore refused to join in the great Ionian revolt against Darius, in which nearly all the surrounding cities had so eagerly embarked; and indeed they endeavoured to earn a species of political independence by a display of their allegiance to the Persian sway, rather than risk their all in what appeared to be a foolhardy struggle against the overwhelming power of the Great King. Lygdamis, the father of Artemisia, had been the foremost to advise his fellow citizens to exhibit on all occasions a ready obedience to Persia, and thus to obtain those privileges by favour which they could not possibly seize as a right. This moderate policy secured the prosperity of Halicarnassus. The surrounding half Dorian, half Carian cities, both on the Asiatic continent and on the three neighbouring islands of Cos, Calydna, and Nysirus, were formed into a little kingdom, of which Halicarnassus became the capital. The sceptre was awarded to Lygdamis, who was thus permitted to rule the people according to their own laws and institutions, on condition of paying in the re-

gular tribute to the Persian satrap, and of furnishing such contingencies of men or ships as might thereafter be demanded to meet the exigencies of the Persian empire.

Such a state of comparative quietness and security can only be duly estimated if we contemplate the wholesale massacres and confiscations with which the Persians sought to avenge themselves on the participators in the Ionian revolt. Outrages of the most horrible description were practised upon those Ionians, Æolians, and Dorians who had struggled for freedom; whilst peace and prosperity was for a time awarded to the Halicarnassian Dorians, who had patiently borne the yoke of despotism. Lygdamis, however, died shortly afterwards, leaving his sceptre to the husband of his daughter Artemisia. But the new king survived him only a few months, and then left his wife Artemisia and son Pisindelis to the general care of his friend Lyxes.

Artemisia was endowed with all the energy and self-possession of a Spartan heroine. She had the highest esteem for Lyxes, as a friend who had for many years enjoyed the confidence of her deceased father and husband, but she certainly required very little of his assistance or guardianship. She at once proclaimed her intention of carrying on the government as queen until her little son Pisindelis should have attained the age of manhood; and she subsequently conducted the internal affairs of state with so much spirit as to excite the respect and admiration of all her subjects. When Xerxes was preparing for his great expedition against Greece, he demanded 100 ships from the Dorians and Carians, and of these a fair proportion was expected to be supplied by the Halicarnassian kingdom. So sagacious, however, was Artemisia that she contrived to be only required to furnish five vessels; but in order to remove all suspicion of being wanting in zeal, she herself took the command of her little fleet; and she subsequently gave such wise advice in the council of war,

and displayed such extraordinary intrepidity in the battle of Salamis, as to win the admiration and confidence of the Great King himself. One characteristic and authentic anecdote has been preserved concerning this extraordinary woman. During the battle of Salamis, and at a time when the Persian fleet was in the greatest possible confusion, the ship which carried Artemisia was chased by an Athenian vessel, and could not possibly escape, because of the confused crowd of friendly vessels ahead. Accordingly, in order to mislead the Athenian captain, she immediately, and without the slightest hesitation, bore down upon one of these friendly vessels, which, like herself, was fighting on the side of the Persians; and having sunk the ship, she took care that every one of the crew should be drowned. Of course the Athenian took her to be either a Greek or else a deserter from the Persian fleet, and therefore retired from the pursuit; whilst Xerxes, seeing her prowess from the shore, and believing that she was sinking a Greek vessel, cried out "All my men have become women, and my women alone fight like men." We might also add that such was the anger of the Athenian people that so renowned a female should be fighting on the side of the invader, that they had previously offered a reward of 10,000 drachmas for whoever should take her alive; and that had the captain who chased her vessel known that she was on board, he would have persevered in the pursuit until he had taken her prisoner, or been himself carried off into captivity.

When Pisindelis had reached the years of manhood, Artemisia retired from the regency, and formally placed the sceptre in the hands of her son, but without transferring to him one atom of her real power. Indeed the mild disposition and domestic character of the young king but little fitted him for managing the affairs of state; and if he had not been completely under the control of his mother, he would have fled at the slightest opposition or

popular tumult. But every one stood in awe of Artemisia. During the battle of Salamis, the ships in the Persian armament were more afraid of coming within reach of her voice than of encountering the best manned trireme in the enemy's line of battle. Slaves, cowards, and old women were epithets profusely scattered on retreating captains and tardy admirals; and when the day was utterly lost, and she was compelled by the cruel Fates to join in the general flight, her imprecations were perfectly terrible; and many an exasperated Egyptian or Cyprian wished himself in that Hades to which she so energetically consigned him. Subsequently the condition of Halicarnassus required that as bold an arm and as intrepid a heart should be constantly at the helm of the state. The Persian fleet had been driven from the Ægean, and the ambitious spirit of young Athens was thirsting for revenge, and eagerly aspiring after the sovereignty of the waves. The chain of Greek colonies along the coast and islands of western Asia Minor, fired by the news from Platæa and Mycale, were once more revolting from the Persian rule, and joining the Athenian league. Cimon, the son of that Miltiades who gained the day at Marathon, was cruising in the Ægean with a mighty fleet, and frightening the whole Asiatic coast by the splendour of his exploits. The democratic party in Halicarnassus were straining every effort to effect a revolution which should result in the overthrow of the tyranny, the declaration of independence from the Persian sway, the establishment of a democracy, and a union, heart and soul, with the Athenian league. But the spirit of the old queen was never for one moment daunted. Her will was inflexible. She had publicly stated that Xerxes was the best man in the world, and she never flinched from her allegiance; and well she knew that the moment Halicarnassus declared for Athens, the throne would be buried beneath the ruins of a popular assembly.

Meantime her crafty eye detected every revolutionary conspiracy before it could explode, and democracy quailed before the intrepid gaze of the stern old princess.

We need scarcely apprise the reader that Lyxes was frequently consulted by Artemisia. By his experience and sagacity he had won her respect, in the same way that he had formerly obtained the esteem of her two predecessors on the throne. In politics he was a bitter hater of democracies. An hereditary assembly of nobles, with a king (or tyrant, as the Greeks generally named him) at their head, was, in his opinion, the very perfection of government, supposing it could be maintained independently of any foreign empire. But whilst ever ready to proffer his advice in the cabinet, he exhibited a strong disinclination to an active political life. He was, however, mightily ambitious for his son Herodotus. He saw that, on the death of Artemisia, Pisindelis would be utterly unable to retain the government, and that any wealthy citizen who should contrive to keep on good terms with the Persian satrap might readily obtain the vacant throne. Artemisia was sixty years of age; her son Pisindelis was thirty-five. Pisindelis had a son named Lygdamis, after the father of Artemisia; but the little boy was sixteen years younger than Herodotus, and therefore, at the present date of our story, was only four years of age. Pisindelis also had a daughter named Phædra, who was eight years old, and who was to be married to Herodotus as soon as she should arrive at a marriageable age.

The scheme of obtaining the throne of Halicarnassus for Herodotus was not only pleasing to the ambition of Lyxes, but it also gave employment to his thoughts, without obliging him to make any active personal exertions. One thing, however, was essentially necessary, namely, that Herodotus should obtain some practical experience of men and things. At present he was only wasting his

time in composing a parcel of rubbishing poetry, and listening with eagerness and credulity to any old-world stories that he could pick up from the women of the household, or from the crazy bards and temple-servants of Halicarnassus. On his travels, therefore, he must be sent, — the sooner the better. And indeed Lyxes himself was not at all disposed to confine his son's peregrinations to Chios or Samos; but if things progressed favourably at Halicarnassus, he proposed sending him across the Ægean to spend a year at Athens, or even to make interest with the Persian satrap, and ensure him a safe journey to the great city of Susa, the wondrous capital of the Persian empire. That Lyxes should revolve such mighty schemes will not be at all surprising to those of our readers who know how exceedingly pleasing it is to an idle thinker to set the most enormous tasks, and plan out the most laborious undertakings for other persons to achieve, so long as he himself is sufficiently guaranteed from being required to take any further share in the work. Lyxes, however, notwithstanding his constitutional inactivity, superintended the necessary preparations for the voyage with the utmost vigour, and wrote letters of introduction and credit to Theodorus of Samos and Herodotus of Chios, each written upon a small roll of Nile paper, and with his own seal affixed to the foot of the epistle; and on the evening prior to the embarcation, he summoned his son to a private conference, in order to give him more special directions and advice before taking the first great plunge into the bracing waters of the cold world.

Meantime Herodotus had been dwelling with extreme delight upon the prospect of a voyage. He was one of those beings who retain the enthusiasm and susceptibility of youth long after they attain to manhood, and who, though richly endowed with sense and talents, cannot become practically useful in their generation until a

ripened experience has taken the place of romantic hopes and visions. During the last two or three years he had wasted his powers and energies upon mere toys and fancies. To regenerate the poetic taste, forsooth, and write an immortal epic, was the elaborate resolve of the boy of eighteen. Elegies and lyrics were insipid and inconsiderable; it was destined for him to restore the taste, and reproduce the breadth and grandeur of the Homeric poems. New ink of the very best quality was ground for this important undertaking. The projected poem was to be exactly the length of the "Iliad;" but, alas! every available drachma in the poet's possession would only enable him to buy sufficient Nile paper for containing the first twelve books. He considered it to be of the utmost importance that the whole of the poem should be written right off without any cessation, save what might be absolutely necessary for sleep and meals; so that the stream of inspiration might flow on without interruption, and no idleness or delay induce the heavenly Muses to transfer their mighty promptings to some more industrious bard. Herodotus therefore gazed upon the great stack of papyrus rolls which he had purchased with the utmost disappointment and concern. As to reeds, he had got enough to copy out all the books in Halicarnassus; but the "Iliad" formed twenty-four books, and yet he had barely enough rolls for twelve. The difficulty seemed insurmountable. An application to Lyxes was not to be considered for a moment. Lyxes never exhibited the slightest sympathy for poetry or poets; and Herodotus knew that directly his father saw the quantity of papyrus already bought, all arguments based upon the inconstancy of the Muses would be totally disregarded, and a command would be issued, as unalterable as the decrees of the Medes, that the first twelve books of the poem should be written and submitted for approval, before any rolls should be purchased for the reception of the remainder. At last a

bright thought struck the ardent bard. His pædagogue had always been obedient and obliging, and was most certainly his own slave, and considered to be his own property. Now, though it was also equally certain that the pædagogue had lived so long in the family that he could not very well be sold without his own consent, yet Herodotus felt convinced that the slave had always been so anxious to oblige him that he would readily consent to be transferred to some other master, rather than the money should not be raised; and that, in this case, Lyxes would be too indolent to take the least notice of his disappearance. Herodotus could not, however, understand his own reluctance to submit the proposition to the party most interested. At length he summoned up sufficient courage to place the whole of the circumstances before the pædagogue, specially enlarging upon the extreme necessity for obtaining the additional quantity of Nile paper, and also solemnly assuring him, that when the epic was completed, and the prizes gained, he would buy him back, and permit him to pass the remainder of his days in idleness and luxury. It was a very long time before the pædagogue could be made to understand the state of the case, and then, instead of quietly acquiescing, he set up a howl which would have done honour to the imprisoned Titans; and Herodotus, being in a terrible fright lest his father should hear the row, and demand the reason of the uproar, was obliged to assure the pædagogue that the whole proposition was a jest, and to give him a gay chlamys to wear at festivals, before the slave recovered his usual equanimity. It was therefore fated that twelve books of the poem should be written first; but before we describe the subject-matter and progress of the great work, we will take a brief review of the existing state of Greek literature.

The grand epics of Homer and Hesiod were considered by the Greeks to be the perfection of poetic beauty. Like the Koran of Mohammed, they were reverenced, not only

as comprising the early historical annals of Hellas and the religious code of the people, but as being composed in the sublimest verse that had ever been or could be written. To us they are the earliest existent works of Greek genius, but yet the most popular and the only true epics in the world; and Greek literature would almost seem to have burst at once into matured and energetic life, like bright-eyed Athena, who sprang full-armed from the divine brain of Zeus. But though the perfection of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" has buried all previous productions in oblivion, many hymns and poems must have been composed in the previous ages, which, if they had been preserved, would no doubt have been deeply interesting. Ancient hymns, both of a plaintive and a joyous character, were sung at the festivals of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest, and of Dionysus, the god of the vineyard. The laments for Linus, Hylas, and Adonis were as old as the Syrian lament for Thammuz, or the Egyptian dirge of Maneros. Pæans, the songs of hope or of thanksgiving, were sung to far-darting Apollo on the morn of battle or the eve of victory. Domestic events also called forth the gifts of poetry; and the threnos or wail for the dead, and the hymenæos or merry bridal song, were undoubtedly heard in Hellas before the Homeric poems were first composed.

The period between the years 1000 and 700, B.C., witnessed the splendid dawn and declining glory of the Greek epic. The achievements of Gideon, of Jephthah, and of Samson were almost contemporary with the Siege of Troy; the Psalms of David with the heroic lays of Homer; the Prophecies of Isaiah with the didactic poems of Hesiod. Homer, whilst singing the traditions connected with the wrath of Achilles and the wanderings of Ulysses, was in fact commemorating the deeds of the heroic ancestors of reigning princes; and the reciters of his verses were therefore engaged not only in poetic contests at the public

festivals, but were even present to enliven the banquets of the ancient kings of Greek cities. On the other hand, Hesiod endeavoured, in his "Works and Days," to raise the moral and social condition of his countrymen, and in his "Theogony," to instruct them as far as possible in a knowledge of divine things. Homer collected family traditions, and combined them with such geography and history as was known or believed; Hesiod collected the sacred mythes, and combined them with moral teachings. The ancient Greeks therefore depended on Homer for their historical romances, and on Hesiod for their theological opinions.

In the time of our hero, Homer and Hesiod were regarded as real persons, and the reciters of their poetry were called rhapsodists. Modern critics, however, have almost proved that their names ought not to be applied to individuals, but to schools of poets, of whom Homer and Hesiod were the ancestors or founders. The poems which have been handed down to us as the works of Homer and Hesiod ought, therefore, to be regarded either as the remains of the two ancient schools of the heroic and didactic epic, or else as two separate collections of previously existing poems made by Homer and Hesiod, and bearing their names. The rhapsodists of ancient times may have frequently been composers of the poems they recited, belonging either to the school of Hesiod or to that of the Homerids. At a later period, they probably confined themselves to reciting lays of an established reputation, though, perhaps, with frequent modifications or interpolations to suit the occasion or the audience. The manner of reciting appears to have been as follows. The poetry was always composed in the solemn and majestic hexameter metre. The rhapsodist first sung a hymn *, and, like a modern Servian minstrel,

* The longer of the Homeric hymns now extant, namely, those to the Delian and Pythian Apollo, to Ares, Aphrodite, and Demeter, could not have been intended as preludes to single recitations, as they are sometimes

played an introduction on the cithara, to give his voice the necessary pitch; and he then recited the rhapsody or given portion of the poetry to a credulous and susceptible audience, who received every word he uttered as the inspired promptings of the divine Muses.

The glory of the ancient epic passed away with the hereditary monarchies. About the eighth century, B.C., popular revolutions began to overturn the thrones of princes, and establish oligarchies and republics. Kings disappeared from the several cities of Hellas, and the masses of the people began gradually to acquire political power. The poet of ancient Greece occupied the position of the preacher and the press of modern times. He sprang into new and independent life, and expressed himself in new and livelier metres. Hitherto he had been a mere mirror, reflecting the grand and brilliant images of the past; he now came before the people as a man with thoughts and objects of his own, and gave a free vent to the struggling emotions of his soul. Hence arose the feeling elegy, the satirical iambus, the fable, and the parody, and, last of all, the impassioned and impetuous lyric. The lyric poets, Sappho, Anacreon, and Pindar seem to have lived in the age immediately preceding the time of our hero; and there can be no doubt but that Herodotus when a young man was intimately acquainted with the epics of Homer and Hesiod, the elegies and iambics of Archilochus, the fables of Æsop, the little comic epos called the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, and the lyrics of Sappho, Anacreon, and Pindar.*

About sixty years before the birth of Herodotus, the

equal in extent to the rhapsodies, in which the grammarians divided the Iliad and Odyssey. They must, therefore, be considered as preludes to a whole series of epic recitations; in other words, as introductions to an entire contest of rhapsodists.

* See Müller's History of the Literature of Ancient Greece,' Mure's Language and Literature of Ancient Greece, &c.

Pisistratids at Athens collected the various Homeric rhapsodies and committed them to writing, and thus a complete written edition of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" was published for the first time. An effect was produced something like that which followed the first promulgation of the correct Koran by the caliph Othman, or the publication of the authorised version of the Old and New Testaments in the reign of James. Written copies were multiplied with the utmost rapidity, and carried into every city of Greece. The educated classes were no longer compelled to trust to the rhapsodists, but could read the mighty poems in their lonely chambers. A general and national enthusiasm prevailed, which was never afterwards allayed. The name of Homer was for ever bound up with the legendary glories of Hellas.

Thus it was that Herodotus determined to write his epic. His subject was the "Labours of Hercules;" but his own labours far exceeded those of his divine hero. Instead of high-sounding hexameters, flowing readily from the reed, every line was only ground into shape by intense mental exertion; and more than a month passed away in indefatigable, but almost hopeless, efforts to invoke the Muses in a suitable style and language. But Herodotus possessed a persevering energy which no difficulties could baffle. Few of the amusements of other young men of his own circumstances occupied any portion of his time. He still went to the gymnasium every day, but was never engaged in hunting, fishing, fowling, or the numerous other sports in which so many of his contemporaries were frequently emersed. Love, in the common acceptation of the word, never entered his thoughts. Beautiful goddesses and divine nymphs frequently figured in his day-dreams, but the living forms of mortal women rarely met his eyes, saving those of his own mother and the household slaves. Visions of a fair and loving wife sometimes flitted across his fancy, and he would try to call up a

picture of the blooming Phædra; but all the sweetness of such young imaginings passed fleetly away whenever he returned to labour at his tough and impracticable undertaking.

Such was the state of things when our young hero was first made acquainted with the projected voyage to Ionia. The stack of rolls, written and unwritten, were carefully packed up, in order that the epic might be completed at Samos. Every other preparation had been made. Friends had been bidden adieu, favourite spots had been revisited, and the sacrifices had been offered to Zeus the Preserver, and loud-sounding Poseidon, when Herodotus found his father Lyxes pacing the court of the andronitis, and respectfully waited to receive his last instructions.

Lyxes had evidently been engaged in deep thought, and received his son with a far greater show of affection than was his usual custom. He first inquired if the packages were ready, and then turned to examine them, as they were to be taken on board with Herodotus himself the next morning at sunrise. A trunk containing various changes of garments was briefly glanced at, and the fastenings declared to be satisfactory; and his eye then fell upon the important parcel which comprised his son's epic, and he immediately asked what it contained.

"Books and rolls," replied Herodotus, gently.

"What!" cried his father, "carry books to Samos? why you might as well take silver to the mines of Laurium. Unpack them, pray! The captain will charge a pretty sum for that freight."

Herodotus softly insinuated that the rolls were connected with his private studies, and included some of his own efforts at composition.

"Indeed," replied Lyxes; "let me see them before they go to Ionia, or you may be immortalised by some iambic satirist, or jested to death at the Thesmophoria."

The literary treasures were reluctantly opened, and the

father sat himself in the attitude of an attentive listener on the bench under the colonnade which surrounded the court, and then directed his son either to rhapsodise a portion of the epic or to read it, whichever he pleased.

We need scarcely relate the result. Lyxes had been educated in Samos. His taste had been refined by an early study of the best models. His ear had been tuned by the finest recitations in the soft liquid dialect of Ionia. He was now listening to the unmatured composition of a mere youth, who added to the innumerable defects in the style, arrangement, and versification, by reciting his rhapsody in a broad Dorian dialect, producing an effect which may be appreciated by those who have heard a Scotchman read Tennyson, an Englishman recite Burns, or a knife-grinder set a handsaw. Repressing a groan, he exclaimed that he had heard quite sufficient of its beauties.

"Take the rolls away," he added, "and lock them in your room. When you return to Halicarnassus you will be better able to finish your epic. For the present you will find objects sufficient to engage all your time and attention."

Herodotus, though feeling himself a man, yet swallowed his mortification and obeyed his father, and by his invitation sat upon the bench beside him.

"My son," said Lyxes, "you are now going, first, to Samos, and from thence to Chios. Whether you are able to extend your travels farther depends upon circumstances. I have said nothing upon this point to your mother Dryo, lest she should grieve too much at your departure; but it is my earnest wish that, if possible, you should reach mother Hellas, and visit the great cities of Athens and Sparta, for I verily believe that a man has seen nothing who has not seen Athens. You will take the opportunity of sending me from time to time an account of your proceedings by any ship which may be bound for Samos or Halicarnassus; and I will handsomely reward any man

who brings me an epistle bearing your name and seal. For my part, I will take care that sufficient supplies of money be placed in your hands to meet all expenses.

"Wherever you go, my son, make it your first object to learn the laws and government of the city, study all the peculiarities of the inhabitants, and make as many friends as you possibly can. Be generous without being profuse, economical without being niggardly. Hurt no man's prejudices, and never vaunt your own city. Above all, wherever you go, venerate the gods. Piety towards the foreign gods will always endear you even to a strange people.

"Should you go to Athens, study the democracy; it is the finest school in the world for him who would learn how to govern men. Study likewise the orators, for they are the craftiest in existence: men without money and without birth can there sway an empire by the mere force of words. Learn to be a democrat, make yourself a democrat; and when you return home, you shall proclaim yourself a democrat, for thus only can men now-a-days really become kings. That man only can rule as he pleases who speaks only as other people would have him.

"One more thing I would say, and all the rest I leave to your own judgment. Learn as far as you can the revenues and resources of every state; bear them ever in your memory, but never write them down. Mix among all classes of the people; ascertain what faults they find with their government, and what trades are flourishing and what are declining. Lastly, never express a decided opinion upon any subject whatever. And now, my son, bid farewell to your mother, and to-morrow at sunrise I will accompany you to the ship."

Herodotus then saw his mother Dryo standing in the passage leading from the andronitis into the gynæconitis, and accordingly followed her into her own room. She was alone, and her eyes were red with recent weep-

ing, but she spoke with a forced calmness that went to his very heart, and at last all her firmness gave way, and she fell upon his neck and wept bitterly. She felt a thousand fears and expressed a thousand solicitudes. The perils of the sea were aggravated by the remembrance of that terrible Persian war which had scarcely yet subsided. The perils of the land were, in her mind, fearfully aggravated by the atheistic doctrines which were taught by the Ionian philosophers. She had offered countless prayers to Zeus, the Preserver, and far-darting Apollo, to holy Artemis and protecting Athena, that her son might return as speedily as possible, strong in body and pure in heart, to the house of his father. "My dear Herodotus," she at last said, "you are going amongst men who practise evil amongst themselves, and impiety towards the gods. Listen not to man without breathing one prayer to kind Hestia, the guardian of our domestic hearth; look not upon women without bestowing one thought upon your poor loving mother. Never, never can you then do wrong."

Herodotus left his mother, and many tears were shed that night in the family of Lyxes.

CHAP. IV.

SAMOS, B. C. 464—461.

PLEASANT VOYAGE TO SAMOS. — TEMPLE AND ORACLE OF THE BRANCHIDÆ. — HISTORY OF SAMOS. — EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF POLYCRATES THE TYRANT. — STORY OF SYLOSON AND THE SCARLET CLOAK. — WONDERFUL MOLE. — MEETING WITH THEODORUS. — THE GREAT AQUEDUCT. — TEMPLE OF HERA, THE LARGEST IN HELLAS, AND A FAMOUS GALLERY OF ANCIENT ART. — STUDIES OF HERODOTUS. — PROGRESSIVE STATE OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS. — PROSE WRITERS. — THE PHILOSOPHERS. — THALES, B. C. 600. — ANAXIMANDER, B. C. 547. — ANAXIMENES, B. C. 520. — HERACLITUS, B. C. 500. — ANAXAGORAS, B. C. 464. — THE HISTORIANS, OR LOGOGRAPHERS. — HECATÆUS, B. C. 500. — CHARON, B. C. 470. — HELLANICUS, B. C. 464. — XANTHUS, B. C. 464.

THE sun was just rising over the hills of Halicarnassus, when Herodotus stood on the deck of a Samian merchantman, and took a silent farewell of his native city. The slopes on which the several houses were built surrounded the harbour like the walls of an amphitheatre, gradually declining towards the sea. His heart was full, for he had just taken a last farewell of his father, and was watching the early beams gilding the roof of that home which he had never left before. The noise and bustle, however, of the scene around him soon broke in upon his melancholy. The rowers below were labouring to get the ship out to sea, where she would meet with a favourable wind. Sailors were running about with long boat-hooks, to prevent the vessel's sides from coming in contact with the piers. The captain was standing at the helm, screaming out a volley of oaths and directions upon every one around him, and apparently only restrained by the necessity of holding the tiller, from rushing for-

ward and throwing some bewildered seaman over the bulwarks. The freshness of the morning air, and the liveliness of the spray, gave a new and welcome buoyancy to our hero's spirits; and when, some two or three hours afterwards, the rowers had brought the ship round the promontory, and the sailors set the sails to the wind, he seemed to ride so joyously over the billows, that he felt more inclined to cheerfulness and jesting than he had experienced for months. The vessel was making a return voyage from Egypt, and the only passengers on board were Herodotus and a slave whom he had brought with him. Our hero soon entered into conversation with the captain, who, whether in a calm or in a storm, was a very amusing man, and who described all the wonders connected with the temples and pyramids of Memphis and the Delta, until Herodotus could scarcely help thinking that his conversation was almost as interesting as epic rhapsodies.

With the exception of these stories, Herodotus experienced nothing remarkable, save a strong sense of enjoyment, throughout the whole trip. As the wind was exceedingly favourable, the voyage only occupied two days. The first night they anchored at Didyma, which was nearly forty miles from Halicarnassus. Here there was a celebrated temple and oracle of Apollo, usually called the temple and oracle of the Branchidæ; and Herodotus, though unable to visit it, collected as much information concerning it as he could. The temple had been plundered and burnt down by the Persians after the Ionian revolt. It was said to have been founded even before the Ionians settled in Asia, for the altar was declared to have been built by Heracles himself, and the temple by Branchus, a son of Apollo, who had come from Delphi to practise purifying rites upon repentant criminals. Previously to being sacked by the Persians it had contained some exceedingly rich offerings, including

the gold and silver vessels dedicated there by the Lydian king Crœsus, and the garments which Necho, king of Egypt, had worn when he won his famous victory in the valley of Megiddo over Josiah, the king of the Hebrews of Palestine. The priests were called Branchidæ, and included one family named the Evangelidæ, which possessed the hereditary gift of prophecy. The oracles were inspired in a manner similar to that at Delphi, which we shall have occasion to describe in a future chapter.

The captain's business detained him at Didyma until noon the next day, and it was so late in the evening before they entered the harbour of Samos, that Herodotus determined to sleep on board, and not seek out his kinsman Theodorus until the following morning.

The island of Samos is almost exactly the same size as the Isle of Man, namely, about thirty miles long and nine or ten broad. It is separated from the Asiatic continent by a narrow strait, scarcely three quarters of a mile broad, but which was celebrated throughout Hellas, as the scene of the great battle of Mycale. It belonged to the Ionian confederacy, which worshipped great Poseidon at the Ionian temple at Panionium; and its government had passed through the usual changes which seem to have befallen nearly every other Greek state. In the heroic age, it was governed by an heroic monarchy; next by an aristocracy of wealthy landowners; and then by a democracy, during which the supreme power was in the hands of the people. Whilst Cyrus and his Persians were overrunning Asia Minor, and obliging all the Greek cities on the continent to pay tribute, Samos and the other islands defied their power, for Persia possessed no fleets. A little before the death of Cyrus, in B. C. 530, the democracy of Samos was overthrown by the celebrated Polycrates, who then made himself absolute master of the city and island. Polycrates was almost the Napoleon of his age. He acquired the greatest naval power in the Greek world,

and aspired to nothing less than the conquest of Ionia and dominion of the Ægean. He established the most amicable relations both with Amasis, king of Egypt, and with the Greek colony of Cyrene, on the coast of Africa. He freed himself from the more violent of the Samian democrats, not by transporting them to Algeria, but by sending them out on board forty triremes to assist the Persian fleet. The democrats escaped, and obtained a large force from Sparta to assist them in recovering Samos; but Polycrates locked up all the wives and children of his subjects in his docks, to prevent the men from deserting to the rebels, and then got rid of the invaders by bribing the Spartans with a quantity of gilt leaden coin, which he passed off for good money. The general good fortune of Polycrates was so remarkable, that, according to a story still preserved, he went out to sea and threw into deep water a matchless emerald signet ring, the workmanship of Theodorus, the ancestor of the kinsman of Herodotus, hoping that by thus doing himself a seasonable mischief, he might propitiate the ever retributive goddess Nemesis, who never permits a man to be happy too long. Unfortunately, the ring reappeared five or six days afterwards, in the belly of a fine fish which a fisherman had brought him as a present. Meantime, however, Polycrates adorned his island with magnificent and useful works, among which apparently were a wonderful aqueduct, and an equally wonderful mole. He drew around him all the most celebrated poets and artists in Greece; kept his court with the utmost magnificence; pleased his ear with the voluptuous strains of Anacreon; and filled his palace with the richest furniture and finest works of art. Samos became the first of all cities; but at last came the ever equalising Nemesis. Orœtes, the Persian satrap of Lydia, resolved to destroy the powerful tyrant of so small an island. He sent a trusty messenger to Polycrates, saying in his name, "I know that you are

planning vast enterprises, with insufficient money. Now I am assured that the Persian king, Cambyses, is meditating my death. If, then, you will take me and my property to a place of safety, you shall share my wealth; and if you doubt my riches, send one of your trusty servants to view them." The bait was eagerly seized. Polycrates sent his secretary Mæandrius to the satrap, and Oroetes showed Mæandrius eight large coffers, apparently filled with gold, but really containing only pebbles with a layer of gold at the top. All, however, were packed up ready to be carried away, and the secretary being completely duped, of course deceived his master. Polycrates was strongly advised not to go near the satrap; his daughter, moreover, told him that she had dreamed that she saw him suspended in the air, washed by the rain and anointed by the sun. Polycrates however persisted, and the bloody Persian put him to death in the most horrible manner, and then crucified his body, and thus fulfilled the daughter's dream.

The after history of Samos, from the death of Polycrates in 522 B. C. to the visit of Herodotus in 464 B. C. —a period of fifty-eight years—is almost equally interesting. Polycrates had deputed Mæandrius to be his lieutenant at Samos during his absence. Mæandrius had no wish to succeed to the throne, but desired to act justly towards the people. Accordingly he first erected an altar to Zeus, the Liberator, and enclosed a sacred precinct, and next convened a public assembly of all the Samians, and spoke as follows:—

"The whole power of Polycrates is now in my hands, but I have always disapproved of men ruling over others as good as themselves. I therefore at once lay down the command and proclaim liberty and equal law, reserving to myself, first, six talents out of the treasures of Polycrates, and secondly, the hereditary priesthood of Zeus the Liberator, for myself and my descendants for ever. To that

deity I have just set apart a sacred precinct, as the god of that freedom which I now hand over to you."

The Samians, however, seemed to have become childish during the late despotism. Telesarchus, one of the chief men, exclaimed, with the applause of the others, "You rule us, you low-born scoundrel! You had better give us some account of the money you have been handling."

Mæandrius was thunderstruck at this reply; but a pupil of Polycrates was not likely to be wanting in cunning or in self-possession. He retired into the acropolis or citadel, under pretence of preparing his accounts, and then invited Telesarchus and his principal enemies, one by one, to inspect them. As fast as they arrived he threw them into chains, and as he was master of the mercenaries and money of his late master, in one short hour he found himself a tyrant in spite of his justice and generosity, and the Samians discovered themselves to be slaves, in spite of their threats and braggadocia.

After a few years, an extraordinary chain of events deprived Mæandrius of the tyranny. Syloson, the brother of Polycrates, had originally shared the tyranny with him; but the ambition of Polycrates would not permit him to endure a partner. Syloson was accordingly driven into exile and retired to Egypt, and happening one day to be walking in the streets of Memphis, arrayed in a scarlet cloak, an officer named Darius, who belonged to the body-guard of king Cambyses, took a strong fancy to the cloak, and expressed an eager wish to purchase it. Syloson replied that he would not sell it for any money, but that he would make him a present of it. Darius took the cloak with many thanks and departed, whilst Syloson considered that he had sacrificed it to his good nature. This Darius was the son of Hystaspes, and at that time a man of no great account, but nine years afterwards a most unexpected circumstance placed him upon the throne of Persia. Syloson then paid a visit to the new king, made

himself known, and requested to be restored to Samos. Darius immediately sent an army to accomplish this object; and Mæandrius retired, and Syloson, after much bloodshed, obtained the tyranny. Henceforth, until the battle of Mycale, in 479 B. C., Samos remained under the dominion of tyrants who were supported by Persia. In the Ionian revolt in 500 B. C., the Samians deposed their tyrant Æaces, the son of Syloson, and joined in the war of independence, but subsequently deserted from the cause and restored Æaces. After the battle of Mycale, however, they again declared their independence, joined the Athenian confederacy, and established a democracy which still continued down to 464 B. C., when Herodotus visited the island.

The first thing which struck Herodotus when he came on deck the morning after his arrival at Samos, was the wonderful mole which enclosed the harbour. It had been built by Polycrates, and, according to the Samian captain, was a quarter of a mile long and one hundred and twenty feet high. More impatient than ever to land and view the other marvels of the island, he finished his breakfast* of bread dipped in wine as fast as possible; and then, leaving his slave to take care of the luggage, he hurried to shore with his father's letter, and following the directions of the Samian captain, he soon found the house of his kinsman, and knocked with the metal ring which was fastened to the street door.

Theodorus was an artist, and also a worker in gold, silver, and precious stones, like his illustrious ancestor of

* The Greeks had three meals a-day: first, the acratisma, or breakfast, which was taken directly after *rising*; secondly, the ariston, or mid-day meal, which answered to the Roman prandium and modern luncheon; thirdly, the deipnon, or chief meal of the day, which answered to the Roman cœna and the modern dinner. There was, however, considerable irregularity in the time of serving each of these meals, almost as much, perhaps, as in modern times, when people frequently call their luncheons dinners, and their dinners suppers.

the same name. On hearing of the new arrival he left his studio, and met his visitor in the court of the andronitis. After glancing over the letter and examining the seal of Lyxes, which was affixed to the foot of the roll, he at once welcomed Herodotus to Samos, and directed his wife to see that apartments were prepared for their young relative. A messenger was then despatched to fetch the slave and luggage from the merchant vessel; and in a few hours Herodotus felt himself as comfortably established in the house of Theodorus as he had previously been in his own house at Halicarnassus.

It is not our intention to record every event which occurred to Herodotus at Samos. The first few days were spent in wandering about the streets, and viewing all the buildings. He gazed with wonder at the walls and fortifications, and also at the extraordinary moat which surrounded the city, and which had been dug by a large body of Lesbians, whom Polycrates had taken prisoners in a war against Miletus. He was permitted to walk over the arsenals, which had also been built by Polycrates, and were still full of active shipwrights. In the agora he saw the monumental column bearing the names and ancestry of those eleven famous captains, who alone of all the Samians refused to desert the allied fleet which supported the cause of the Ionian revolt. In the suburbs of the city he also saw the altar and sacred precinct of Zeus, the Liberator, which we have already mentioned as having been consecrated by Mæandrius. The wonderful aqueduct, by means of which an abundance of spring water was continually brought into the city, likewise excited his wonder and amazement. This aqueduct was thus constructed: a tunnel eight feet square and nearly a mile long had been excavated right through the base of a mountain nine hundred feet high. Throughout the whole length of this tunnel was a trench three feet broad and thirty feet deep, through which the water was conveyed.

Thus on each side of the trench was a dry path, two feet and a half in width, also running through the entire length of the tunnel, enabling the citizens to keep the whole in perfect repair. The engineer who carried out this stupendous work was Eupalinus, a native of Megara.

But of all the great works of which Samos could boast, the most splendid was the magnificent temple of Hera, the largest in all Hellas. This superb structure was the work of a native architect named Rhœcus. It was 346 feet long, and 189 wide. The architecture was pure Ionic. The portico at each end was supported by ten beautiful Ionic columns, whilst a double row of the same pillars ran round the entire building. The most wonderful offerings had been dedicated in this temple, so that it was not only a sanctuary of the great goddess Hera, but also a famous gallery of ancient art. Here was the vast brazen vessel for mixing wine, which had been sent by the Lacedæmonians as a present to Crœsus, king of Lydia, but was captured on its way by the Samians. The outside of this vessel was entirely covered with figures of flowers, fruits, animals, and other ornaments; and the vessel itself was capable of holding 3,000 gallons. Here also was the splendid picture painted by Mandrocles, representing King Darius on his throne, and the Persian army crossing the river Danube in that bridge of boats of which the painter was himself the architect. Attached to the picture was the following inscription: —

> "Mandrocles bridged the fishy Bosphorus,
> And this memorial to Hera gave:
> Thus having pleased Darius, he has earned
> Glory to Samos, for himself a crown."

Amongst other things, the temple likewise contained the splendid ornamental furniture which had originally appertained to the andronitis in the palace of Polycrates, but had been dedicated here by his secretary and suc-

cessor Mæandrius. The Egyptian king Amasis dedicated two carved wooden statues of himself, together with an extraordinary linen corselet, inwrought with many figures of animals, and adorned with gold and cotton-wool; and, what was very remarkable, each thread, though fine, consisted of three hundred and sixty separate threads, which were all distinct. Last of all, we may mention another immense brazen vessel, with griffins' heads projecting round the edge, which stood upon a pedestal consisting of three colossal figures of brass ten feet high, leaning upon their knees. This vessel had cost six talents, or about 1500*l.* sterling, being the sixth part of the profits gained by the first Samian merchantmen who had reached the Spanish port of Tartessus.

When Herodotus had gratified his curiosity concerning the wonders of Samos, he began to revolve in his own mind how he should pass his time. Theodorus moved in very intellectual society, and not only brother artists, but poets whose names were known to fame, philosophers of equal reputation, and men learned in history, frequently met at his house. Herodotus quickly perceived his own general ignorance, and at once devoted himself to study with the same energy which he had displayed in the composition of his epic. In the studio of Theodorus he acquired a good theoretical knowledge of art as far as regarded painting and statuary, and, above all, became an admirable judge of ornamental plate and jewellery. He purchased all the writings of the poets, the philosophers, and the historians which he could procure, and fell into the habit, which attended him through life, of testing every narration or description which he heard or read by a reference, as far as possible, to living witnesses. By a respectful demeanour he always recommended himself to old men, who willingly related to him all that they could remember of the events of their youth. On the other hand, by his frankness, open-hearted generosity, and evi-

dent interest, he won over many a dry captain and hoary-headed seaman to tell him of the many marvels of distant and mysterious shores. It would, however, be tedious to the reader for us to describe in detail the different pursuits of Herodotus. A brief sketch of the actual state of literature in Samos and Ionia generally, at the time of his visit, would give us quite as clear an insight into the development of his individual mind.

The present date (B. C. 464) was an important epoch in the literary history of Hellas. Hitherto Greek literature had consisted wholly of poetry properly so called. The history of races and kingdoms was only to be known through the ancient epics. The feelings, the emotions, and the passions of the people only found expression in the plaintive or joyous elegy, the sarcastic iambic, and the burning lyric. Meantime new metres were introduced, and poets like Alcæus and Sappho invented metres of their own, which were called by their names. The science of music had been equally progressive. Terpander had exchanged the old four-stringed harp for one of seven strings. Olympus had taught fresh tunes for the flute, and probably given it a larger compass. Choral singing and dancing, which formed an important part in the religious services throughout Greece, had become more finished, more elaborate, and more significant, for they were no longer performed by indiscriminate companies of men and women, but by chosen bands, who had been trained by competent masters to sing difficult hymns and songs in perfect harmony, and to execute the most complicated dances, accompanied by graceful and expressive movements. Poetry was thus hitherto identified with every literary working of the Greek mind. But two great changes, which had been in progress for nearly an entire century, were now taking effect. The epic had ripened into prose composition; the iambic, lyric, and chorus were transformed into the mighty drama. The

drama we shall have occasion to describe when we narrate Herodotus's visits to Athens. The origin and contemporary state of prose composition demand our immediate attention.

The prose writers of ancient Greece are divided into two classes, namely, the philosophers and the logographers. The philosophers, with a boldness characteristic of inexperience and ignorance, had begun to speculate upon the origin and principle of the existence of all things, and consequently to reject, more or less, the national conceptions of the gods and the universe. Hence they renounced the ornaments of verse, and adopted the unadorned language of common conversation, which indeed had been used long before for laws, treaties, and similar purposes; and the most ancient writings of Greek philosophers are merely brief records of their principal doctrines, designed to be imparted to a few persons only. The philosophers themselves were nearly all Ionians. Of these THALES, about B. C. 600, or more than a hundred years before Herodotus visited Samos, had taught that everything was full of gods, and that water was a general principle or cause. ANAXIMANDER, about B. C. 547, had supposed that there were innumerable worlds; that always some were perishing, whilst new ones sprang into being, so that motion was perpetual; and that all these worlds, and, of course, all things in them, arose out of an eternal or indeterminable substance, to which likewise they all returned. ANAXIMENES, about B. C. 520, had considered that air must have been the substance from which all things were formed. He says, "As the soul in us, which is air, holds us together, so breath and air surround the whole world." HERACLITUS, about B. C. 500, was one of the haughtiest of the philosophers, and spoke in a still more bold and decided language. The cardinal doctrine of his natural philosophy seems to have been that everything is in perpetual motion, that nothing has any stable or per-

manent existence, but that everything is assuming a new form or perishing. "We step," he says, in his symbolical language, "into the same rivers, and we do not step into them," because, as he means, the waters are changed in a moment. "We are, and we are not," because no point in our existence remains fixed. The principle of this perpetual motion he supposed to be fire. He says, "The unchanging order of all things was made neither by a god nor a man; but it has always been, is, and will be, the living fire, which is kindled and extinguished in regular succession." Lastly, we may mention ANAXAGORAS, who about the time of Herodotus's visit was fairly rejecting all the popular notions of religion, and striking into a new path of speculation on divine things. "The Greeks," he says, "are mistaken in their doctrine of creation and destruction, for no thing is either created or destroyed, but is only produced from existing things by mixture, or is dissolved by separation; they should, therefore, rather call creation a conjunction, and destruction a dissolution." Spirit was supposed by Anaxagoras to be the principle of life and motion, and to give its impulse to the material universe in a circular direction. Thus not only the sun, moon, and stars, but even the air and the æther were constantly moving in a circle. Above all, Anaxagoras supposed, probably from the examination of a meteoric stone, that the sun was a mass of red-hot iron. Our readers may easily imagine the offence which this doctrine must have given to the national belief. To declare that the bountiful god Helios, who shone upon mortals and immortals, was a mere mass of burning matter!—why the idea was rank atheism! But for the present we have done with the philosophers, and must glance for a few moments at the logographers.

It is a very remarkable fact that so intellectual and cultivated a nation as the Greeks should have continued for centuries without feeling the want of a correct record

of its history. Egypt preserved a very ancient history, based upon accurate chronological records, as is proved by the work of Manetho. Babylon possessed a history similarly ancient, which was imparted to the Greeks by Berosus. Ahasuerus is described in the Book of Esther as causing the benefactors of his throne to be registered in his chronicle, which was read to him in nights when he could not sleep. The ancient sculptures of Assyria and Persia likewise record military expeditions, treaties, pacifications of kingdoms, and the payment of tribute by subject provinces; whilst the contemporary chronicles of the kings of Judah and Israel are still preserved in the inspired pages of Holy Writ. On the other hand, the Greeks, from the earliest times until almost the breaking out of the Persian war, seem to have preserved no historical records worthy of the name. The charms of the ancient epic which celebrated the glories of a bygone age engrossed all their attention. The division of the nation into numerous small states, and the prevalence of republican governments, had prevented a concentration of interest on particular events and persons; whilst, owing to the dissensions between the several states, their historical traditions must have offended some, though they may have flattered others. In history as in philosophy the Ionians were the first innovators. We shall not dwell upon the mere compilers of genealogies and mythic legends, such as Cadmus, Pherecydes, and others, but will merely glance at those chroniclers who might aspire to be regarded as historians. Four of these are all that require notice — namely, Hecatæus, Charon, Hellanicus, and Xanthus; and we may presume that Herodotus, during his stay at Samos, carefully studied the works of these writers.

HECATÆUS was a man of great consideration in the time of the Ionian revolt, about B. C. 500; and he was also greatly distinguished for his political sagacity. He wrote

two books, one called "Travels round the Earth," and the other called "Genealogies." In his travels he described the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea and of Southern Asia as far as India, and especially related many particulars concerning Egypt, where he appears to have resided for a considerable time. In his "Genealogies" he admitted many of the Greek legends; and though, like the philosophers of the time, he expressed a contempt for old fables, yet he laid great stress upon genealogies ascending to the mythological period, and even made a pedigree for himself, in which his sixteenth ancestor was a god. Genealogies afforded opportunities for introducing accounts of different periods; and Hecatæus certainly narrated many historical events in this work, although he did not write a connected history of the period comprised in it. CHARON wrote a little later, about B. C. 470, and continued the researches of Hecatæus. He produced separate works upon Persia, Libya, Ethiopia, and other countries, and also narrated some of the events of the Persian war; but he was only a dry chronicler, and Herodotus found his works to be very heavy reading. HELLANICUS and XANTHUS were contemporary with Herodotus. Hellanicus wrote a great many books, principally consisting of temple legends and untrustworthy accounts of his own time. Xanthus was a far more able author, for he wrote an account of the nature of the earth's surface in Asia Minor, and made many remarks which are both excellent and interesting.

Such was the character of the literature with which we may suppose that Herodotus made himself acquainted. What effect they had upon his tone of thought will be further exhibited in the course of the present narrative.

CHAP. V.

CORINTH, B.C. 461.

THREE YEARS AT SAMOS. — INCREASE OF HERODOTUS'S INFORMATION, AND DEVELOPMENT OF HIS MIND. — LETTER FROM LYXES. — DELOS. — LEGEND OF THE BIRTH OF APOLLO. — ANCIENT FESTIVALS. — ARRIVAL AT CORINTH. — CORINTHIAN COMMERCE. — GLAUCUS, THE IMAGE AND SHRINE MERCHANT. — UNPACKING OF EPHESIAN DEITIES. — POLYDORUS, THE CORINTHIAN RAKE. — HOSPITALITY OF GLAUCUS, AND POLITENESS OF HIS TWO DAUGHTERS. — HERODOTUS BECOMES GALLANT.

THREE years passed away, and Herodotus found himself, at the age of three-and-twenty, still residing in the house of his kinsman Theodorus. His mind and ideas had undergone great changes, and he began to regard himself as a man. To describe his intellectual and moral development, is only to state those results which the reader may easily have imagined from the perusal of the foregoing chapter. He had learned to speak and write in the soft Ionian dialect; and the delight which he had taken in the old epic poetry, when he roved as a boy upon the sunny hills of Halicarnassus, had almost passed away. He had read the works of the Ionian philosophers, and heard their doctrines propounded and discussed in the quiet symposium. He had perused the parchments and books of the prose historians, or logographers as they were called, and had become learned in old genealogies and legends of gods and men. Above all, he had read the "Travels round the Earth," by Hecatæus, the Milesian; and had heard the stories of wrinkled sailors and sunburnt traders, until he himself had begun to long to travel, and gaze upon the splendid cities and strange nations which he had heard described. Meantime, it may be remarked that his re-

ligious notions were undergoing certain modifications. His faith in the gods was still as firm as when he left his father's house. He would not follow those philosophers who rejected the pious ceremonies of the Greek religion, or who laughed at the sacred oracles, nor would he allow that the glorious Sun-god was a mere mass of red-hot iron. He likewise fully believed that dreams, omens, and prodigies were means by which the gods interfered in the affairs of men. But he began to doubt whether some of the old poets were always correct in their conceptions of the deities, and to wonder whether those persons were or were not very absurd who represented the gods in the shape of mortals. He had heard one philosopher say that, if horses and oxen could paint pictures, and sculpture statues, they would represent the gods with forms and bodies like their own; for that horses would consider their deities to be in the shape of horses, and oxen would depict their gods in the shape of oxen. This observation was calculated to make an impression upon a young imagination, and it was some time before Herodotus forgot it. He likewise began to have doubts about some of the old mythes, not indeed so far as to reject the legends of the gods, but simply to have some misgiving about some of the miraculous adventures of the ancient heroes. Hecatæus himself had said, "The stories of the Greeks appear to me to be many and ridiculous," and had explained that the three-headed Cerberus was a serpent inhabiting the Promontory of Tænarum. Herodotus likewise began in the same spirit to think that many legends of heroes were perhaps after all mere exaggerations and inventions of poets and logographers.

During the three years that Herodotus stayed at Samos, he made several voyages to the neighbouring islands, and especially visited Chios and Lesbos, but met with no adventures worth recording. He had not, however, once returned to Halicarnassus, and was daily expecting some

ship to bring a message recalling him, when a letter suddenly arrived which changed all his plans, and turned his thoughts into an entirely new channel. We give it at length:—

"Lyxes, of Halicarnassus, to his son Herodotus, in the house of Theodorus, at Samos, greeting.

"I have received your epistle, but think it better that you should not return to Halicarnassus, but should proceed immediately to our fatherland, in time to be at Olympia during the celebration of the eightieth Olympiad. Captain Phylarchus, in whom I have every confidence, will give you this letter, and will also take you in his ship to Corinth, where you will find Glaucus, the son of Polydorus, who will receive you kindly. From thence I would have you go to Sparta, where Myron, our proxenus, will protect you. There you will stay until the time of the festival; and after the celebration of the Olympiad you will proceed to Athens, and thence return to Halicarnassus.

"Take what time you please on this journey. I enclose letters which will furnish you with all you require, and which will be your credentials wherever you go. Captain Phylarchus will give you a piece of pure gold, which I pray you to present to our loving kinsman Theodorus. I have also given two talents, of sixty minas each, to Captain Phylarchus, who will place them for you in the hands of a Corinthian moneychanger, with whom he is acquainted, and from whom you will be able to draw such sums, from time to time, as you may require. Despatch letters to me whenever you have the opportunity. Your mother Dryo knows not of your voyage, but sends loving greetings. I would say more, but the poets have caused a great lack of Nile paper. I pray that Zeus may guard you from every ill, and that in three years we may meet again. Fare thee well."

A voyage from Samos across the Ægean to Corinth

was considered by the ancient Greeks to be rather more dangerous and adventurous than a voyage over the Atlantic is regarded in modern times; indeed, a steamer will frequently run between Liverpool and New York in less time than an experienced seaman could make his way from Samos to Corinth, though the latter distance was not 250 English miles. We need not describe the circumstances of Herodotus's departure. The winds were favourable; and nothing particular occurred during the voyage, save that the captain stopped for an entire day at Delos, and thus gave our traveller an opportunity of running over this small but sacred island.

Delos is little more than a rock six miles in circumference, and is situated about half way across the Ægean Sea. Around it lie a number of larger islands in the form of a circle, and thus the whole group has been named the Cyclades. According to the divine mythe, which Herodotus himself would scarcely have dared to repeat, for fear of offending some mighty divinity, the beautiful Leto won the heart of Zeus, the Thunderer, and yielded to the all-potent god. The jealous Hera, the haughty consort of Zeus, sought to avenge herself upon her rival, who was soon to become a mother. Hera sent the monstrous serpent Python to persecute Leto, and persuaded the Earth to yield no spot where the unfortunate goddess could give birth to her offspring. Then the Thunderer protected her whom he had so fondly loved. Poseidon was induced to strike his trident, and call up the island of Delos from the depths of the Ægean, whilst Zeus fastened the floating rock to the bottom of the sea with adamantine chains. Meantime every place in Hellas had feared to excite the wrath of Hera by granting rest and harbourage to the weary Leto. At last the persecuted goddess approached the barren rock of Delos, and promised, that if she obtained shelter, the island should become the chosen resort of her unborn son Apollo. Delos joyfully accepted

her proposal. The pangs of Leto were, however, still cruelly prolonged by Hera, but at last the goddess Ilithya came, and Apollo was born; and scarcely had the infant deity tasted the immortal nectar and ambrosia from the hands of holy Themis, than he burst his infant bands; and displaying himself in full divine form and strength, he claimed his characteristic attributes of the bow and the lyre, and his privileged function of announcing beforehand to mankind the designs of Olympian Zeus. Henceforth Delos was not an oracular spot where Apollo manifested himself as revealer of futurities, for that privilege was reserved for Delphi; but it was the locality which the far-shooting god ever preferred as his permanent residence, beyond all the temples and groves which the piety of men had provided for him in other parts of Hellas. It thus became the periodical theatre of the great festivals of Apollo, as the guardian deity of the Ionian race. The twelve Ionian cities of Asia Minor, and the Ionian cities of Athens and Chalcis, in European Greece, sent forth their multitudes to assist at these grand celebrations. The Hymn to Apollo describes the scene on these occasions as magnificent and imposing to the highest degree. The numerous and splendid ships, the beautiful women of Ionia, the richly-dressed deputation which arrived from Athens, the exhibitions of athletæ, and the contests of poets, musicians, and dancers, are represented as making an ineffaceable impression on the spectator. We append a few lines from the Hymn as they are quoted by Thucydides: —

"At other times, O Apollo, thou takest thy chief delight in Delos,
Where in thy honour the chiton-trailing Ionians
Gather to thy town with children and with wives;
Where with boxing, and with dance and song,
They, mindful, gladden thee when they set the games afoot.
* * * *
"But well — propitious be Apollo and fair Artemis.
And farewell all; but yet be mindful of me

In time to come ; when some toil-worn stranger
Of mortal men shall come and ask,
' O damsels, who is he, most sweet of song,
Who visits here, and in whom ye most delight
Then do ye all reply with kindly words,
' The *blind* old man of Chios' rocky Isle.' "

At the time when Herodotus visited the island these splendid festivals had almost become obsolete, though we may remark that they were revived at a subsequent period by the Athenian people. Herodotus, however, met with several old men who described to him the bygone glories of these national gatherings; and he visited the temple of Artemis, the twin sister of far-shooting Apollo. Perhaps, however, he was most interested in seeing the two tombs of the Hyperborean virgins, who were said to have brought gifts to Delos from that beautiful country which was situated far away beyond the north winds. The youths and maidens of the island still dedicated their hair to two of these virgins — the youths placing their hair on the sepulchre, wound round a plant; whilst the maidens, before they were married, cut off one of their fair locks, and winding it round a distaff, placed it upon the tomb.

On the sixteenth day after leaving Samos, the vessel which carried Herodotus entered the Corinthian harbour of Cenchrea. Noise and shouting surrounded him on every side; and he gazed upon the crowd of merchant-ships in utter astonishment at their number, and at the multitude of men which seemed to be on board every vessel. Corinth was indeed the great emporium of Hellas. She was situated on the isthmus which united the Peloponnesus with Northern Greece, and divided the Saronic from the Corinthian Gulf. She possessed two harbours: — Cenchrea, on the Saronic Gulf, facing Asia Minor; and Lechæum, on the Corinthian Gulf, facing Italy. She was thus mistress of two seas; and, whilst commanding the high road between Southern and Northern

Greece, connected also by her two havens the eastern and the western world. The barrenness of the soil of Corinth, and the mountain barriers which almost enclosed her territory, had led her inhabitants from the earliest times to try their fortune by sea, and they soon had become rich and luxurious. Nearly all the choice products of the ancient world were to be found at Corinth. Besides being the great seat of all the trade of Hellas, she lay in the direct line of communication between Asia Minor and Italy; for the merchants in those days greatly preferred carrying their goods over the narrow isthmus by land to undertaking the difficult and dangerous voyage round the Peloponnesian coast; just as the merchants of our own times would prefer cutting through the Isthmus of Panama, to undertaking the tedious and difficult voyage round the distant promontory of Cape Horn.

It was about one hour after noon when Herodotus, having taken his mid-day meal, left his luggage on board ship, and went on shore to find the house of Glaucus. His amazement at the objects around him was only equal to the astonishment which one of our own rural countrymen would evince on entering London or Liverpool for the first time. The street leading from Cenchrea to the city of Corinth presented a most animated scene of business and traffic. Goods from the different ports of Asia Minor on one side, or of Italy and Sicily on the other, were either being conveyed from one harbour to the other, or else into the city itself. Beasts of burden were carrying Byzantine corn into Corinth. Waggons met each other: some transporting the wines of the isles of the Ægean to the western port; others bringing the equally renowned growths of Sicily and Italy towards Cenchrea. Chests, bales, and packages innumerable were piled up in heaps ready for warehousing, or were carried heavily to and fro. The beautiful wool of Milesian flocks, the gauze drapery wrought by the maidens of Cos, the fine linen of

Egypt, the sulphur of Cyrene, the gorgeous tapestries of Babylon, the ivory and curious woods of Ethiopia and India, the choicest aromatics of Arabia, and every other kind of merchandise, not excepting richly-carved deities for the more luxurious worshippers, seemed to have found their way into this mighty emporium.

Bewildered but yet attracted by the busy groups around him, it was some time before Herodotus found an opportunity of respectfully asking an elderly man if he could direct him to the house of Glaucus the son of Polydorus.

"Oh, you mean Glaucus the image and shrine merchant," replied the man. "His house is thirty or forty stadia off, but his warehouse and office are over yonder; and there he will be until he goes to his house to supper."

Herodotus followed the direction, and found that the warehouse of Glaucus was arranged like a private house, only that the door facing the street was wide open for customers to enter as they pleased, without knocking. Passing through the passage into the first court, he ordered one of the slaves who were busily engaged around him, to inform his master that a stranger desired to speak with him, and was soon in the presence of Glaucus, to whom he presented his father's letter.

"A thousand welcomes!" cried Glaucus, when he had finished the perusal and glanced at the seal. "Your father and I are old friends, but it must be thirty years since I saw him. I gladly offer you such poor hospitality as my house affords, and I pray that you make it your home as long as you stay in Corinth. I will direct my son to attend you, and I intreat you to rest yourself whilst I call him."

Glaucus left his guest and hurried into an adjoining room, and Herodotus could hear through the partition that he was carrying on a whispering conversation with another individual. He heard the words, "his father is a Samian as rich as Crœsus — most extraordinary thing —

the youngster must have money with him as well:" but this was all he could catch, and what it meant he could not comprehend. Indeed, he felt annoyed at having found himself listening, and tried to disengage his attention by looking at the various objects which filled the open court. The first thing that caught his eye was a full-length statue of Apollo, bow and all, lying upon its back; and he was about to hasten to relieve the divine image from so ignominious a position, when he saw a bronze Zeus lying in the same position, whilst above that deity was a nude Aphrodite, sculptured of some white metal, having her feet in the air resting against the wall, and her head firmly planted on the Thunderer's stomach. In fact, gods and goddesses, shrines and tripods, gorgons, serpents, and monsters of every shape and character, were lying about in all directions, and would have had a most ludicrous effect upon a mind less imbued with religious feeling. Slaves were engaged in packing up some of the images for exportation, whilst others were opening large cases filled with deities, and shrines which had apparently just arrived from Ephesus. The horror of Herodotus at seeing these degraded beings throwing about representations of divine things was plainly perceptible. He had been accustomed to regard such sacred emblems with a certain degree of veneration, even whilst they were under the chisel of the statuary; but still, as he called to mind his father's old friendship for Glaucus, he could not help trying to defend the image merchant from any charge of real impiety towards the gods. It struck him that, after all, the statues were only so much wood and metal, and he recollected the words of Heraclitus, "The Greeks worship images, but they might just as well converse with houses."

After a very few moments, Glaucus returned with his son Polydorus, who had been so named after his grandfather, and introduced him to Herodotus. Polydorus was

about the same age as the young Halicarnassian, but his sallow complexion and restless air showed him to be of a totally different disposition. The stranger from Samos was pale, but full of life and health. The intellectual energy of his expression seemed to be only modified by a certain philosophic calmness, which became him well. His frame was strongly built, and his muscles had been well and regularly developed in the gymnasium and palæstra. Polydorus, on the other hand, seemed jaded by business, and prematurely old from lawless dissipation. A repulsive air of rakishness sat upon his features; and a sneering smile showed him to be one of those superficial fools who seek to hide their ignorance and exhibit their conceit by jeering at knowledge and scoffing at religion. He received his visitor with a fawning expression, which was anything but prepossessing. A small skin of rich wine was produced, together with a beaker of cold and refreshing water, and a silver dish of dried figs. Herodotus drank a cup of the wine temperately mixed with the purer element, and then started with Polydorus to return to the ship. Conversation in the noisy and bustling highway was impossible; but they soon reached the pier and found their way to their vessel, where Captain Phylarchus was awaiting the return of his young voyager.

Herodotus introduced his newly-formed friend to the worthy captain, and ordered the slave whom he had brought with him from Samos to carry his luggage to the quay. Phylarchus then took Herodotus aside, and spoke to him as follows: "I shall winter at Corinth, and hope to see you again shortly. I am always to be found or heard of at the tavern of the Golden Fleece yonder. I was ordered by your father, Lyxes, to pay a considerable sum to Glaucus, so you need not fear trespassing on his hospitality; but I should not advise you to trust him much, for I do not like the looks of Polydorus. Lyxes

likewise ordered me to pay the sum of two talents into the hands of Timoleon, the Corinthian money-changer, whom every body knows. He will advance you any sum you may require, upon your showing him your signet and giving him your signature; but should you find the least difficulty at Corinth, send at once for me. I hope that we shall soon take another voyage together in the good ship 'Castor and Pollux.'"

Herodotus thanked the kind-hearted captain, and promised to make an early call at the Fleece. Meantime a slave had brought a two-horse chariot to the quay, and Herodotus, having given the necessary directions to his own slave, entered the chariot with Polydorus, and quickly reached the house of Glaucus.

Our voyager by this time had begun to feel very much fatigued by his long passage over the Ægean, and by the excitement of arriving at the great city of Corinth. Glaucus came home to his house in the city, and the evening meal, the most important of the day, was served. The wife of Glaucus, and two young ladies introduced as the host's daughters, brought their stools to the little tables, and took their seats with the master of the house and the two young men, according to the old-fashioned custom. A general conversation ensued, but Herodotus was too tired for discourse. The noisy hospitality of Glaucus and flattering remarks of Polydorus equally failed to engage his attention, and he felt infinitely relieved when the hour came that he could retire to his chamber.

A slight sketch of the different members of this Corinthian family, as they appeared to Herodotus, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. The son, Polydorus, has already been described. Glaucus, the master of the house, seemed to be a bluff honest-hearted old fellow, in whom Herodotus thought he might place the greatest confidence. The wife of Glaucus was a lady-like woman of middle age, who had been handsome, and still preserved

many of her good looks, though she appeared in delicate health, and terribly afraid of her husband. The two daughters, Melissa and Lydia, were more attractive. They were each of them decidedly beautiful, and apparently very willing to make a conquest of Herodotus, for they were certainly far more free and familiar in their discourse than any ladies whom he had previously met.

After a long and sound night's rest, Herodotus awoke, refreshed in mind and body. His spirits had recovered their usual elasticity. He determined to make friends with Polydorus, whom he pitied as the victim of an all-engrossing business; and likewise to increase his experience of the fair sex, by conversing with the lovely daughters of his host.

Upon entering the room where the family appeared to take their meals, he found the tables spread with wine, white bread, pickled fish, and other delicacies, and no one present but Polydorus and his two sisters, who received him with a thousand compliments. Herodotus, determined to show his politeness and breeding, made suitable replies; for he had been better accustomed to polite manners than to female society. Melissa's raven hair was braided in the most complicated manner, and confined in a beautifully ornamented bandeau; whilst the white shoulder of Lydia was set off with the elaborately chased clasp which fastened her chiton; and indeed, had it not been for the lively remarks of the two fair ladies, Herodotus would have been perfectly awe-struck by their marvellous beauty.

"I am afraid," said Polydorus, "that I cannot attend you to-day; but my sisters may perhaps serve as company, and our streets will afford you sights. If, however, you like to walk along the street leading to Cenchrea, we can give you a dinner at our office, and I will show you all our statues and pictures, and drive you back to supper. I have promised to follow Glaucus immediately, for we have to load a ship which sails to-morrow for Athens;

but after to-day I shall have more leisure." Uttering a few more apologies, Polydorus withdrew from the room, and left the house for his father's place of business.

We need not repeat the conversation which followed. The ladies of Corinth were far more free and unrestrained in their manners than those of any other Greek city, and Melissa and Lydia fairly aroused our young traveller by the gaiety and animation of their discourse. They made lively remarks upon the weather, expressed the utmost weariness at the noise and excitement of Corinth, avowed wishes for some flowery home in a quiet island, rallied Herodotus on the fair maidens of Ionia, and brought him out to an extent which surprised himself and delighted his fair listeners. The lady of the house entered the room, but after the usual compliments her presence was almost forgotten. The slaves removed the remains of the morning meal, but their attentions were totally unheeded. The grave and philosophic Herodotus was repeating philosophic criticisms, quoting sentimental lyrics and gay iambics, describing all the wonders of Samos and Delos, praising the scenery of the Ionian isles, boasting of the sunny skies and glorious shores of his native land, and, in short, conducting himself in a style which would have done honour to young Athens. It was, therefore, nearly noon before he finally left his fair entertainers, and commenced his walk through the streets of Corinth, of which we shall have much to say in our next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

CORINTH (CONTINUED), B. C. 461.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF CORINTH. — STORY OF CYPSELUS AND THE BACCHIAD ASSASSINS. — STORY OF PERIANDER THE TYRANT, AND HIS SON LYCOPHRON. — COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY OF CORINTH. — HERODOTUS'S WALK THROUGH THE CITY. — VISITS THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE. — VIEWS THE STATUES AND PICTURES IN THE GALLERY OF GLAUCUS. — CONTEMPORARY STATE OF GREEK ART. — ANCIENT CHARACTER OF SCULPTURE AND PAINTING. — HISTORY OF GREEK STATUARY. — THE ART BROUGHT TO PERFECTION BY PHIDIAS. — HISTORY OF GREEK PAINTING. — THE ART BROUGHT TO PERFECTION BY POLYGNOTUS. — FRESH HOSPITALITIES OF GLAUCUS. — A GAME AT DRAUGHTS AND DICE.

BEFORE describing our young traveller's impressions of Corinth, it will perhaps be as well to glance at the history of the city.

Corinth was founded by the Æolians, but when the descendants of Heracles invaded the Peloponnesus, the city fell into the hands of the conquering Dorians. A long line of kings followed, which, about B. C. 747, gave way to an oligarchy, called the Bacchiads, because it exclusively consisted of the descendants of one of the kings named Bacchis, who were obliged to marry amongst themselves. This government of the Bacchiads lasted until the year B. C. 657, when it was overthrown by the tyrant Cypselus; and the traditionary account of this event is so interesting that we shall relate it at length.

It so happened that one of the members of the Bacchiad oligarchy had a lame daughter named Labda, whom no Bacchiad would marry. Accordingly her father gave her in marriage to a poor man named Eetion, and she subsequently gave birth to a son. Meantime an oracle declared that the offspring of Labda would be fatal to the

oligarchical government; and the Bacchiads secretly sent ten of their number to the district where Labda and her husband lived, in order to murder the innocent babe. The ten Bacchiads set out on their bloody errand, and on the way agreed that whoever first received the child should dash it on the ground. On reaching the house they only saw Labda, and after being hospitably received as kinsmen, they asked to see the infant. The proud mother, thinking that they only inquired out of affection for her and her husband, hastened to show them her idolised boy. The man who took it tremblingly prepared to execute his mission; but the little fellow smiled in his face, and he felt so sick that he handed the child to the man next him. The second man, however, was moved with similar compassion, and passed it on to a third; and, in short, the infant passed through the hands of all the ten, and not one of them could summon up sufficient guilty courage to take away its innocent life. Accordingly the boy was returned to its mother's arms, and the ten men abruptly left the house; but great was the poor woman's surprise when she heard them, just outside her door, angrily attacking each other with mutual recriminations for not having butchered her pretty little babe. Her horror and agony was now intense. She was terrified lest the would-be murderers should return and execute their purpose, and at once hid the child in an old out-of-the-way chest. Scarcely had she done so when the ten men re-entered the house, having determined that all should share in the murder. There was no secrecy about their intentions now. They ransacked the chambers of the men, and even the back rooms belonging to the women, but found not the babe. They attacked the poor trembling and panting mother with oaths and threats; but they might have torn her to pieces ere she would have told her secret. At last they resolved upon returning, saying that they had completed the murder; and that night the smiling and un-

conscious babe slept soundly and safely at its mother's breast. That boy was named Cypselus and grew to be a man. In him the words of the oracle were accomplished, for he overthrew the Bacchiads and became king or tyrant of Corinth, and reigned for thirty years.

Cypselus was succeeded by the celebrated Periander, who reigned from B. C. 627 to B. C. 583, and was a real tyrant even in the modern sense of the word. Periander, however, governed with mildness, until he sent an envoy to the tyrant of Miletus to ask how he might best rule his people. This older tyrant was a crafty despot, who made no reply in words, but took the envoy into a field of standing corn, and making him repeat his questions over and over again, merely seemed to reply by cutting and destroying the tallest and best of the corn. Periander quickly understood the advice so silently given, and began to put to death all the most eminent Corinthians. But we have no space to tell the story of his misdeeds. He killed his own wife, but she was amply revenged by the conduct of her youngest boy. She left two sons. The eldest possessed a very weak understanding; but the youngest, whose name was Lycophron, was one of the bravest and cleverest young men of his age. Lycophron heard that his mother had fallen a victim to the violence of Periander, and refused to speak to his father. Periander drove him from the palace, and then proclaimed that, whoever should receive Lycophron, or even converse with him, should pay a fine to Apollo. Lycophron, however, could not be brought to submission. At last Periander saw him sitting under the colonnade of one of the temples, reduced to a state of filth and starvation. Feeling more compassion than anger, he asked Lycophron if it would not be better to accommodate himself to his father's wishes, and thus enjoy power and riches. The young man replied by saying that Periander had subjected himself to his own fine for

having spoken to him; and the father, seeing his son to be thus invincibly obstinate, gave orders that he should be placed on board ship, and carried to the island of Corcyra, of which he was at that time master. Years passed away, and Periander found himself more and more unable to manage the government of Corinth. Accordingly he used every means to induce Lycophron to return home and accept the sovereignty. Lycophron would not be persuaded, but sent back for reply that he would never return to Corinth so long as his father was alive. At last Periander offered to go himself to Corcyra if his son would come back to Corinth, and this proposition was accepted; but the arrangement reached the ears of the Corcyræans, and they put Lycophron to death rather than receive Periander as a master. The old man never lifted up his head after hearing the terrible news; and being fourscore years of age, he sunk into a state of utter despondency, from which death alone relieved him. Periander was succeeded by his nephew Psammetichus, who only reigned three years; for at the expiration of that time his power was overthrown, and the government once again fell into the hands of an aristocracy, under which it still continued when Herodotus visited the city.

These stories, though interesting as illustrations of the early history of the Greek States, convey no idea of the peculiar character of Corinth as a great commercial city. The navy of Corinth had been in its time the largest and most powerful in the world, though at the period of our narrative her war fleets were surpassed by those of Athens. The first triremes, or war-ships, were built at Corinth, and the first sea-fight on record was between the Corinthians and their colonists, the Corcyræans. The commerce of Corinth brought immense wealth to her citizens, and for a long time no city in Greece could boast of such magnificent buildings. But their riches made the people luxurious and licentious. The worship of

Aphrodite, the goddess of sensual passion, everywhere prevailed; and an incredible number of hetæræ resided not only in private houses, but were maintained in the temples of the goddess, and made a ready prey of the foreigners who flocked to the city for the purposes of trade.

But to return to Herodotus. He found his stroll through the main streets of the city exceedingly interesting. He saw the great temple of Aphrodite, and the colonnade where Periander found his son filthy and starving. He gazed upon the splendid buildings, the long streets, and the crowded shops with curious admiration. Damsels passed him, eagerly plying a trade in bread and cakes, flowers and fruits, and elegant little articles of ornament or dress; whilst others treated him with such barefaced smiles and glances that he turned on his heel with unconcealed disgust. Richly-dressed gallants were driving smart chariots along the streets, or gaily conversing in the agora and temple colonnades; others were riding on prancing horses, and exhibiting their gay costumes and the mettle of their steeds to the passers-by. Sailors and other strangers were forgetting the recent dangers of the sea in the endless amusements of the city; and many were indulging in that reckless and generous joviality which characterises the Jack Tars of all climes and ages. In short, whilst the street leading to Cenchrea had seemed to be the resort of merchants, the city itself was given up to luxurious pleasure. But, above all, Herodotus was astonished at the enormous throngs of people that filled the precinct sacred to Aphrodite, and it was only after considerable difficulty that he was able to pass the entrance. The temple, like the Greek temples generally, consisted of an oblong sanctuary surrounded by a colonnade, and having a portico at each end. It stood in the midst of a large enclosed square of ground, which was likewise sacred to the goddess, and was called the temenus.

Herodotus had never before visited a temple of Aphrodite, though, of course, like all Grecks, he had frequently attended the temples of Zeus and Apollo. Accordingly he had expected to witness the same sobriety and seriousness which belonged to the ritual of the Greek religion; to see the priests standing in their splendid vestments before the altar; to hear the solemn inquiry of, "Who are those that compose this assembly?" and to join in the universal response of, "Upright and pious citizens;" to listen to the slow reciting of ancient prayers and the sweet singing of choral hymns. But there he saw drunken foreigners and painted girls, and only heard noisome conversation and indecent shouts; and he gladly made his exit from the scene, and proceeded towards Cenchrea to the warehouse of Glaucus.

We cannot describe in detail the different works of statuary and painting which Polydorus exhibited to Herodotus; but instead of a catalogue, we will endeavour to furnish our readers with a brief sketch of the contemporary state of Greek art.

It is impossible to say whether statuary or painting is the oldest of the arts. In ancient times, coloured works in plastic were perhaps as common as pictures, or coloured representations on even surfaces. Statues of wood, stone, or baked clay were painted all over, and generally dressed in gorgeous attire. Temples built of tufa, limestone, or sandstone were plastered or stuccoed over, and then adorned with painting; and even the pillars and exterior walls were covered with gaudy colours. The employment of marble, however, for statues and temples effected a great improvement in the public taste. The native beauty of the pure white marble would have been utterly spoiled by being covered with any patchwork finery. In the marble statues no attempt appears to have been made to employ flesh colour, though colours were certainly used to distinguish the hair, lip, and eye, and

the ornaments of the weapons and dress. In the same way the main body of the marble temple was left white, and only particular parts, such as the metopes, the triglyphs, the cornice, and the ornaments of the ceiling, were brought into prominence by means of colour, partly to heighten the effect of the pure white by a lively contrast, and partly to secure for the sculpture an effective background.*

But to return to the subject of statuary and painting, which must be considered under separate heads. Statuary was called the plastic art, because it anciently consisted of figures of soft clay dried in the sun or baked in the kiln; and this material never entirely fell into disuse, being employed in the manufacture of those sacred images which were used for domestic and private worship. At a later period, statues seem to have been carved from various kinds of wood, such as oak, cedar, cypress, sycamore, pine, fig, box, and ebony. In the time of our narrative, all the principal varieties of marble were likewise used, and the white marbles of Paros and Mount Pentelicus were especially valued. Figures in bronze, silver, and gold were also frequently cast; the art of casting having been discovered by Rhœcus of Samos, and his son, the celebrated Theodorus, about B.C. 600. Ancient works in metal were formed by the hammer, and the different pieces were joined together by pins, rivets, or cramps, and subsequently by a solder or cement. Ivory, however, seems to have been the most rare and perhaps highly valued material. It was generally combined with gold, and used for the parts representing the flesh; and

* The supposed remains of colour on the marble pillars at Athens have been pronounced by Professor Faraday, and also by Professor Landerer of the university of Athens, to be merely the natural oxidation of the iron which exists even in the whitest marble. See Hettner's "Athens and the Peloponnese," in which the important question of how the ancients painted their temples has been carefully examined.

certainly for softness, delicacy, and agreeableness to the touch, it may be considered as unrivalled. The Greeks ascribed the origin of sculpture to gods and heroes: thus Hephæstus was considered as the divine artisan, and Dædalus is said to have invented numerous instruments for carving wood, and to have made his statues walking. By this last tradition we may suppose that, before the time of Dædalus, human figures were represented, in Greece as in Egypt, with their legs close together, but that he separated the legs of his statues, and thus imparted greater life and activity to a figure. It must be remarked that, for a very long time, no statues existed in Greece, excepting those of the gods; and that these representations were by no means regarded as the gods themselves, or even as images of them, but only as symbols of their presence. In the imagination of a pious and primitive age, the simplest symbols were supposed capable of producing this effect; and unhewn blocks of stone or pillars of wood were, in many places, deemed amply sufficient to indicate the presence of a deity. During the century and a half which preceded the visit of Herodotus to Corinth (namely, from about B.C. 600 to B.C. 461), the progress of Greek art was rapidly reaching its climax; the archaic was giving way to the ideal. The older statues had been painted and generally dressed in the most gorgeous attire, as described above. The figures were stiff and clumsy, the countenances with little or no individuality, the eyes long and small, and the mouth, drawn up at the two corners, presented a smiling appearance. The hair was carefully worked, but stiff and wiry, and generally hung down in straight lines which were curled at the ends. The arms also hung down the sides of the body, unless the figure carried something in its hands. The drapery was likewise stiff, and the folds were very symmetrical, and worked with but little regard to nature. But when the art of poetry had

boldly thrown off its ancient trammels and poured out its soul in new and livelier metres, the sister art of sculpture followed her example, and bursting through old conventional forms, eagerly struggled to attain a grand ideal. The public contests of athletæ began to be performed naked; and thus the attention of the artist was directed to nature, and his eye became familiarised with the finest and most beautiful development of the human form. The contests of poets at the public festivals had created in the minds of the people more definite and tangible ideas of their gods and heroes; whilst the philosophers had taught men to look beyond what was conventional and traditionary. The statues erected for worship were the last to exhibit proofs of this great progress of art; but those which were dedicated as gifts to the gods, those of victors and distinguished men, and the marble reliefs which adorned the pediments, friezes, and other parts of temples, all began to display more or less a bolder treatment and loftier conception, and to include the higher excellences of Greek art. Lastly, it was left for that great sculptor whose works had never reached the hands of Glaucus — the immortal Phidias, who was already entrancing the soul of young Athens by his lofty and unapproachable creations; it was left for him, the Æschylus of statuary, to exhibit to the world the sublimest order of ideal beauty; to represent in cold and motionless marble the spirituality of deified intellect, the passionless tranquillity and perfect repose of almighty majesty, the divine loveliness which man must adore in pious fear but holy purity; and thus to claim for broken relics and decaying marbles a world-wide worship, which hath long outlived that fair and visionary belief of which they were once the symbols.

The art of painting amongst the ancient Greeks may have exhibited the same high excellences as the art of sculpture; for though existing remains tend to confirm an

opposite opinion, yet if we had possessed what the ancients themselves esteemed to be their masterpieces, we might find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and as richly coloured as Titian.* Painting is said to have originated in the attempt to represent a shadow, and one of the old legends connected with the first discovery of the art may not be uninteresting to the reader. A potter's daughter at Corinth, being about to take farewell of her lover, was struck by his shadow, which her lamp had cast upon the wall, and accordingly drew its outline with such force and fidelity that her father cut away the plaster within the outline, and taking an impression from the wall in soft clay, baked it with the rest of his pottery. This story is not likely to possess any real historical value, but there can be no doubt but that the simplest form of design or drawing is the outline of a shadow without any intermediate markings. The next step was the monogram, or complete outline, without colour, but with the inner markings, like the designs of Flaxman. Light and shade were next introduced, and, last of all, the art was fully developed by the proper application of local colours in accordance with nature. Polygnotus, the Michael Angelo of antiquity, may be regarded as the great historical painter, who, flourishing in the time of Herodotus and Phidias, had brought all the essential principles of imitation into painting, and established it as an independent art.

Thus Herodotus spent a pleasant afternoon in contemplating statues and pictures innumerable. He had been accustomed to regard those in the great temple of Hera at Samos as the finest in the world; and now, though he saw and compared so many specimens of the Greek schools, he could see no reason for changing his opinion. It must be remembered that the great works of the sculptor Phidias and the painter Polygnotus were still in em-

* Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Notes to Fresnoy," p. 37.

bryo; and it was not until a later period of his life, when the grand structures on the Acropolis of Athens were finally erected, that he was enabled to contemplate the real masterpieces of Greek art. In a future chapter we shall have occasion to dwell on these marvels of the Periclean age; for the present, we must return to the calm stream of our biography.

Notwithstanding his love of art, Herodotus spent the hours of evening even more pleasantly than those of the afternoon. He returned with Polydorus and Glaucus to their private house in Corinth, and found that a still more splendid supper was served up than on the preceding day. The lady of the house was confined to her room by indisposition, but Melissa and Lydia were present, and received him with more smiles and charms than ever. The conversation was as brisk and lively as possible, both at the meal and during the gay symposium that followed. The remarks of Polydorus, though not quite so delicate and reverent as Herodotus would have wished, were always witty and amusing, and our hero began to think that, after all, his own notions were too straitlaced. The bluff honesty and genial openheartedness of Glaucus, had by this time banished all suspicion, and the long and prosy stories of the worthy father were received with as much attention as could be expected from a young gentleman who was already fascinated by the charms of the daughters. Indeed a sense of duty as well as of politeness obliged Herodotus to appear in the character of an admiring listener; and his conduct may serve as an example even to modern gallants, for at intervals he distinctly heard many of the words which his host uttered, and scarcely once missed laughing at the right place. However, after a goblet or two of the wine, Glaucus began to nod, and Polydorus called a slave to bring a box and board, and proposed a game at dice. Herodotus excused himself on the score of ignorance, but really because his father had

warned him not to play at games of mere chance. Polydorus accordingly sat down with Lydia to play a game of draughts and dice, called pessi and cybi, which bore a marvellous resemblance to the modern backgammon. Herodotus meanwhile talked with Melissa, and looked on whilst Lydia won a zone, which Polydorus promised to bring next morning; and at last, as Polydorus assured him that the game was easy, which he already knew, and that he had better play for trinkets and not for money, which removed his only objection, he agreed to sit down with the other three to a merry game at dice. The remainder of the evening was spent in a manner which the reader will readily understand. Herodotus lost a chiton clasp to each fair lady, which he inwardly resolved should be the handsomest that Corinth could afford; and he likewise paid over to Polydorus the sum of ten drachmas as the balance of the several little bets which he had won or lost during the evening. These were very simple matters, but to those who philosophise upon dreams, it may be interesting to know that they formed the staple of Herodotus's visions that night. So irretrievably were they mingled together, that clasps and drachmas, the expected smiles of the girls, and the supposed frowns of his father Lyxes, seemed all at the same time to have been occupying his thoughts and worrying his brains; but fortunately he found himself in the morning as fresh and buoyant as ever, and soon forgot the visions which Morpheus had sent to amuse him during the hours of darkness.

CHAP. VII.

CORINTH (CONTINUED), B. C. 461.

HERODOTUS MIXES IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY, AND BECOMES FASHIONABLE LIKEWISE. — GLAUCUS BEING CHEATED, TRIES TO CHEAT THE GODS. — SPLENDID BANQUET AND SYMPOSIUM IN THE HOUSE OF NICIAS. — BŒOTIAN EELS BETTER THAN BLACK PUDDINGS. — NICIAS ELECTED SYMPOSIARCH. — STORIES, RIDDLES, AND SCOLIA. — THE GAME OF COTTABOS. — DANCERS AND FLUTE PLAYERS. — HERODOTUS'S EYES OPENED. — CAPTAIN PHYLARCHUS AND TIMOLEON THE MONEYCHANGER.

THE introduction of Herodotus into fashionable life at Corinth was attended by the usual consequences. He began to grow exceedingly fashionable himself, to indulge in all the amusements of the city, and to forget his recent historical and philosophical studies. Polydorus proved himself to be a very able guide along the road of pleasure. He introduced his guest to a number of gay and congenial companions. Herodotus on his part exhibited his prowess in the gymnasium with much applause, but he showed far less experience in cock and quail fighting; and having foolishly staked money upon some private horse and chariot matches, he lost a few more drachmas than he cared to reckon up. He likewise frequently united with Polydorus and other Corinthian gallants in a symposium, in which each one clubbed his share of the expenses; not that he was over partial to wine or rich cookery, but he began to have a taste for gay society. The idea also had more than once flashed across his mind that he had been kept under too much restraint. At Corinth he saw numbers of young men, much younger than he, acting just as they pleased, and spending their money without any interference from their fathers or

guardians; whilst he, the only son of one of the richest citizens in Halicarnassus, was not even trusted with his own money. This last circumstance annoyed him exceedingly. He was galled by thinking that after he had been absent three years from his father's house, Lyxes should not have considered him sufficiently experienced to take care of a couple of talents, but should have entrusted them rather to the hands of a sea captain and a Corinthian money changer.

Herodotus was therefore determined to show his independence, and increase his knowledge of the world. He gave his Samos-made garments to his slave, and arrayed himself in the newest styles, arranging the folds and fall of his himation or chlamys in the most genteel and fashionable manner. He became more gallant than ever to Melissa. He lost many drachmas at dice and other games. His religious ideas grew more and more indistinct. No one in the house of Glaucus seemed to pay much attention to the gods, beyond eating the family sacrifices after the burning of the sacred portions. Sometimes when Glaucus had a ship or two out at sea, he made vows and invoked one or other of the deities; but Polydorus invariably ridiculed his father's devotions. "Prayers and vows," he would say to Herodotus, "are all very well when we are sick; but praying for wealth or for luck at dice is rank absurdity. Now, my father not only does this, but treats the gods as though they were simple-minded barbarians. Only the other day, because a ship from Ephesus was about a week after its time, he sacrificed a splendid ox to Zeus; and this was all very well, as we thereby got a capital feast. Glaucus, however, was not satisfied. He had bought a lot of incense last year from some Hebrew merchant from Palestine, and was of course taken in; not a worshipper in Corinth would buy a drachma's weight. This incense he must needs burn, as well as the ox, and fill the courts and

chambers with the most horrible smoke. How they liked it in Olympus is only known to themselves. Of course the ship went to the bottom with a whole cargo of Artemis images; but whether Poseidon sneezed at the incense, or the maiden goddess refused to visit Corinth, is best known to the seers of Elis."

A month or two before, Herodotus would have turned away at this profane speech, but now he merely tried to silence certain qualms by an attempt to laugh, for, to say the truth, he had grown almost ashamed of that simple but earnest faith which had become so old-fashioned.

One day, whilst things were in this state, Polydorus announced to Herodotus that he and some of his friends were going to have a great banquet and symposium at the house of a Corinthian named Nicias, and pressed his guest to join in it. Herodotus, we need scarcely say, at once accepted the invitation. The feast was to be on the most splendid scale, and the amount of contribution was proportionably large, but that was regarded as a matter of very little consequence by our fashionable foreigner. On the appointed evening he made use of the bath, and carefully arrayed himself in full-dress garments, and the usual half shoes; and then proceeded in the company of Polydorus to the house of Nicias, followed like his friend by his own particular slave.

Nicias was one of the most luxurious men in all Corinth. He was the only son of a Corinthian merchant, who had died some years before, leaving behind him a fine house, but a very moderate fortune. His character and means of livelihood were a complete riddle to the uninitiated. Gambling, chariot driving, and carousing, seemed to be his principal occupations; and yet rich citizens and wealthy strangers eagerly sought his society. No trade occupied his attention, no pleasure escaped his grasp; and yet merchants of high reputation readily joined in his banquets. The money left him by his father was known to have been

spent years before; yet in lavish expenditure he outstripped even the wealthiest of the Corinthians themselves. Above all, he never seemed to borrow money, and always paid for what he purchased. The plain truth was that his house was a decoy for strangers. He was proxenus* for many rich families in different parts of Hellas, and instead of gambling with foreigners, would rather warn them of black-legs, and load them with gifts and favours. But not a pigeon was plucked that he had not a share; not a rich lover was caught that he had not his dues; not a profitable bargain was completed that he had not his commission.

The Sun-god had nearly reached the golden west when Herodotus and Polydorus reached the house of Nicias. It need scarcely be said, that Herodotus was totally ignorant of the character of his host. The two young men found the door of the mansion wide open, and entering the hall, were ushered by a slave into the spacious banquetting-room. Nicias, a man of almost noble address, received them in the politest and most agreeable manner, and was especially attentive to Herodotus. The room was furnished in a magnificent style, and the display of plate was really profuse. Silver goblets and bowls, of almost every size, were arranged upon tables of elegant design. Several large vessels for mixing the wine were covered with figures, and stood in saucers of curious workmanship. The walls were hung with garlands of freshly gathered flowers. Numerous couches were arrayed in order for the coming guests; the mattrasses covered with embroidered tapestry, and the pillows of a rainbow-like pattern, being gaily striped with a variety of brilliant colours. It was now the fashion at all great ban-

* A proxenus was a sort of modern consul or minister resident. Sometimes he acted for entire states, sometimes only for families with whom he was connected by ties of hospitality. The office was both honourable and honorary.

quets for the Greeks to recline on couches, though in the heroic ages, and apparently down to the time of the Persian war, it had been the custom to sit at meals. As each guest arrived, either his own slave who followed him, or else the slaves of the host, unfastened the strings of his sandals, and washed his feet preparatory to his reclining. Herodotus saw with an admiration which he carefully concealed, that the ewers from which the water was poured, and the basons which received it, were all of solid silver, and that the water itself was mingled with golden wine, and rendered additionally fragrant by the admixture of odoriferous balsam. Each couch was set apart for two guests, and Herodotus had intended reclining by the side of Polydorus; but by some accident which could not be rectified without a breach of politeness, he found himself at a considerable distance from his friend, and next to a cynical gentleman who soon began to entertain him with observations depreciatory of every body and every thing around them. The loud talking and laughing, however, of all the guests completely confused our unsophisticated hero; and being exceedingly hungry, he began to wish for the appearance of supper, with an appetite which, had it been known, would have been envied by every gallant present.

At last the feast was served. Young slaves in holiday costume were busily engaged in waiting upon the guests. Some handed round water and towels for the washing of hands; others presented bread of the finest quality in tiny baskets woven of slips of ivory; whilst others advanced in a long procession, two by two, and loaded the tables with a variety of dishes. Fish of every description, poultry, game, lamb, pork, goat's flesh, sausages, and black puddings, together with a variety of green vegetables, such as mallow, cabbage, beans, lupines, lettuce, onions, and leeks, were set out according to established order; but the reader must bear in mind that

but few of the artfully cooked dainties described by Athenæus were known in the time of Herodotus. The tables had already been placed before the several couches, and the feast commenced without hesitation. Forks were unknown in those days, but knives, spoons, fingers, and pieces of bread were soon brought into active requisition. The eating itself requires no description. Herodotus made himself principally remarkable by only partaking of those dishes with which he was acquainted from past experience. In vain the cynic remonstrated with him upon expending his appetite upon roast pork and black puddings, when he might be so much more profitably employed upon some glorious dishes of Bœotian eels. Herodotus politely declined all such delicacies; and the manners of the Corinthians were too refined to permit either the host or his guests generally to make any remarks upon such apparent simplicity.

At length the meal was concluded. Water and sweetly scented soap was handed round for each of the guests to again wash the hands which had been brought so immediately into contact with the contents of the several dishes. The fragments of the meal were carefully collected or swept from the floor. Chaplets of myrtle and roses, party-coloured ribands, and perfumed unguents, were distributed all around, and other preparations were made for the symposium. But first of all it was necessary to perform the libation to Agathodæmon, the good genius. A slave brought forward a golden bowl, into which Nicias poured undiluted wine from a silver can. Two pretty flute girls, in all the freshness of blooming youth, entered the banquetting-room to accompany the ceremony with subdued and appropriate music. Nicias took the golden bowl, poured some wine out of it, and solemnly exclaimed, "To the good genius;" and then taking a draught, he handed the bowl to the visitor who sat upon his right, in order that it might pass round the table.

This ceremony being completed, the party waxed merrier, the minstrels struck up the hymn of praise, and the symposium began. Neither table-cloths nor table-napkins were used by the Greeks, but the busy slaves had already removed the several dishes, and served up a dessert of olives, figs, nuts, Syrian and Egyptian dates, almonds, chestnuts, and Sicilian cheese; all of which, being intended to bring out the flavour of the wine and induce thirst, were accompanied by salt, either pure or mixed with spice. The choicest wines of Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy, were mingled with water in several vessels, at the proportion of two, three, or four parts of wine to six of water, and placed upon the different tables; and the rarest and best of all, the famous red wine of Chios, was diluted in one of the most splendid mixing vessels that Herodotus had ever beheld.

It was the usual custom at a Greek symposium for the guests to appoint a symposiarch, or king of the feast, to superintend the drinking and other amusements of the evening. The symposiarch was either chosen by the throwing of astragals or pebbles, or else was elected by the general voice, and was in reality both chairman and toastmaster. The banquets in the house of Nicias presented almost an exception to the rule, for though he always put the question to his guests, yet it was with the understanding that he himself should be elected to the office; and indeed, no man in Corinth was better fitted for the task of keeping up the conviviality of the evening, and directing the order of the several amusements. Accordingly, on the present occasion, he asked his visitors what rule of drinking they would prefer, and was at once appointed to the chair.

"Slaves there!" cried the newly-appointed symposiarch, "quick with the wine. Place little cups first; we shall want the bigger ones presently; and bring me that large goblet, ready for those who have to drink fines. Are all

the cups filled? It is well;" and taking his own in his hand, he exclaimed, "To Zeus, the Preserver!" and drank its contents, whilst his guests followed his example.

At the commencement of the feast, the conversation had a kind of forced briskness; as the eating progressed, during which nothing but pure water was drunk, this liveliness rapidly declined. Now, however, that the first cup of wine had been drunk, the party became more exhilirated. Short stories were told, and riddles went round—and then scolia, or songs, were proposed; and Nicias took care that the lyre should be presented in turns to every guest who was known to be able to sing. Then the game of cottabos was introduced. A pair of scales were suspended from a tall candelabrum, and a bronze figure, called the Manes, was set up underneath one of the scale pans. The game was to decide if the players were really loved by the several objects of their affections. Each player took his wine cup, or cylix, in his hand, and jerked its contents towards the scale. If the wine merely sprinkled the scale pan without moving it, the player was satisfied that his love was not returned; if, on the other hand, the wine descended in a body into the scale pan, and carried down the pan by its weight until it struck the head of the bronze figure, the throw was considered to be most successful, and the thrower to be most fortunate in his attachment. The game was brought from Sicily, and was quite the rage amongst the Greeks. The test of reciprocated love was fully believed in; and many a shout of laughter filled the banqueting room as some unskilful player missed the scale.

Meantime, however, the guests were almost as much occupied in drinking their wine as in throwing it about. Toasts were proposed and drunk, and fresh wines were poured into the mixing vessels, and carried round to the different couches by the attendant slaves. The throws at the cottabos became more and more ridiculously unsuc-

cessful, probably from the uncertain gait and clouded eyes of the throwers. The guests began to wish for some fresh amusement. Nicias, who had kept his eye on every one present, saw that the cottabos and singing had become wearisome, and that his visitors were becoming noisy. "Admit the dancers and flute-players," he cried to the attendant slaves; and immediately a company of girls and female musicians entered the saloon, and began to display their skill. Herodotus looked on with astonishment. He had never seen women present at such a symposium before. A general uneasiness and restlessness, which he could not account for, rendered him very uncomfortable. He saw without pleasure the most beautiful girls, arrayed in flowers and gaily-coloured garments, executing the most elegant and complicated dances. He listened without emotion whilst the most charming musicians performed some of the most difficult and exquisite compositions which he had ever heard. But the next cup of wine washed away the qualms. The lights of the candelabra were burning higher and brighter; the dancers and flute-players were resting for a short interval, and receiving the compliments and flattery of the half-intoxicated guests. Herodotus determined to be as merry as his neighbours.

"What is thy name, pretty one?" he said to a dancer near him.

"Dryo," answered the girl.

"Dryo!" he repeated. He was thunderstruck. It was the name of his mother. Then the veil fell from his eyes, and he saw the true character of the company around him. He thought of his mother, and of his father's house at Halicarnassus, and he felt sick and wretched. He began to hate Polydorus for having brought him to such a banquet. The cynical gentleman who sat upon the same couch, and who had conversed with him a great deal during the evening, noticed his look of dissatisfaction, and, mistaking the cause, began to sympathise with him.

"The musicians are very indifferent," he whispered, "and so are the dancers. The only two really pretty cithara players in Corinth are in the house of Glaucus; and there they are likely to be as long as Polydorus can screw a drachma out of that foolish young Samian who lives with him. Ha! ha! I am told that he passes them off for his sisters."

Herodotus groaned. "I was not thinking of the players," he said; "but I feel exceedingly unwell. Perhaps it is the wine. I will take a walk in the court, and then the cool air may restore me."

Herodotus had perhaps drunk less wine than any one else at the banquet, but he was glad to escape from the scene, and indulge in his own reflections. He saw now that not only his father, but the world at large considered him as an unwise and inexperienced person. A thousand trifling things rushed to his mind, and confirmed all that his couch companion had seemed to indicate. He thought upon the strange manners of Melissa and Lydia. He remembered that he was going the very next day to remove his money from the hands of Timoleon, the moneychanger, in whom his own father had confidence, and to place it in the charge of another banker, merely because both Glaucus and Polydorus had recommended him as being more trustworthy. He ran over the large sums of money he had spent and lost during the few weeks he had been staying at Corinth. His follies and his pleasures rose up in judgment against him. He determined upon immediately quitting the house of Glaucus. He asked his slave, who had followed him out with a lantern, if he knew of any tavern likely to be still open, but the slave knew of none.

Whilst still considering what was to be done, a band of roysterers came noisily along, swinging their lighted lanterns, and noisily chanting the chorus of some old Greek nautical song. In a few minutes he was hailed by

a well-known voice, and then found himself face to face with Captain Phylarchus.

"A happy meeting," cried Herodotus, and briefly related what had transpired.

"I expected as much," replied the captain when he had finished; "Glaucus and his son Polydorus are two of the greatest rogues in Corinth, and Lyxes only sent you to their house to learn experience. I and my comrades have been spending the evening with an old seaman in the city, and are now returning to our tavern at Cenchrea. This meeting could not have been contrived better. I have been daily expecting you at the Golden Fleece at Cenchrea. You had better come with us this very night."

Herodotus eagerly accepted the proposal. Captain Phylarchus was a thorough sailor, with much of a sailor's simplicity and all a sailor's openheartedness, and possessing a character for the most sterling honesty and probity. Herodotus now heard that the two talents were placed in the hands of Timoleon for the sake of securing the money from the fangs of Glaucus; that Lyxes had calculated upon his son's spending one talent, and upon Herodotus having his eyes opened about the time that the one talent had been expended. He was likewise told that Timoleon had orders to honour his draughts to the extent of one talent only; and that when that money had been all drawn out, he would not pay a single drachma of the second talent, excepting on the joint signatures and seals of himself and Phylarchus.

Thus it was that the honest captain had been almost daily expecting a visit from our hero. But we need not further pursue the subject. The walk to Cenchrea was a long one; and when it was accomplished, Herodotus gladly retired to a chamber in the Golden Fleece, and soon fell into a sound slumber.

CHAP. VIII.

CORINTH (CONTINUED), B. C. 461—460.

THE NAUTICAL TAVERN OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE AT CORINTH. — CHAMBERS SACRED TO BOREAS. — CONSULTATION WITH PHYLARCHUS. — EXPERIENCED SKIPPERS. — YARNS OF A PHOCÆAN CAPTAIN. — ITALIAN PIRATES. — A CADMEAN VICTORY. — EXPEDITION TO THE TIN ISLANDS. — FIERY MOUNTAINS AND RIVERS OF SILVER. — PILLARS ERECTED BY HERACLES. — A WINTER IN ANCIENT BRITAIN. — PLUNDER. — LEGEND OF PHÆTON, AND TRADITIONARY ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF AMBER. — CARTHAGINIAN CAPTIVITY. — SACRIFICES TO MOLOCH. — AN OLD ADMIRAL.

THE Golden Fleece was the oldest tavern in Corinth. It had been the resort of seafaring men from the remotest period; but the history of its first establishment was lost in the gloom of ages. Its origin, however, formed a perpetual subject of discussion amongst its inmates. Greek skippers were antiquaries of the very first water. They cared not for ancient temples, antique statues, or wonderful footprints of departed heroes. Taverns were their study; and to impugn the antiquity of a seaman's tavern was to wound him on his tenderest point. The first thing a captain asked on arriving at a new port was, "Which is the oldest tavern?" and directly he had obtained a satisfactory reply, he both then and on every subsequent visit religiously kept his quarters at the hotel indicated.

But the modern reader must not suppose that the Greek sailor was a mere antiquary who only cared for walls and stones. No! his pursuit was connected with a still higher and more important object, which was kept constantly in view, though not perhaps brought too prominently forward. He knew that at old inns he stood

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a chance of getting old wines; and thus it was that every skipper who had ever run across the Ægean always — to use his own phrase — cast anchor at the Golden Fleece. Youngsters of forty or fifty declared that the Fleece was as old as Jason and the Argonauts; but even this ancient date did not satisfy the regular salts. They sturdily maintained that the inn always had been, and always would be; and that no man had seen the beginning, nor would any man see the ending.

The tavern itself was merely a very large and low-built house, divided, like other Greek dwellings, into the andronitis and the gynæconitis; but as no woman was ever admitted, the passage between the two courts was always thrown open. Both courts were thus, as a general rule, set apart for the purposes of eating and drinking; and the surrounding rooms, with the exception of a large banqueting saloon, were merely regarded as so many bedchambers and small warehouses. Indeed, however much the house might have been adapted to the requirements of those gentlemen whose homes were on the salt seas, it was by no means well contrived for less amphibious travellers. Our hero himself slept soundly during the first night, but awoke with the impression that he had been slumbering in the open air, under the doubtful guardianship of Boreas; at the same time he was not a little surprised at hearing an opinionated skipper growl out that the cabins in the Fleece were almost as good as those on board ship; for the house was quite as safe as the best vessel in the harbour, and a man could tell just as soon if there were any changes in the wind.

The reader will readily perceive that Herodotus had entered an entirely new world. Every man he met was nautical; every word that was uttered smacked of the salt water. Poetry and music, sculpture and painting, religion and philosophy, were no longer the subjects of conversation; but in their place he heard of piratical

Carthaginians, cowardly Phœnicians, lying Cretans, and cunning Egyptians; of wine, linen, frankincense, and every other article of export and import trade; of war galleys, corn ships, sails, oars, anchors, and a thousand other similar things which need not be named.

The morning meal was taken by all the visitors promiscuously in the open courts; and after it was finished, Herodotus strolled out with Phylarchus, and asked the captain's advice upon his future proceedings. Upon reckoning up his expenses, Herodotus found that a quarter of a talent would cover all his Corinthian extravagances, and that therefore, as far as money was concerned, he had sufficient to carry him wherever he pleased. He had left Samos in September B.C. 461, and winter had nearly passed away; consequently the year B.C. 460 had commenced, the year of the eightieth Olympiad. The festival would be celebrated on the first full moon after the summer solstice, or about the end of July. Phylarchus accordingly advised Herodotus to purchase a good horse, and travel by land to Argos, and from thence to Sparta, and to stop at either city as many days as he pleased, but to be careful to reach the Olympian valley in time for the festival. After some consideration, Herodotus adopted the suggestion; and having drawn sufficient funds from Timoleon and purchased a horse, he prepared to take his departure the next morning at sunrise.

But to return to the Golden Fleece, at which Herodotus put up for the remainder of the day. The dinner — or supper, whichever the reader likes to call it — was served up in a large oblong room called the banqueting saloon, about six o'clock, P.M. At that hour the captains and mates had all assembled, and were rapidly settling themselves on the stools which surrounded the several tables. The veterans sat at the head of the room, and

the youngsters along the two sides; but Herodotus, being regarded as a guest under the especial protection of Captain Phylarchus, found himself in one of the seats of honour. A glance at the several faces would have impressed the most superficial observer with a tolerably correct notion of the character of the company. Many a struggle with the storm and winds, many a bold encounter with a bloodthirsty pirate, many a sharp bargain in distant marts, were written upon the dry, wrinkled countenances of the assembled skippers. There were men who had even passed the Pillars of Heracles, at Gibraltar, and traded at the Spanish port of Tartessus, at the mouth of the Guadalquiver; others who had explored the Black Sea and traded with the Scythians of Southern Russia, and narrowly escaped from the bloodthirsty Tauri of the Crimea; others who knew every stade of the Mediterranean coast, excepting the shores of Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, which at that time were in the possession of the Carthaginians. Indeed there was one old captain who had been to Cassiterides, or the British Isles, and also to the city of Carthage itself, in the Gulf of Tunis; and another man, an Ionian, who had spent all his life navigating the Erythræan Sea, the name applied to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean. No yarns, however, were spun whilst the dishes were being brought in; general attention was too much occupied. In came the pigs' heads and shoulders, the huge joints of beef, the endless platters of lamb and kid, sausages, black puddings, tunny fish, sea-dog, and red mullet, together with enormous loaves of bread, and jugs of wine. Every man took out his short dagger; and Herodotus, who had outshone every reveller at the banquet of Nicias, was fairly beaten by every sailor in the Golden Fleece.

But all things must come to an end in time, and at last the meal was over, the table cleared, the libations to the gods religiously performed, the cups of wine in fair cir-

culation, and the conversation in full play. Herodotus was seated, as we have seen, amongst the veterans, who soon began to hear and discuss each other's yarns. He listened with the utmost interest, and treasured up every word that was uttered. The captain, who had been to Cassiterides and Carthage, told the whole story of his adventures; and we present his narrative to our readers, as an illustration of the perils that were encountered by ancient voyagers.

"You must know," began the old captain, "that my father was a citizen of Phocæa, in Ionia, on the western coast of Asia Minor, and that the Phocæans were the first of all the Greeks, not even excepting the Corinthians, who ever made long voyages. They did not sail in broad merchant ships, but in long galleys having fifty oars each, and a crew well armed and always ready for fighting. They were the first to enter the Adriatic Sea and trade with the Illyrians; and they even sailed to Spain and beyond the Pillars of Heracles as far as Tartessus, at the mouth of the Guadalquiver. A hundred years ago, the Tartessian trade was the best in all the world; and a fifty-oared galley, well manned, could compete with two Carthaginian or Phœnician vessels, and set all other pirates at defiance.

"Eighty years ago, as you all know, Ionia was conquered by Cyrus, king of Persia. The Phocæans, and my father amongst the others, did not at all like being ruled by the Persians. Their city was well walled; but resistance was really useless, as the walls were invested by an overpowering army. At last they entreated the Persian general to withdraw the besieging force for one day, in order to give them time to decide whether they would submit or no. The general did so, but was outwitted. The Phocæans put all their wives and children, together with their moveables and their images of the gods, on board their fifty-oared galleys, and then set sail

altogether for the island of Chios, whither the Persians could not follow them.

"On reaching Chios, the Phocæans wanted to buy the Œnyssæ Islands of the Chians; but the Chians were afraid that if the Phocæans settled so near, they would injure the trade of Chios, and accordingly they refused to sell. The Phocæans then were doubtful what to do; but hearing that the Persian general had evacuated Phocæa and only left a small garrison to keep the city, they determined to go back and put the garrison to death. This they achieved, and then sailed away again directly; and this time they sunk a red-hot mass of iron into the sea, and swore never to return to Phocæa until the iron should rise to the surface of the waves. They then sailed towards the island of Corsica, where they had established a settlement about twenty years previously. On the way, about half of them broke their oath, and returned to Phocæa; but the remainder, including my father and all the bolder and more adventurous citizens, went bravely on to Corsica, where they became regular buccaneers and a terror to all the neighbouring countries. I am speaking now of eighty years ago, when my father was a very young man; so what they did may be easily guessed. At last, I suppose, the Phocæan buccaneers became unbearable, and at the end of five years the Carthaginians and others allied together, and attacked them with a fleet of sixty war galleys. The Phocæans, however, had sixty galleys also, and, making my father admiral, they prepared to engage the Carthaginians. The battle was the most obstinate and bloody ever known. The Phocæans had determined to be boarded and slain to a man rather than retreat or cry for quarter; and the enemy were equally resolved to exterminate them or perish in the attempt. At last the Carthaginians and their allies, having suffered immense loss, sailed slowly away; but the Phocæans could not send a single ship after them. Indeed, when

they came to examine into their losses, they found that they had only gained a Cadmean victory. They had lost more men than the Carthaginians, and forty of their ships were utterly destroyed, whilst the remaining twenty were so disabled and blunted at the prows as to be totally useless for fighting. My father and the other Phocæans now saw that it was impossible to remain at Corsica. Accordingly they took their wives, families, and goods on board the twenty ships, and sailed away to the western shore of Italy: and there I was born; and now I am going to begin my story.

"In the new settlement on the Italian coast, many of the old Phocæans took entirely to farming, others to piracy; my father took to both, and brought me up to the two professions. When we were not engaged in the cultivation of the soil, we used to cruise about in search of prizes, and many a sharp battle have we had with ships trading between Italy and Tartessus. Some of the more lazy Phocæans were mere wreckers; but all such sea monsters were despised by every one at all respectable.

"One evening, when my father and I were quite alone together, he told me of the merry voyages the Phocæans used to have before the Persians took the city, or the Carthaginians had destroyed so many of their ships. 'Then,' he said, 'we traded well and fought well; but now we live the lives of wreckers and robbers, and are afraid of fighting those cursed Carthaginians. And yet if any men want revenge, it is the Phocæans, Why, after that Cadmean victory, did not those bloody Carthaginians—may they die the deaths of dogs!—did not those infernal villains stone every one of their prisoners on this same Italian coast, not a hundred miles from this very spot?—and yet here we have been for the last five-and-twenty years, and ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and never made a single attempt to avenge the blood of our country-

men. But, by Zeus! I will not die like this! I tell you what it is, Lampo, my boy, I am getting an old man now, and I am sick of this woman's work. I want to see some of the right sort of thing again before I die; some of the thirty and forty ships fighting at a time; aye, and I will! and by the gods I will lay hands upon those Carthaginians yet!' And then my father drew out an old rusty cutlass and boarding-pike, and began to sharpen and polish them with the utmost enthusiasm. I said nothing; but I knew that something was in the wind.

"Some days afterwards, my father, who was still regarded as admiral of the Phocæan fleet, selected twelve of the strongest and largest ships, and directed them to be brought into the little dock and thoroughly repaired. He next picked out all the bravest and best men, and began to examine them in rowing and boarding, and in the use of the cutlass, pike, and grappling-irons. None dared to shirk this drill; for my father used to say, 'Those who are not strong enough for fighting had better go home to their mothers; we want no sick girls here.' The ships were soon got into sailing order, and arms and provisions, and even goods for barter, were placed on board, and everything was made ready for a great expedition. At sunrise on the appointed day, sailors and fighting men were mustered on the beach; sacrifices were offered to Zeus and Poseidon, and my father then made a speech, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:—'Phocæans! we are going, not for trade, though we shall find more than we want, and not for plunder, though we shall return with as much as we can carry; but we are going to avenge our brothers, our sons, and our fathers, whom the Carthaginians stoned to death; we are going to appease the Erinnyes of our murdered kinsmen; we are going for revenge, victory, and spoil. Hasten, then, to your ships, and sound the pæan.' We all

of us then called the gods to witness that we would follow my father wherever he should lead. We coasted northwards along the Italian shore, then westward by Spain, and at length passed through the Pillars, and coasted northwards along the country of the Celts. On our way we landed at the spot where the Phocæan prisoners had been stoned to death, and offered sacrifices and renewed our oaths. Further on we saw the Pyrenean or Fiery Mountains, but could not find the rivers of silver which are said to flow there. We also saw the great pillars of rock which Heracles set up at the extremities of Europe and Africa, to prevent the great Atlantic whales from entering the Mediterranean. Fresh provisions and water we obtained at various stations, all of which my father knew; and when we came amongst the Celts, we began to barter some of our wine for pieces of gold. The Celts were very strange and ferocious-looking barbarians, who plastered their long hair over their heads in such an extraordinary fashion, that at first sight we thought they were satyrs. They wore armour of basket-work, and drove war-chariots. Here we fell in with three Phœnician vessels from the tin islands, and soon captured them. My father would not put the prisoners to death in cold blood, neither would he sell them to the Celts; for those savages are cannibals and sacrificers of men to the gods. Accordingly he drafted them amongst our ships.

"Pursuing our course, we coasted with great difficulty round an immense bay (Biscay), where the waves often rose like mountains; and I may truly say, that I never made a more dangerous voyage in my life, or witnessed such immense billows. At last, having come to a point where we could see the white cliffs of an opposite shore, we put across the intervening sea and approached the Cassiterides. The people there are more barbarous than the Celts, for they assembled in great numbers to oppose our landing, and even put out in little boats, and tried to

board us. After several days' sailing amidst dangerous rocks, we at last found people more friendly, and then my father summoned all the captains together and made us another speech.

"'Phocæans!' he said, 'it is six months since we left Italy, but we are now approaching our destination, where we shall find abundant wealth, and sufficient provisions to last us through the coming winter. The Carthaginian settlement is only a hundred stadia off, and to-night we must attack and take it.'

"That night we took the place with very little fighting, and found abundance of wine and provisions, but no silver or tin. In fact, as we afterwards discovered, the Carthaginians had removed their deposit to a very much smaller island which lay not far from the Celtic coast, and which we had unaccountably missed in our voyage out. However, there we were for the winter, and the cold in those barbarous regions was most severe. The air was filled with snow like feathers, and when water was poured upon the ice it became solid. It was very fortunate that we had enough to eat and drink. At length spring came again, and we determined on returning and storming the depôt; on reaching it, however, eighteen ships rowed out and offered us battle. Then began a fight which, as my father used afterwards to say, was like one of the olden time. We were beaten over and over again; but in spite of our losses in men and ships, we persisted in continuing the engagement, and at last gained a decided victory. The few Carthaginian vessels which escaped sailed right away towards the Pillars, whilst we landed and plundered the depôt. The stores of tin, amber, and even gold, were immense, and so especially abundant was the silver that we stripped the lead from our anchors and used silver instead. The amber was the real tears which the Heliadæ shed for Phæton, and not the common stuff which is generally sold in Corinth. They say that

Phæton, the son of Helios, one day prevailed on his father to permit him to drive the chariot of the Sun; but the horses scorned the young charioteer, and ran wildly and disorderly through the heavens. First of all they set fire to the sky itself, and caused that track which we call the milky way. Next they burnt up a great part of the earth and laid waste many countries. At last Zeus was so enraged, that he threw a thunderbolt at Phæton and hurled him into the river Eridanus; and the Heliadæ, the sisters of Phæton, who had yoked the steeds to the chariot, were so violently grieved at his death, that they were transformed into poplar trees, and every year distilled their tears, which become amber of excellent beauty and brightness.

"But to go on with my story. After some months of slow voyaging, we again approached Tartessus and the Pillars, but on sending a ship forward to reconnoitre, we discovered that a large Carthaginian fleet, of at least thirty ships, was stationed at the Pillars to cut off our return. There was nothing for it but to try to creep through the straits at night-time, and the plan was successful for every one but me. I was captain of the last ship, and as morning had just begun to break, my ship was discovered. I and my crew were taken prisoners and carried to Carthage, but I was separated from the others and thrown into a dungeon. After some weeks I was removed from the cell to a well-furnished but strongly-guarded apartment, where I was most sumptuously entertained on the choicest meats and richest wines. The horrible thought soon flashed across my mind, that I was to be publicly sacrificed to Moloch. The people who waited on me did not know a word of the Greek language, nor could I speak a word of the Carthaginian. My agony was intense. I would have made away with myself, but had no knife or any other weapon at hand.

"One night I had a horrible dream, which I cannot

even now call to mind without shuddering. I thought I was in the great unroofed temple of Moloch, with the clear blue sky above me and countless multitudes around. I could hear distinctly the singing of hymns, the clashing of cymbals, and the roar of the assembled thousands. I could see the long procession, the garlands of flowers and the white robes of the priestesses, and the splendid vestments and long grisly beards and fiery eyes of the priests. I seemed to be separated from myself, and to be gazing on my own sacrifice. I beheld myself stabbed on the altar, and my heart plucked out and placed in a golden dish before the terrible brazen image. At that very moment I was awakened by a familiar voice which turned out to be the voice of my own mate. 'We are free,' he said, 'follow me!' I was trembling with terror, but at once arose and followed him. A Carthaginian was waiting outside, and led us to the harbour; and next morning we found ourselves on board a vessel bound for Sicily. It seems that the captain of the ship which took us, recognised the mate as having saved his life at some Greek port, and accordingly offered to release him at once. My mate, however, would not go without me, and the captain contrived to bribe the priests to suffer us both to escape; for it had been really intended that I should be sacrificed. What became of the poor crew I never heard for certain. They were, I believe, all drafted off to the farms and mines, but some of them, I was told, escaped to Cyrene.

"As for myself, I reached Italy in safety, and of course my return made my father happier than ever. He had avenged himself upon the Carthaginians, and enriched the whole colony; but had done so, as he thought, at the expense of his only son, and at the sacrifice of a good ship's crew. Things, however, might have been much worse, and having recovered me, he became very grand and commanding. Sometimes he would talk of fresh expeditions, and begin to sharpen his old cutlass and polish his board-

ing pike; but he never went any farther. After his death I gave up cultivating the land, and took entirely to trade, and have been between Italy and Corinth oftener than any man in this house. But that is neither here nor there: I have quite finished my story."

We shall not retail more of the yarns and conversation at the Golden Fleece. Herodotus was interested in all he heard, but retired to rest at an early hour, in order that he might wake refreshed and thoroughly prepared for his journey on the ensuing day.

CHAP. IX.

MYCENÆ, ARGOS, AND TEGEA, B. C. 460.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PELOPONNESUS. — HERODOTUS LEAVES CORINTH FOR ARGOS. — PASSES BY THE VALLEY OF NEMEA. — HERACLES AND THE NEMEAN LION. — DINNER IN THE VALLEY. — ANCIENT CITY OF MYCENÆ. — GATE OF LIONS AND TREASURY OF ATREUS. — GREAT TEMPLE OF HERA. — ARGOS. — LEGEND OF IO PHILOSOPHISED. — ANCIENT SUPREMACY OF ARGOS. — STRUGGLE WITH SPARTA. — BLOODY AND SACRILEGIOUS CONDUCT OF THE SPARTAN KING CLEOMENES. — RECENT ALLIANCE BETWEEN ARGOS AND ATHENS. — HERODOTUS SETS OUT FOR SPARTA. — TRADITION OF THE BATTLE BETWEEN THREE HUNDRED ARGIVES AND THREE HUNDRED SPARTANS. — TEGEA IN ARCADIA. — HERODOTUS HOSPITABLY ENTERTAINED BY AN ARCADIAN HOST. — ANCIENT WAR BETWEEN TEGEA AND SPARTA. — TRADITION OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE BONES OF ORESTES. — SPARTAN SUPREMACY.

THE peninsula of the Peloponnesus spreads from the narrow Corinthian isthmus boldly into the Mediterranean Sea, in the rude resemblance of an outstretched palm. The centre is formed by the rugged hills of Arcadia, the Switzerland of Greece. The northern coast embraced Achaia, the western Elis, the eastern Argolis, whilst the extensive southern quarter belonged to Lacedæmon or Laconia. The city of Corinth, as we have already mentioned, was situated on the narrow isthmus at the north-eastern corner of the Peloponnesus, and consequently just above the territory of Argolis or Argos. Accordingly, from Corinth the road lay in a southerly direction past Mycenæ to the city of Argos; and from Argos, again, in a south-westerly direction to the city of Tegea in Arcadia. From Tegea it branched off in two directions: one ran full west through Arcadia to Olympia, in the territory of Elis; the other due south, to the celebrated city of Sparta or Lacedæmon. We shall have occasion

more than once to refer to these particulars, in describing Herodotus's excursions in the Peloponnesus.

It was on a beautiful spring morning that our young traveller bade adieu to Phylarchus, and rode on horseback through the streets of Corinth, followed by his slave, who trudged manfully on foot. The streets were as yet silent and empty, for the sun was only just rising above the horizon, and all the business and gaiety of the city was wrapped in repose. The freshness of the breeze, and the prospect of a pleasant journey, inspired Herodotus with joyous enthusiasm; and on leaving Corinth behind him, he began to call to mind all the traditions of the country through which he was passing, and to endeavour to identify the several localities. The road from Corinth may be described as a long mountain defile leading to the great plain of Argos. The ravine even intersected the walls which surrounded Corinth; and throughout the whole route the rocks were wild and precipitous, though many mountain streams crossed the road, and rich and cultivated districts were by no means rare. In about two hours and a half Herodotus passed by the circular and isolated hill upon which the little ancient town of Cleonæ rose in a succession of terraces; and leaving it on his left, he spurred westward towards the Valley of Nemea, to gaze upon the scene of one of the earliest exploits of Heracles the hero. In olden time this valley had been haunted by the terrible Nemean Lion; and there in the rugged rocks on the southern side, and close by the Pass of Treton, which led to Mycenæ, was still to be seen the huge cavern which formed his bloody lair. None had dared to approach that horrible monster, the offspring of the serpent-woman Echidna by the fire-breathing Typhon. Flocks and herds, and even men, women, and children, were his daily victims. Eurystheus, the king of the country, was in despair till mighty Heracles, the slayer of the huge lion which had haunted Mount Cithæron, under-

took to engage with this still more fearful enemy. Swords, spears, or stones would not wound the lion of Nemea, who could only be dealt with by sheer force and strength of hand; but Heracles boldly grappled with the ravager, pursued it to its den, and seizing it by the throat, strangled it in his iron arms, and soon returned to Eurystheus, clothed in the shaggy hide of his monstrous victim.

Herodotus gazed upon the scene consecrated by so ancient a tradition with peculiar interest. He tried to picture the appearance of the immortal hero, and the terrible aspect of his monstrous foe; but by some extraordinary anomaly, for which he could not account, his fancy would revert to the number of sheep which the lion could eat at a meal, and to the various circumstances attending the carrying off a cow, as well as to other particulars all more or less connected with eating. At last it flashed across him that he himself had had very little breakfast, and was as hungry as an athlete. The slave was no less delighted with the discovery than his master. He readily drew from the bundle which he had carried on his shoulder some small loaves of bread, together with Sicilian cheese, dried figs, and a small skin of wine; and then, by Herodotus's orders, took a silver cup from the same bundle, and filled it with water from a neighbouring spring. Herodotus turned his horse loose upon the grass, and sat down to partake of the meal; and those who have experienced the effects of a long ride on a fresh morning in early spring, and been further sharpened by the remembrance of old traditions and the sight of famous localities, can fancy the satisfactory progress of the refreshment both of Herodotus and his attendant without any further explanation.

After this early dinner, Herodotus began to look at the other wonders connected with the spot. He wandered through the grove where the Nemean Games, established by Heracles himself, were celebrated every second year,

and which were deemed to be so important by the natives of Argos and Cleonæ, that the latter had begun to calculate the date of events by Nemeads instead of by Olympiads. He likewise visited the temple of the Nemean Zeus, also founded by Heracles; and one of the exegetæ, or temple guides, politely pointed out to him so many other remarkable things, and told him such wonderful stories connected with the olden time, that our traveller did not in the least regret parting with the couple of drachmas which were evidently expected.

It was nearly noon when Herodotus once more mounted his horse, and rode through the narrow pass leading to Mycenæ; and in little more than an hour he approached the rugged height upon which was situated the ancient city. He was now excited by a thousand emotions, for the view of Mycenæ is the most impressive in all Hellas. The antiquity and grandeur of the ruins which Herodotus then saw, and which the reader may still see, carry the spectator far back into the days of heroes. Her walls, built of great masses of unhewn stones, the Gate of Lions, and the subterranean treasuries are almost the sole memorials of the age in which she flourished, and, though supposed to have been built by the fabled Cyclopes, were probably the work of the mysterious Pelasgian race.

Mycenæ was founded by Perseus, the son of Zeus and the gold-loving Danae. It contained the Cyclopean Hall of Eurystheus and the Palace of Agamemnon; and there, too, Herodotus saw the Treasury of Atreus, a strange subterraneous building or vault, shaped like a dome, and supposed to have been lined in ancient times with plates of brass. Those massive monuments might, even in the time of Herodotus, have been in existence for two thousand years. Our young traveller, however, hurried as quickly as possible from the ruins. Seven years before his visit, the city had been desolated and depopulated by the Argives; and an Argive garrison still occupied one quarter

of the town, whilst a few of the inhabitants haunted the neighbourhood. Herodotus, therefore, though deeply affected by the extraordinary antiquity of the city, considered that it would be dangerous to remain in the streets, and determined on pushing forward to Argos that evening. About ten stadia from the city was the celebrated Temple of Hera, concerning which Herodotus had read some account in the writings of Hellanicus. He did not, however, stop to enter it, but hurried on, until at last he obtained a fine view of the Acropolis of Argos; and then, a little before sunset, he entered the city itself, and was well received at an inn which had been recommended by Captain Phylarchus.

At Argos Herodotus stayed but a very few days, and met with no adventures worth recording. But the city was of great renown in the ancient stories of Hellas. It was more ancient than Mycenæ, and at one time had given her name to the whole of the Peloponnesus. The tomb of Phoroneus, the son of Inachus, and father of the weeping Niobe, was still to be seen; and the legends of Io, of Ægyptus, and of Danae, all belonged to the mythic history of the city. Herodotus had hurried past the Temple of Hera, on the road from Mycenæ, where the beautiful Io was once the priestess; and he had known from infancy the story of how Zeus fell in love with her, and jealous Hera taxed him with the intrigue, and of how he metamorphosed Io into a white cow, which Hera subsequently drove away into foreign lands by the incessant stinging of a gadfly. The philosophic historians in the time of our traveller had, however, interpreted the mythe according to their own fashion, much in the same way that modern critics deal with the traditions of Prince Arthur, or of Guy, Earl of Warwick. The biography of Io thus became strangely modified. The philosophers aforesaid declared that they had discovered, after much research amongst original Persian authorities,

that Io was the daughter of the King of Argos, and that the story of Zeus and the white cow was all nonsense, for that she was in reality carried off by some Phœnician sailors. They then told the story in their own way, as follows:—"On one occasion, a Phœnician vessel arrived at the port nearest to Argos, and the traders on board began to offer their wares for sale. Accounts of the wonderful bargains in trinkets and ornaments soon reached the ears of Io and the other young ladies of Argos, and off they went to the beach to try and deal with the foreign merchants. The Phœnicians, however, made love to their customers; and having likewise taken it into their trading heads that the reigning Pharaoh would give a very good price for such attractive damsels, they suddenly captured as many as they could seize, and at once set sail for Egypt. Subsequently another Phœnician vessel arrived at Argos; but fathers, husbands, lovers, and brothers all refused to deal; upon which the Phœnicians swore that, instead of their predecessors having carried off the ladies, the fact was that the ladies persisted in going, and would not be persuaded to remain behind." Such was declared to be the real story, from whence some poet had worked up the romance of the loves of Io and Zeus, the white cow, and the jealous Hera.

The story of the marriages of the fifty sons of Ægyptus with the fifty daughters of Danaus, and the frightful consequences, together with the story of the love of Zeus for fair Danae, and his dropping through the roof in a shower of gold, were all equally well remembered by Herodotus, and had been interpreted in a similar manner; but these we have no space to repeat. It is sufficient to say that they belonged to Argos.

Besides these legends, however, the ancient history of Argos was interesting in a political point of view; and Herodotus could not help lamenting her former glories, though he took care to keep his thoughts upon the subject

to himself. Her rule had once extended over a large portion of the territory which now belonged to Sparta, and her city had been the first in the Peloponnesus, whilst Sparta was only of secondary importance. This supremacy had been at last broken up by the military power of Sparta. In ancient times the contest between the two cities had been chiefly a struggle for the border territory; but only a short time before the Persian war, and only forty years or so before Herodotus's visit, the city of Argos had been laid completely prostrate by the following disasters.

Cleomenes, a king of Sparta, of whom we shall have to narrate some interesting circumstances in a future chapter, had been assured by the oracle at Delphi that he should take Argos. He led a Spartan army to the river Erasinus, which falls into the sea near Argos, and is said to arrive through an unknown subterranean channel from the Stymphalian lake in Arcadia. This river became thus the only barrier between the invaders and Argos, and Cleomenes offered a sacrifice to it. The victims proved unfavourable to his leading his army across; and he therefore, in his usually eccentric way, began to praise the Erasinus for not betraying its people, but declared that, in spite of its opposition, the Argives should not escape with impunity. He then retreated to the frontier of Laconia; and to avoid committing an outrage upon the river, he sacrificed a bull to the sea, and conveyed his forces in ships to the Argive coast. News of the landing was soon carried to Argos, and the Argives marched out, and encamped immediately opposite to the Spartan army. It seems that the Argives were not afraid of fighting the Spartans in a pitched battle, but had been warned by an oracle to beware of being taken by stratagem. Accordingly, to prevent any sudden attack or ambuscade, the Argives ordered their own troops to obey every signal of the Spartan herald; but Cleomenes

perceived the manœuvre, and gave counter-orders, that when the Spartan herald signalled the troops to go to dinner, the Spartans should take it as a signal for seizing their arms and falling upon the Argives. Accordingly, whilst the Argives were taking their dinners in obedience to the Spartan signal, the Spartans suddenly fell upon them, and put a great many to the sword. The greater number, however, fled for refuge to the neighbouring Grove of Argos the hero, which the Spartans immediately surrounded and kept under a strict watch. The Argives of course refused to leave the sacred grove, and no Spartan was impious enough to penetrate it. At last Cleomenes perpetrated the following atrocity. Having learnt from some Argive deserters the names of those who had taken refuge in the grove, he sent a herald summoning them by name, one at a time, and saying that he had received their ransom. This ransom, by the way, was a regular thing among the Peloponnesians, and was a fixed sum of two minas, or eight pounds sterling, for every prisoner. Cleomenes, however, had received no ransom money at all, but put to death each man that obeyed the summons. Fifty Argives were thus treacherously slain in cold blood, one after the other, for the thickness of the grove prevented the besieged from seeing what was going on outside the precinct. But suspicion was at length awakened, and one of the refugees climbed a tree, and saw some of the treacherous murders that were being perpetrated by the Spartans. The terror-stricken Argives then refused to obey the further summons of the herald; but Cleomenes was resolved to destroy them at all hazards. Reckless of the anger of the gods, he ordered his Helots to pile up wood round the grove and set it on fire. When the whole was in flames, he asked one of the deserters to which of the gods the grove belonged. The man replied that it belonged to Argos, the son of Zeus and Niobe, from whom the city of Argos had

derived its name. Cleomenes then saw the true meaning of the oracle, which had promised that he should capture Argos. Uttering a deep groan, he cried, "O prophetic Apollo! thou hast indeed deceived me; thy prophecy is accomplished that I should take Argos." He sure the greater part of his army back to Sparta, whilst he himself, with a thousand chosen men, proceeded to the celebrated Temple of Hera, on the road to Mycenæ, to offer sacrifice on the altar. There the priest forbade him, saying that it was unlawful for a stranger to offer sacrifice there. Cleomenes, half madman as he was, commanded his Helots to drag the priest from the altar and scourge him, whilst he himself sacrificed in spite of the sacred law.

Shortly afterwards, Cleomenes returned to Sparta, and was accused before the Ephors of having been bribed not to take the city of Argos, which indeed he might have captured without much difficulty. He replied to this charge as follows. "When," he said, "I had taken the Grove of Argos, I considered that the oracle was accomplished, and therefore would not attempt the city until I had ascertained by fresh sacrifices whether the god would be propitious or otherwise. I therefore sacrificed in the Temple of Hera, and the victims were favourable; but suddenly a flame of fire shone forth from the breast of the divine image, and thus I learnt that I should not take the city. Now, if the flame had shone from the head, it would have been a good omen; but as it came from the breast, I considered that everything had been accomplished which the deity had desired." This reply appeared credible and reasonable to the Spartan people, and they acquitted Cleomenes by a large majority.

After this affair, the city of Argos was so destitute of men that the slaves seized the government, and retained it until the sons of the slaughtered citizens had grown to manhood, and drove them out. Subsequently a civil war

broke out, and it was some time before the slaves were finally subdued, and the Argives obtained the upper hand.*

When Herodotus visited Argos, the city had almost recovered the effects of these disasters. She had reduced Mycenæ, and other famous but small towns in her neighbourhood, and incorporated their inhabitants with her own citizens; and she had thus become more populous than ever. At the same time a rupture had taken place between Athens and Sparta, and Athens had sent to propose an alliance with Argos, as an important land force in the Peloponnesus, and an ancient foe of Sparta. Argos of course accepted the alliance with alacrity, for she saw in it a new chance of recovering her lost headship in the Peloponnesus.

Herodotus, however, grew very tired of Argos. He had very little sympathy with the Argives. Jealousy of Sparta had induced them to keep aloof from the great Persian war; and whilst Mycenæ and the other neighbouring towns had cheerfully sent their several contingents to fight the battles of their fatherland, Argos had seemed to prefer the Persian rule to Spartan supremacy. The spirits of Herodotus, therefore, rose pretty considerably after he had paid the master of the inn and fairly set out for Sparta; and he eagerly looked forward to meeting Myron, the proxenus of Halicarnassus, who would doubtless turn out a better friend than his host at Corinth.

From Argos to Sparta was a two days' journey; but Herodotus intended to stop two nights and one day at Tegea, in Arcadia, which was situated about half way on the road. On the first day, he passed through the celebrated district of Thyrea, in Cynuria, which had anciently belonged to Argos, but had been wrested away by Sparta. Here he visited the plain where the famous battle took

* These slaves were apparently the old Achæan inhabitants of Argolis, and bore the same relation to the Argives as the Periœci and Helots of Laconia, who will be described in our next chapter, bore to the Spartans.

place between three hundred Argives, and three hundred Spartans, who were chosen as champions for their respective nations. On that occasion, Argos and Sparta had each agreed to abide the issue of the combat, and their main armies withdrew whilst the chosen warriors engaged in conflict. The battle was fought with such obstinacy that every man was slain excepting two Argives and one Spartan. The two Argives, thinking themselves victorious, ran off to Argos with the glorious news; but meantime the single Spartan stripped the corpses of the slain Argives, and carried their arms to his own camp, and then returned and continued at his post. On the next day, both armies having been informed of the event, reassembled in the field, and each of course claimed the victory. The Argives urged that, on their side, the greater number of champions had survived the conflict; whilst the Spartans urged that those survivors had fled, and that it was a Spartan who had kept the field and spoiled the dead. Words led to blows; and in spite of the death of so many brave champions, the main armies were soon engaged in battle, in which the Spartans proved the victors. From that time the Argives cut off their long hair, and passed a law that no Argive should wear long hair, or any Argive woman wear a golden ornament, until Thyrea should be retaken. On the other hand, the Spartans, who had always worn short hair, now enjoined all their people to wear it long. As to the single Spartan, he was ashamed to return to Sparta, after losing so many of his companions in arms, and therefore he put an end to himself at Thyrea.

A little before sunset Herodotus arrived at Tegea, which he found to be not exactly a town, but a union of nine hill villages into a sort of confederacy. The people were very rough and uncultivated, for the Arcadians were an aboriginal race, who had never wandered from their ancient seats, nor ever been thoroughly overrun

by any foreign invaders. Upon entering Tegea, our traveller was doubtful as to how he should proceed, for he could see nothing in the shape of an inn, unless a dirty-looking hostelry at the entrance of the town could be dignified with such a title. Fortunately, a hospitable citizen saw that the stranger was well mounted, and followed by a slave, and questioned Herodotus as to his name, and the objects of his journey, and then invited him to his own house. Herodotus thankfully accepted the hospitality, and was exceedingly well entertained by his Arcadian host. The simple manners of the household struck him as being exactly the same as those of the old heroic times described by Homer. His horse and attendant were of course committed to the care of the slaves belonging to the household; but a rosy-cheeked, white-armed damsel, who was evidently the daughter of his entertainer, brought him water to wash his feet; and the host himself immediately ordered a kid to be roasted, and a skin of wine to be brought in. A pleasant evening passed away, quite in the patriarchal style. The wine was not of a very rich vintage, but had a wholesome taste, smacking of country festivals and merry vineyards. The roast kid was excellent, and the bread was equally good, without any of that chalky stuff by which the Corinthian bakers endeavoured to whiten their loaves, and more like the home-made bread that Herodotus used to eat in his father's house at Halicarnassus. The libations to the gods were duly offered, incense was burnt on the little altar to Hestia, and a pious hymn was sung by the whole household, in cheerful and sweet-sounding chorus. Herodotus, on his part, did his best to please his entertainer. He listened to all his stories, and responded to his eager curiosity respecting the political doings of the Athenian confederacy, the state of trade at Corinth, and all the dangers of sea voyages. At an early hour the household retired to rest, Herodotus having first promised to spend the whole of the next day

in Tegea, whilst his host engaged to conduct him over the very straggling town, and show him all its wonders.

Tegea, though so simply constituted of small townships, was in reality a powerful city, and one of the most important in Arcadia. In former times, when Sparta was rapidly becoming the first military power in Hellas, the Spartans arrogantly determined to conquer all Arcadia, and actually inquired of the oracle at Delphi if an invasion would be successful. The oracle replied in an ambiguous verse, which ran somewhat as follows:—

> "Ask ye Arcadia? 'tis too much! I doubt
> Her acorn-eating sons can keep you out;
> But you may dance upon Tegea's plain,
> And stretch upon her fields your twisted chain."

The Spartans considered this answer to be equivalent to promising them the conquest of Tegea and the possession of her fair plain. Accordingly they marched against Tegea, and carried a load of fetters with them for the purpose of chaining the Tegeans, whom they intended reducing to slavery. The gods, however, defeated this fine scheme, and the Spartans discovered too late the true meaning of the oracle. They were completely beaten by the brave and hardy Tegeans, and many were killed, and a great many more were taken prisoners. The latter were then bound with the very fetters which they themselves had brought, and compelled to work in the fields; and especially they were obliged to measure all the lands in the country, and thus fulfilled the very words of Apollo. Subsequently the Spartans discovered the bones of Orestes, and were enabled to conquer Tegea; but we shall presently have occasion to relate the circumstances at length.

Tegea was renowned for her patriotism in the cause of Hellas. She had sent five hundred men to fight against the Persians at Thermopylæ, and fifteen hundred heavy-armed Tegeans fought side by side with their old enemies

the Spartans in the battle of Platæa. She also claimed a share in the mythical glories of the Peloponnesus. When the Heracleids, under Hyllus, the son of Heracles and Dejanira, marched to the Corinthian isthmus for the purpose of conquering the country, it was determined that the matter should be decided by single combat; and upon that occasion, Echemus, the king and general of the Tegeans, fought singly with Hyllus and slew him, and the Heracleids retired according to their agreement. This event was called the second invasion of the Heracleids, and took place ten years before the siege of Troy.

Herodotus spent his day at Tegea in the most satisfactory manner. His host showed him all the curiosities of the place, and, above all, took him to the Temple of Athena Alea, where he saw hanging up the very fetters which the Spartans had brought with them in their arrogant invasion; also the celebrated manger, which was made entirely of brass, and originally belonged to the Persian general Mardonius, but which was captured by the Tegeans after the battle of Platæa. But nothing interested Herodotus so much as a blacksmith's shop, the very same where, about a hundred years before, had been discovered the bones of Orestes, the son of Agamemnon. His host had pointed out this shop as the place whence al the evils originated which had fallen on Tegea, and had told him the following tradition connected with the circumstance.

About a hundred years previously, the Tegeans had beaten the Spartans in a number of battles, and the Spartans, not content with the previous oracle about the fetters, sent again to Delphi to ask which of the gods they should propitiate in order to become victorious. The Pythoness replied, that if they could obtain the bones of Orestes they would be certain to conquer Tegea. Now, it was said that Orestes had died in Arcadia from the bite of a snake, but nobody knew where his bones

were interred. Accordingly the Spartans sent again to Delphi to inquire where Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, was buried, and received the following reply:—

> "Down in Arcadia's level plain I know
> Tegea lies;—and where woe lies on woe—
> Where two bound winds, impatient of the yoke,
> Are forc'd to blow—where stroke replies to stroke—
> Beneath the earth lies Agamemnon's son:
> Bear him to Sparta, and Tegea's won."

When the Spartans first heard these verses, they thought that they could have found the tomb just as well without the oracle as with it, for who was to know where woe lay on woe, or where two bound winds were forced to blow, or where stroke replied to stroke. However, after a long search, the sepulchre was at last found by an old cavalry officer named Lichas, who had retired in his turn from the bodyguard which attended the Spartan kings; and who, like the other agathoergi, as they were called, was employed in the several missions sent by Sparta to different parts of the Spartan dominions. At that time there was peace between Tegea and Sparta, and something like a friendly intercourse was carried on between the two cities. Lichas thus came to Tegea, and entered the blacksmith's shop, and saw its gossipping owner busily engaged in forging iron. No sooner did the smith see the foreigner looking on with some astonishment at the process of forging, than he left off his forging and began to speak to him. "Oh, Spartan stranger," he said, "if you are so astonished at seeing me work this iron, you would certainly have been surprised if you had seen what I myself saw only a few days ago; for as I was endeavouring to dig a well within this enclosure, I came to a coffin, seven cubits long*; and because I would not believe that men were

* Our readers will probably remember that Goliath was only six cubits and a span in height.

ever taller than they are now, I opened the coffin, and saw that the skeleton inside was of corresponding length; and I then measured it and covered it up again." Lichas immediately felt assured that the coffin in question contained the bones of Orestes, but for a long time he was puzzled by the words of the oracle. At last he found out the secret. The two bound winds, he discovered, were the smith's bellows; the stroke answering to stroke were the anvil and hammer; and the woe lying on woe was the iron that was being forged, as iron had been invented to the injury of man. Accordingly he returned to Sparta, and informed the ephors of the matter; upon which they brought a feigned charge against him, and sent him into pretended banishment. He then returned to Tegea, and informed the smith of his misfortune, and offered to hire the enclosure. The smith refused for a long time, but at last consented, and Lichas then took up his abode there, and opened the sepulchre and collected the bones, and carried them safely to Sparta. Another war, of course, soon broke out, but the Spartans, having fulfilled the conditions of the oracle, were able to defeat the Tegeans.

Such was the manner in which Herodotus was entertained at Tegea. The evening was passed in the same simple amusements as before; and at sunrise next morning he was once more upon the road, eager to reach the mightiest city in the land of Pelops.

CHAP. X.

SPARTA, B. C. 460.

SITUATION OF SPARTA. — HER ANCIENT INHABITANTS. — STORY OF THE TWIN PRINCES, AND ORIGIN OF THE DOUBLE MONARCHY. — LIFE OF LYCURGUS. — HIS REFORMS. — THE SPARTAN CITIZENS FORMED INTO A MILITARY BROTHERHOOD, SUPPORTED BY THEIR FARMS AND THE LABOURS OF THEIR HELOTS. — TRADE FORBIDDEN. — IRON MONEY. — PUBLIC MEALS. — BLACK BROTH. — MILITARY TRAINING OF BOYS. — SOCIAL CONDITION OF GREEK LADIES GENERALLY. — PECULIAR PRIVILEGES OF THE SPARTAN LADIES. — THEIR SUPERIOR BEAUTY. — TRUE LOVE ONLY TO BE FOUND AT SPARTA. — SPARTAN HEROINES. — SPARTAN MARRIAGES. — PUNISHMENT OF OLD BACHELORS. — IMMUNITIES ENJOYED BY FATHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

THE distance between Tegea and Sparta was about two hundred stadia, or twenty-five English miles. The traveller had first to toil over the rugged mountain range which formed the frontier between Arcadia and Laconia, until he entered the pass formed by the river Ænus. He had then to proceed along the valley of the Ænus until he reached the spot where that river discharges itself into the Eurotas; and from thence he had to keep along the valley of the Eurotas, until he came to the plain where the rocky hills, having receded from both banks of the river, enclosed the celebrated town of Sparta, and earned for it the name of "hollow Lacedæmon."

Sparta, or Lacedæmon — for the city was called by either name — was situated on the right bank of the river Eurotas, and about twenty miles from the sea. It was of a circular shape, and consisted of five separate and unwalled villages, which were never united into one regular town. The highway from Tegea was principally famous as having been the scene of many an old battle between the Arcadians and Spartans; and whilst Herodotus is

performing this somewhat arduous journey, we will endeavour to prepare the reader for an account of his adventures in Sparta, by reviewing the history of the city, and glancing at the manners and customs of the Spartan people.

The history of Sparta is principally known to the English reader, from its connection with the names of Menelaus, Lycurgus, and Leonidas. To describe Sparta in the days of Menelaus and his wife Helen, would be a work of pure imagination. The royal palace from whence the unprincipled Paris carried off the beautiful Helen belongs to the age of romance; though the taking of Troy, which forms the important event in the Homeric legend, is commonly calculated to have taken place in 1184 B.C., a date which corresponds to the judgeship of the heroic Samson. Eighty years after the siege, the Dorians from Northern Greece invaded the Peloponnesus, an event which is generally known as the invasion of the Heracleids or descendants of Heracles. The Dorians having first conquered the territory of Elis on the western side of the Peloponnesus, and reduced it to the rule of their allies the Ætolians, passed on to southern Peloponnesus in two detachments; one settled at Stenyclerus, in the south-western quarter, and established their supremacy over the Messenians, whilst the other moved on to Sparta in the south-eastern corner, and established their supremacy over the Laconians. The Messenian territory was the most fertile in the Peloponnesus, whilst that of Laconia was mountainous and unproductive. A war naturally broke out between the Dorians of Stenyclerus and those of Sparta, which terminated in favour of the latter; and at the time when recorded history fairly begins, the Spartan rule was supreme over the whole of southern Peloponnesus.

This aggregate territory was now inhabited by three distinct races or classes. First the Dorian conquerors of Sparta, who alone enjoyed the privileges of Spartan

citizens. Secondly, the ancient inhabitants of the country, who occupied the other towns of Laconia, and were anciently called Achæans, but were now known by the name of Periœci. Thirdly, the farm labourers, or rustic population, who had been originally the serfs of the Achæans, and were now serfs of both Spartans and Periœci, under the name of Helots. The Dorian Messenians were likewise reduced by their Spartan conquerors to the same condition as the Helots.

According to the Spartan traditions, the Dorian Heracleids who so successfully invaded the Peloponnesus, were led by Aristodemus, the great-grandson of Hyllus, the son of Heracles, whom we have already mentioned. This Aristodemus of course became king of Sparta, but died on the very day that his wife Argia gave birth to twins. The Spartans wished to appoint his eldest son to be his successor, but could not tell which little boy to choose, for the twins were both exactly alike. Accordingly they asked the mother, Argia, which was the first-born; but she, wishing that both should be kings, replied that she herself was unable to distinguish between them. The Spartans then sent to inquire of the oracle at Delphi, the constant resource in all cases of difficulty. The oracle replied, that they must make both the boys kings, but pay the greatest honour to the eldest. This answer only decided one point, and left the main difficulty unsolved; for unless the eldest was ascertained, it was impossible to pay him the greatest honour. At length a wise man, named Panites, threw out the following suggestion. He advised that persons should watch and see which of the twins was first washed and fed by its mother; for he said, "If she is found to wash and feed the same twin always first, we may be certain that he is the first-born; but if she is careless about the matter, and sometimes washes one first and sometimes the other, it is plain that she herself knows not which is the eldest." This advice

was followed, and the result proved successful. One little boy was always washed and fed first, and he was therefore considered to be the eldest, and was named Eurysthenes; whilst the other one was regarded as the youngest, and was named Procles. From that time two kings always reigned together at Sparta, one being descended from Eurysthenes, and the other line from Procles; and as the twins themselves were always at variance with each other, so likewise were their descendants at perpetual enmity.

About B.C. 800, and consequently about 300 years after the Dorian conquest of Sparta, flourished the great lawgiver Lycurgus. Prior to that period the Spartan state was the most lawless in Hellas, and no foreigner ventured to visit Sparta, lest he should be robbed and murdered. Lycurgus was a younger son of a Spartan king who was assassinated during this period of lawlessness. Polydectes, the elder brother of Lycurgus, succeeded his father on the throne, but died shortly afterwards, leaving a queen who was soon to become a mother. Of course the succession to the throne would depend upon whether the widowed queen gave birth to a son or to a daughter; but she was wicked enough to make a secret proposal to Lycurgus, offering to destroy her offspring, and thus insure him the sovereignty, upon condition of his making her his wife. Lycurgus seemingly accepted the proposal, but when the queen gave birth to a son, he held up the child publicly in the agora, and proclaimed him king of Sparta, and, as next of kin, he himself began to act as guardian of the infant prince. The widowed queen, however, and a party which she formed, raised slanderous accusations against Lycurgus, and obliged him to go into exile; and accordingly he travelled about studying the polity and customs of different cities, and in short preparing himself for introducing and carrying out those great reforms which we shall presently notice.

After some years Lycurgus returned to Sparta, where he found that his nephew Charilaus, whose life he had saved, had become one of the two kings, but that the public disorders were worse than ever, and that both kings and people were weary of their condition. He was now anxiously considering upon a plan of action, and at the same time was desirous of obtaining some high authority for the sweeping measures which he intended to introduce. Accordingly he set off to consult the oracle at Delphi, and no sooner did he enter the sanctuary than the Pythoness addressed him in the following strain: —

> "Lycurgus, thou art come to my rich fane,
> Belov'd by Zeus and all the heavenly train;
> But whether god or man I fear to say,—
> Yet god thou must be more than mortal clay."

The oracle is also said to have instructed Lycurgus in other matters, and directed him how to proceed; and after he had given sufficient time for the news of this favourable address to reach Sparta, he one day suddenly appeared in the Spartan agora surrounded by thirty armed partisans. King Charilaus was at first terrified, but being reassured by his uncle, stood forward to second his designs, and at the same time the bulk of the people respectfully submitted to the princely sage, who thus came as a reformer and missionary from Delphi.

The first act of Lycurgus, on obtaining his ascendency, was to establish a senate of nobles, an assembly of the people, and an executive directory to consist of five men called Ephors. The senate consisted of twenty-eight old men, of which the two kings were presidents, and sat and voted with it, thus making an aggregate of thirty. The assembly of the people was held in the open air, and its functions were limited to the simple acceptance or rejection of those measures which had been previously determined in the senate. The five Ephors were annually elected, and possessed such extensive and commanding

powers in reference to internal administration and police, that the kings were little more than supreme and exclusive commanders of the military force.*

Lycurgus having thus established a mixed government of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, in which all classes of Spartan citizens were represented, turned his attention to the social disorders of the nation. These disorders had chiefly arisen from the gross inequality of property, most of the lands having gradually fallen into the hands of a luxurious and rapacious few, whilst a large body of poor citizens were existing in hopeless misery and degradation. We have already noticed the three classes of Laconians, viz., Spartan citizens, Periœci, and Helots. The first alone possessed any political privileges. The Periœci, who dwelt in the other towns of Laconia,

* The two kings of Sparta were likewise invested with the priesthoods of Zeus, and enjoyed the following privileges:— They could levy war against any city or nation they pleased, and any Spartan who attempted to oppose their will in this particular fell under a curse. They were always the first in an advance, and the last in a retreat, and on the field of battle their body-guard was formed by a hundred chosen men. At all festivals or private banquets, they sat down first and were served first, and each received a double portion of every thing. At all public games they had particular seats appointed them, and they had the right of appointing the proxein, or officers to receive and entertain foreign ambassadors, and the pythii, or persons sent to consult the oracle at Delphi. They also kept the oracles with the privity of the pythii. They were the sole judges in deciding upon the husband for a virgin heiress, who had not been betrothed by her father. They determined every thing connected with the public highways. When a king died, the ceremonies performed were very singular. The melancholy event was announced throughout the country by horsemen; but in the city of Sparta it was made known by the women, who paraded the streets beating a caldron. A man and woman in every house were also forced, under heavy penalties, to disguise themselves as mourners; and many thousand Helots, Periœci, and citizens, men and women, assembled together in one place, and struck their foreheads, and gave themselves up to unbounded lamentations, declaring that the last king had been the best. If, however, a king had fallen in war, his effigy was exposed on a richly-ornamented couch. After the interment, all public business was suspended for ten days. The new king, who succeeded to the throne, like a new king of Persia, remitted all debts due from any Spartan to the deceased king or to the state. (See Geography of Herodotus, p. 50.)

paid a regular tax to the Spartan state. The Helots or serfs were farm labourers who tilled the lands, both those belonging to the Periœci, and those belonging to the full-qualified citizens of Sparta; and many of them likewise dwelt in Sparta and other Laconian towns, and did the work of domestic slaves. The object of Lycurgus was to form the Spartan citizens into a warlike brotherhood, supported by the tribute levied from the Periœci and by the labours of the Helots; to banish all social distinctions excepting such as were earned by bravery; to train up every Spartan youth to become a perfect soldier, obedient, enduring, and courageous unto death.

The first proceeding supposed to have been carried out by Lycurgus, was the redistribution of the whole Spartan territory into 9,000 equal lots, one lot being given to every Spartan citizen; and he is also said to have redistributed the remainder of the Laconian territory into 30,000 lots, giving one lot to each Periœcus. Trade he set his face against utterly, and no Spartan citizen was allowed to follow any money-getting pursuit whatever. Gold and silver money were banished altogether, and an iron coinage was introduced, so large and weighty, that fifty pounds sterling of it would have filled a room, and required a yoke of oxen to remove it. Luxurious indulgence in eating and drinking were effectually restrained by the institution of the Syssitia or public mess. No Spartan citizen was allowed to eat in his own house, but all were obliged to take their sober meals at the public tables, where all fared alike. Fifteen persons were the average number who sat down to each table; and in order to promote the harmony of the meal, no new member could obtain admission to a particular table; without a unanimous ballot in his favour by the previous occupants. Each one was obliged to furnish every month a bushel of meal, eight gallons of wine, five pounds of cheese, two pounds and a half of figs, and a little iron money to purchase flesh

and fish. Whenever also a Spartan had been hunting, he sent the game to be cooked at his mess table; and every one who sacrificed to the gods likewise sent a portion of the victim which had been offered. The dish that was held in the highest esteem was the celebrated black broth. The old men are said to have been so fond of it, that they would eat nothing else, and left all the meat for the younger citizens. Whether, however, it was superior to our turtle soup is a matter of pure theory. Dionysius of Syracuse is the only foreigner on record who tasted it as prepared from the original recipe by a Spartan cook; but as he spat it out again directly afterwards, his opinion can have but very little weight with the modern gastronomer. The guests who were present on that occasion declined even tasting it, on the ground that the smell was quite sufficient. The cook admitted that in order to make the broth relish it was necessary first of all to bathe in the cold waters of the Eurotas; but it has been supposed that he had himself given additional piquancy to the native flavour by the admixture of some peculiar sauces of his own invention, for the especial behoof of his enquiring master.

The public training of the Spartan youth was in exact keeping with these institutions. Those who were unfitted for soldiers were considered to be unfitted to live. Every infant was carried to the most ancient men of the family to which its father belonged. If found to be strong and well-proportioned, orders were given for its education; if, on the contrary, it was found to be weakly and deformed, it was ordered to be thrown into a deep cavern near mount Taygetus. New-born infants were also washed with wine instead of water, because the wine usually killed all those who were sickly or epileptic, whilst it made the healthy ones more vigorous and hardy. The Spartan nurses were indeed celebrated throughout Hellas. They never swathed the limbs of their charges; they ac-

customed them to eat any kind of meat; they trained them to be alone or in the dark without fear; and above all they cured them of giving way to refractory tempers or indulging in unmanly crying. Unfortunately this race of valuable nurses is now quite extinct.

At seven years of age the boys were enrolled in companies, and their discipline began. The bravest and fiercest was made captain; and him they were obliged to implicitly obey. Indeed single-minded obedience, endurance of hunger, cold, and fatigue, and fearlessness of any kind of danger were the great lessons which were constantly taught in this military community. At twelve years of age their under garment was taken away, and they were only allowed to wear a single woollen one, which was renewed once a year. They slept in companies on reeds which they brought themselves from the banks of the Eurotas. One of the ablest citizens was inspector of the youth, and he gave the command of each company of boys to the best Iren; an Iren being a Spartan citizen, who had attained his twentieth year and become a man, in the same way that one of eighteen years of age became a Melliren. This Iren commanded his company of youth in those mimic but dangerous contests which were carried on in Sparta under the eyes of the public authorities, and he was likewise served by every member of his troop. By his orders they brought him wood, potherbs, or victuals, which they obtained or stole as they best could. If, however, they were discovered in a theft, they were punished by whipping and hunger; and so crafty and enduring did they become, that a boy having once conveyed a young fox under his chiton, suffered the animal to tear away his bowels with its teeth and claws, rather than be detected.

When a Spartan youth became an Iren he was well fitted to encounter the fatigues and dangers of the most cruel warfare. The daily military drill had familiarised

him with all the complicated movements required from a body of heavy-armed Spartans on the field of battle. He had engaged with the utmost fury in the mimic contests of his company, and borne without a murmur those cruel scourgings, inflicted before the altar of Artemis Orthia, which not unfrequently terminated in the death of the uncomplaining sufferer. He had taken his part in the choral dances performed at the public festivals, and he had hunted in the woods and mountains of Laconia, until he had been inured to every kind of privation. Throughout also the whole period of his youth, he had been taught to suppress all external manifestation of feeling, and to appear in public as shy, silent, and motionless as a statue. Indeed the city itself could only be likened to one great camp, and the severity of the exercises of youth and manhood were never for a moment relaxed, excepting during the progress of an actual campaign.

From the military training of the Spartan men, we turn to contemplate the character and social condition of the Spartan ladies. In the Greek cities generally, marriages arose from necessity, and not from affection. A Greek citizen married a wife who should take care of his house, and bring him children to inherit his property and perpetuate his name. A father frequently selected a bride for his son without caring whether his son had seen her or not, in the same way that Phædra was chosen to be the wife of Herodotus. The consent of the lady was considered to be still more unnecessary, and thus there rarely existed any anxiety about popping the question, or any blushing bashfulness in vouchsafing a reply. An heiress, indeed, had no choice whatever. She was compelled by law to marry her nearest kinsman, but if she were poor the kinsman might avoid the marriage by portioning her suitably to her rank; just in the same way as the daughters of Zelophehad were ordered to marry in their own tribe, and Ruth proffered her claim to become the wife of

her kinsman Boaz. The character and condition of the Greek ladies were upon a par with these institutions. Young spinsters were kept in a state of confinement which almost amounted to a deprivation of liberty. Young wives of the middle and higher classes were placed under restrictions of a jealous and almost oriental character. Indeed the women generally, as we have already noticed, occupied a separate part of every house; and as female education could not at that period supply those elegant accomplishments and refinement of manners which will permanently engage the affections when mere personal attractions have passed away, the husband not unfrequently disregarded those obligations which the wife was called upon so strictly and religiously to fulfil.

In Sparta we can trace to some extent the existence of similar matrimonial customs to those just described; but the condition of the women had become far more elevated by the physical training introduced by Lycurgus, and it corresponded more nearly to the condition of the noble ladies of the heroic times. That this splendid bodily discipline was far too exclusively military, will be readily admitted by all; but it was in the manly breasts of the young heroes and warriors of Sparta that the pure flame of chivalric devotion was first kindled; and it is to the institutions of Lycurgus that woman owes her first emancipation from the thraldom of selfish man. In the Ionian cities, the fire of ardent and faithful love but rarely burned in the domestic circle. Drunken bards may have sung its power in the vicious court of a Polycrates, and even respectable citizens may have degraded themselves by talking contemptible nonsense to beings who only deserved their pity or their scorn. But at Sparta the youthful citizen had an opportunity of beholding the maidens of his own rank in the choral songs, and dances, and other graceful exercises belonging to the religious festivals; and especially at the Hyacinthia he saw the

crowds of beautiful and noble young women going in a grand procession of ornamented cars to the temple of Helen at Therapne, or racing on horseback in the midst of assembled multitudes. On the other hand the same fair maidens beheld as spectators the exercises and contentions of the Spartan youths; and we may easily conceive that every troop of aspiring heroes regarded the expression of their praise as the strongest stimulus, and that of their reproach as the bitterest and deepest humiliation.

The education of the young ladies of Sparta was thus totally different from that in every other state. They were exclusively trained to become wives and mothers of warriors and heroes, and not to be mere housekeepers and nurses. In other Greek cities the spinning of wool, like the crochet in modern Britain, was the serious and constant occupation of the female mind. Lycurgus, however, justly considered that spinning and weaving were best left to the slaves. "How is it possible," he thought, "for mothers brought up in such occupations to rear a healthy and handsome progeny—the lofty mission and proud duty of every free daughter of Sparta?" He therefore introduced bodily exercises for the Spartan maidens analogous to those of the Spartan youths; and the beauty of the women soon became the general theme of praise throughout Greece; and especially they were famous for fine shapes and masculine vigour. Thus were formed the heroines of Sparta, they who would sooner see their sons dying at their feet than turning their backs on an enemy or failing in their duty to their country; they who said to their sons, when marching to battle, "Disgrace not yourselves by abandoning your shields; either return with them or else upon them!" When a foreign lady said, "The women of Sparta are the only women who rule the men," the wife of Leonidas justly replied, "Yes;

and the women of Sparta are the only women who are mothers of men."

We at last come to the most interesting topic of all, namely, the Spartan marriages. Many of the laws of Lycurgus in connection with this subject would undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the fair sex of modern times, and would equally as undoubtedly contribute to the happiness of all the present bachelorhood of Britain. The time for marriage was fixed by statute; that of the men at about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the ladies at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honours paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an old unmarried general, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. Every marriage was preceded by a betrothal, as in other Greek cities, but the marriage itself was performed by the young Spartan carrying off his bride by a pretended abduction, and for some time afterwards the wife continued to reside with her own family, and only met her husband on stolen occasions. This extraordinary way of spending the honeymoon was introduced by Lycurgus to prevent the husband from wasting too much of his time in his wife's society during the first years of their marriage; and in order to economise the bride's charms, it was customary for her bridesmaid to cut off all her hair on the wedding-

day, so that for some time at least her personal attractions should increase with her years.

Such were the political and social institutions of Sparta which are generally supposed to have been introduced by Lycurgus, and which undoubtedly continued until a very late period in Grecian history. The government consisted, as we have seen, of two kings, a senate of twenty-eight old men, a directory of five yearly-elected ephors, and a national assembly. The citizens of Sparta were a pure military community, engaged in no money-getting occupations whatever, and supported by the tribute collected from the Periœci, and by the produce of their own separate estates, which were cultivated by the Helot serfs. The history from the time of Lycurgus downwards exhibits in a striking degree the effect produced by the Lycurgean system. The necessity of implicit obedience in the field had repressed almost every democratic tendency in the people. Lycurgus himself, when asked by a citizen to introduce a popular government, had replied, "First make a trial of democracy in your own family, and then, if you find it succeed, you may recommend it as suitable to the state." The repression of trade, however, rather fostered a love of money than eradicated it. Bribery and corruption frequently prevailed at Sparta, and the city was said to have become exceedingly rich in gold and silver, because so much money was carried into it, and none was ever carried out of it. The domestic history of the kings of Sparta who reigned during the fifty years prior to Herodotus's visit is therefore exceedingly interesting; and as we are enabled to furnish the reader with some amusing and authentic details, we shall devote to this purpose a separate chapter.

CHAP. XI.

HISTORY OF SPARTA, ANTE B. C. 460.

FAMILY TRADITIONS OF THE SPARTAN KINGS. — STORY OF ANAXANDRIDES AND HIS TWO WIVES. — ACCESSION OF CLEOMENES, B. C. 520. — ADVENTURES OF DORIEUS THE COLONIST IN SEARCH OF A SETTLEMENT. — ARISTAGORAS AND HIS BRAZEN MAP. — UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS AT MYSTIFICATION AND BRIBERY. — QUARRELS BETWEEN CLEOMENES AND HIS COLLEAGUE DEMARATUS. — DOUBTFUL PARENTAGE OF DEMARATUS. — HIS MOTHER MIRACULOUSLY ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY. — STORY OF HER FIRST HUSBAND, AND HOW SHE WAS ENTRAPPED INTO MARRYING A SECOND. — DEMARATUS CHARGED WITH NOT KNOWING WHO WAS HIS FATHER. — CORRUPTION AT DELPHI. — DEPOSITION OF DEMARATUS, AND ACCESSION OF LEOTYCHIDES. — FLIGHT OF DEMARATUS TO PERSIA. — THE AVENGING NEMESIS. — MADNESS AND SUICIDE OF CLEOMENES. — SAGACITY OF HIS DAUGHTER GORGO. — STORY OF THE UNJUST SPARTAN. — MISERABLE DEATH OF LEOTYCHIDES.

THE history of the early Spartan monarchy is lost in obscurity, but the records of a later period were carefully collected by Herodotus himself during his residence in Sparta. The reign of Cleomenes, a prince who was the predecessor and half-brother of the hero Leonidas, is especially interesting; and the family traditions of this king, and of his successive colleagues Demaratus and Leotychides, will afford the reader a tolerably clear insight into the social condition of the people, and furnish him with apt illustrations of the effect of the Lycurgean institutions.

In the year 500 B. C., being about 40 years before Herodotus's visit, the two reigning kings of Sparta were Cleomenes and Demaratus; Cleomenes being descended from Eurysthenes, the older of the twins, and founder of the senior branch of the royal family, whilst Demaratus

was descended from Procles, the younger twin, and founder of the junior branch.

Cleomenes had ascended the throne under peculiar circumstances. His father Anaxandrides had reigned many years without having any family, and consequently without having any heir to the crown. The Ephors were very much troubled at this circumstance, for they feared that the race of Eurysthenes would become extinct. Accordingly they recommended King Anaxandrides to put away his wife, and marry another who might give birth to a son and successor. Anaxandrides, however, had married his wife out of pure affection, and was devotedly attached to her; and he not only refused to listen to the Ephors, but rebuked them for suggesting that he should put away a wife who had committed no error, in order to marry another for whom he could entertain no love. The five Ephors then consulted with the Senate of twenty-eight; for they began to be alarmed lest the Spartan people, in their anxiety to preserve the line of Eurysthenes unbroken, should come to some unusual determination respecting the childless king. At length they made another proposal to Anaxandrides. They said to him, "We see that you are very much attached to your present wife, and therefore we will not ask you to divorce her; but still it is absolutely necessary that you should have an heir to the throne, and therefore, in order to prevent the matter from coming before the National Assembly, we must request you to marry a second wife in addition." This proposition was contrary to the usages of Sparta, as well as to those of all Greece; but Anaxandrides was induced to accept it, and accordingly henceforth he had two wives, each inhabiting a separate house. Soon afterwards the second wife gave birth to a son, named Cleomenes, who was of course heir apparent to the throne; and then, subsequent to this event, the first wife, singularly enough, became the mother of three sons in succession, namely,—Dorieus,

Leonidas, and Cleombrotus. These three sons of the first wife grew up to be men of talent and mark; Cleomenes, on the other hand, was considered to be of unsound mind, and almost mad.

Cleomenes, however, as the oldest son, succeeded to the throne on the death of his father in B. C. 520, and he reigned for thirty years. This circumstance exasperated Dorieus to the last degree, for he really was the most able young man of his age, and had till then believed that his talents would have insured him the sovereignty. His after life was a series of adventures. Disdaining the rule of such a king as Cleomenes, he determined to emigrate and establish a colony on some foreign soil. Accordingly, being joined by a number of Spartans, who agreed to accept him as their leader, he embarked with his followers in several ships; and, without consulting the oracle at Delphi as to where he should settle, or performing any of the customary ceremonies, he at once set sail for the opposite coast of Africa. Here he effected a settlement on a most beautiful and fertile spot on the banks of the river Cinyps, now called the Wady Khahan, a small stream flowing into the Mediterranean, between the Greater and Lesser Syrtis, and midway between Cyrene and Carthage. After three years, however, the colonists were driven away by the Carthaginians and neighbouring tribes of nomade Libyans, and Dorieus returned to the Peloponnesus. A man well versed in the ancient oracles then advised him to found a colony in Sicily, because, as he said, there was a district in that island which had formerly belonged to Heracles the hero, and to which he, as a descendant of Heracles, was fully entitled. Dorieus, ready enough for a fresh venture, went this time to consult the oracle at Delphi; and having received a favourable reply, he sailed away towards Sicily, with the same band which he had led to Africa. It so happened that he sailed past the coast of the Gulf of Tarentum, which we

described in our first chapter, during the war between Sybaris and Crotona; and being probably ready to engage in any military service, he joined the Crotonians in their attack on Sybaris. As, however, Dorieus had landed in Italy, instead of proceeding to Sicily, as the oracle had commanded, he fell in one of the engagements, and was thus, as the Greeks believed, justly punished for having acted contrary to the will of the gods.

But to return to Cleomenes. It was this monarch who committed the enormities at Argos, which we have already described, and who interfered in the affairs of Athens, as we shall relate in our chapters on that city. He was king at Sparta when the Ionian revolt broke out on the coast of Asia Minor; and Aristagoras, the prime mover in the revolt, came to Sparta to try and induce him to send a body of troops to assist the Asiatic Greeks in their efforts to throw off the Persian yoke. Aristagoras brought with him a brazen tablet, on which was engraved a map of the whole circumference of the earth, with all the sea and all the rivers. This brass map is said to have been the work of Hecatæus of Miletus, and was a revised copy of a map originally sketched by Anaximander, the Ionian philosopher.* The portion which was drawn from actual observation comprised but little more than Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, and the coasts of the Mediterranean, Ægean, and Euxine; but still distant nations in both Europe, Asia, and Africa were drawn at guess work, and filled in almost according to fancy. The earth itself was in those ancient times supposed to be round and flat, having a large river, called the Ocean, flowing all round it, exactly like the ocean in the Scandinavian universe; but, at a later period, the geographical researches of such travellers as Herodotus satisfied the learned Greek world that these notions were mere ridiculous inventions of the poets. Aristagoras hoped, by means of this map, to ex-

* Aristagoras, Hecatæus, and Anaximander were all natives of Miletus.

plain the geographical position of the nations of Asia to the Spartan king, for he knew that the Spartans were ignorant of every science, excepting that of fighting; and his object was to incite Cleomenes to assist in the Ionian revolt by the hope of great foreign conquests. Accordingly, having obtained an audience, he addressed the king as follows:—

"You need not be surprised, Cleomenes, at my eagerness in coming to you, for my mission is extremely urgent. That the Ionians should be slaves under the Persian yoke is a great disgrace and sorrow, not only to us, but also to you, since you are at the head of all the Greek States. I therefore conjure you by the gods of Greece to rescue the Ionians, who are of your own blood, from this foreign servitude. The task will be easy to you, for the Persians are not valiant. Moreover, whilst the Spartans have reached the utmost height of military renown, the barbarians of Asia actually fight with only bows and arrows and short spears, and wear loose trousers instead of armour, and turbans instead of helmets. But it should be known, that these Asiatics possess more treasures than all the other nations of the earth put together. Gold, silver, brass, beautifully dyed cloaks and shawls, horses, camels, and slaves you may have in great abundance, if you chose to take them. The different nations join one another, and extend towards the East in a way which I will now show you on this large brazen map. First of all, as you see, are the Ionian Greeks inhabiting the coast. Eastward of them are the Lydians, whose country abounds in silver. Next come the Phrygians, who are richer in cattle and corn than any people with whom I am acquainted; then come the Syrian Cappadocians, the Cilicians, the Armenians, the Matienians, and, last of all, the territory of Cissia, where is situated the splendid city of Susa, on the river Choaspes, which contains the magnificent palace of the great king of Persia, and all his immense treasures.

If you take Susa, you may vie with Zeus himself in riches. Now, only consider what I am saying. Here in the Peloponnesus you can only carry on war with the Messenians, who are your equals in valour, for a country which is neither large nor fertile; or with the Arcadians and Argives, who have nothing which approaches to gold or silver. Will you, therefore, prefer such unremunerating warfare, when you have the opportunity of conquering the whole of Asia with the utmost ease?"

Cleomenes listened to this speech with great attention, and gazed at the map with enquiring curiosity; but whilst he understood the wonderful rewards of Asiatic conquest, his ideas concerning the map were not much more scientific than those with which an Anglo-Saxon king would have turned over the leaves of a modern atlas. Turning to Aristagoras, he said, "Milesian friend, I will give you an answer in three days," and would neither listen to any more or make any further remark.

On the third day Cleomenes again received Aristagoras at an appointed place, and asked him how many days' journey it was from the seacoast of Ionia to the city of Susa. Aristagoras in replying made a decided slip. He was cunning in most things, and had already deceived the king about the real power of Persia, and he ought to have equally deceived him concerning the distance to Susa. Instead of this, however, he told the real truth — namely, that it was a three months' journey from the seacoast of Ionia into the interior as far as the great city of Susa. Cleomenes at once made up his mind; and cutting short an elaborate description which Aristagoras was proceeding to give of the delights and pleasures of such a journey, he said to him, "Milesian friend, you will please to leave Sparta before sunset, for your proposal to lead the Spartans a three months' journey from the coast, cannot be agreeable to Spartan ears." Having thus spoken Cleomenes went home, and

Aristagoras saw that his mission had completely failed. One last chance remained, and Aristagoras determined to try it. Taking an olive branch in his hand, he went to the house of Cleomenes, and prayed admittance as a suppliant, and it was impossible, according to the usages of Greece, to refuse his prayer. Upon entering he found Cleomenes and his little daughter Gorgo, a beautiful child of about eight or nine years of age; and he besought the king to send away his daughter, and listen to what he had further to say. Cleomenes desired him to say what he pleased, and not to mind the child. Aristagoras then offered him ten talents if he would march to the assistance of the Ionians. Cleomenes refused, and Aristagoras went on increasing his offers until he promised fifty talents. At this moment the intelligent little girl cried out, "Father, this stranger will corrupt you unless you quickly leave him." Cleomenes, pleased with the wise advice of his child, immediately retired to another apartment; and Aristagoras was obliged to leave Sparta without being able to furnish the Spartan king with any further particulars concerning the route to Susa. That the Ionian revolt was subsequently crushed by Persia, we have already stated in our second chapter.

Cleomenes and his colleague Demaratus, like their two great ancestors, the twin sons of Aristodemus, were perpetually at variance, and each one sought as much as possible to lower the other in the eyes of the Spartan people. At last Demaratus mortally offended his colleague Cleomenes; but it will be necessary to relate the circumstances connected with this quarrel at length. The reader will remember that, after the suppression of the revolt of the Asiatic Greeks, Darius determined to avenge himself upon the Athenians for having assisted in the insurrection, and at the same time to effect the conquest of all the European Greeks. First of all, he sent heralds to each city to demand earth and water as a token of submission, but

this of course was generally refused. Then he sent two of his generals to conquer Athens, but the latter were defeated on the plain of Marathon, in B. C. 490. Ten years afterwards Xerxes invaded Greece, and all the Greek States were formed into a confederacy against him. This latter event, however, took place some time after the death of Cleomenes, but we mention it for the sake of clearness.*

When Darius sent his heralds to Sparta to demand earth and water, the haughty spirit of the Spartan citizens was thoroughly aroused. They had no longer to decide upon whether they would assist their Asiatic brethren, who were separated from them by a long sea voyage: their own liberty was threatened, their ancient city was insulted, and the national spirit broke out in an ungovernable rage. Forgetting that the safety of heralds ought always to be preserved inviolate, whatever might be their mission, the populace seized those who came from Darius and threw them into a deep well, telling them to get their earth and water there. The city was still in commotion, when envoys arrived from Athens, saying that the Athenian people had acted in the same spirited manner as the Spartans had done, but that all the islanders, including the inhabitants of Ægina, had tendered earth and water. Now it was not at all surprising that the scattered and defenceless islands of the Ægean should give in their submission to Darius, but Ægina lay so near to Attica and the Peloponnesus, that it was generally supposed that her citizens would have refused to listen to the Persian heralds. But a strong enmity and jealousy had long existed between Ægina and Athens, and the latter now believed that the Æginetans had acted solely from ill-will towards her, and that they intended attacking her in conjunction with the Persians. Partly, therefore, to gratify their ancient hatred, and partly to repress any desertion to Darius, the Athenian people sent the envoys

to Sparta, as the acknowledged head of Hellas, to charge the Æginetans with betraying Greece. Cleomenes eagerly listened to the accusation, but Demaratus declared that it only arose from the jealousy of the Athenians. Cleomenes, however, as being descended from the elder of the twins, had rather more authority than his colleague, and he sailed to Ægina to seize such of the citizens as he should discover to have been the most culpable. Here, as was to be expected, he had to encounter the most active opposition; and especially one citizen, who had been previously instructed by Demaratus, stated in public that Cleomenes was acting contrary to, and without the consent of, the Spartan commonwealth, and solely in consequence of the bribes he had received from Athens, for otherwise, as he said, both kings would have come together to Ægina. In short, Cleomenes was fairly obliged to leave the island without effecting his object. But he first enquired the name of this particular citizen; and learning that it was Crius, which signifies a ram, he said to him, in a sort of farewell speech, "O Ram, tip your horns with brass, for you will have to contend with great misfortunes."

When Cleomenes returned to Sparta, he formed his plan for depriving Demaratus of the sovereignty, for he had discovered that the parentage of his colleague was somewhat doubtful. It seems that Ariston, the father of Demaratus, like Anaxandrides, the father of Cleomenes, was for a long time unblessed with any family. He married two wives, one after the other, but still he had no children; at last he married a third wife, the mother of Demaratus, and her history is so very extraordinary that we shall narrate it at length.

This third wife was the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Sparta, but when an infant was very ugly and misshapen. This utter want of personal charms is always a misfortune, but in Sparta, where beauty in women and strength in men were so highly esteemed, that personal

deformity was considered one of the greatest evils which could possibly afflict a human being. The Spartan nurse was almost as much grieved as the parents at the plainness of the child; and as she was in her way a very religious woman, she carried her little charge every day to the temple of Helen, in the town of Therapne, a short distance from Sparta, and there stood before the image, and prayed that the child might be freed from its deformity. One day as the nurse was leaving the temple, a lady appeared to her, and asked her what she was carrying. The nurse replied that she was carrying an infant. The lady then begged to see it, but the nurse declined showing it, as she had been forbidden by the parents to exhibit the child to any one. The lady, however, so begged and entreated to see it that at last the nurse showed it; and the lady then stroked its head with her hands, and declared that the child would grow up to be the most beautiful woman in Sparta. Strange to say, from that moment the appearance of the poor little deformed girl began to improve. She grew up to be in reality the handsomest maiden in the city; and a young citizen named Agetus fell in love with her, and was betrothed to her by the consent of her parents, and at last carried her off, according to the peculiar marriage custom which prevailed at Sparta.

Unfortunately for Agetus he was very intimate with King Ariston, who had already married two wives without having any children, and who now fell in love with the beautiful wife of his friend. Ariston would have persuaded Agetus to put away his wife, in order that he might marry her himself, but he knew that Agetus was too fond of her to listen to any such proposal. Accordingly he had recourse to stratagem. He contrived to engage with Agetus, that either one should give to the other out of his own possessions whatever the other might most desire, and this they bound themselves to do by mutual

oaths. King Ariston then gave to Agetus that thing, whatever it was, that Agetus chose out of all his treasures; and when it became his turn to choose, he demanded the beautiful wife of his friend. Agetus, though appalled at the request, was compelled by his oath to comply; and thus Ariston married his third wife, who became in due time the mother of Demaratus.

Now it was the custom at Sparta, that when an heir was born to the throne, the fact should be announced to the king in the presence of the five Ephors. Accordingly, when Demaratus was born, the fact was thus publicly announced to Ariston; but he, fancying that Agetus was the real father of the boy, said out loud, "The child cannot be mine." This saying was heard by the Ephors, but they took no notice of it at the time; and as the child grew up, Ariston repented of what he had said. Having had no children before, he named the boy Demaratus, which signifies, "Granted to the prayers of the people;" for the Spartan people had for a long time prayed that their king might be blessed with a son and heir.

When Ariston died, Demaratus succeeded to the throne; and the saying of his father might have been for ever forgotten, if he had not aroused the enmity of his colleague. Cleomenes, as we have seen, was determined to deprive Demaratus of the sovereignty, but he wanted a confederate to bring forward the charge. Now it so happened that Demaratus had another enemy at Sparta named Leotychides. This Leotychides had been betrothed to a beautiful young lady named Percalus, to whom he was much attached; but Demaratus had plotted against him, and carried off Percalus for himself, and made her his own wife. Leotychides therefore readily agreed to assist Cleomenes in deposing Demaratus, especially as by so doing he himself would succeed Demaratus on the throne. Accordingly, he first affirmed upon oath that Demaratus was not the son of Ariston, and therefore was

not a rightful king of Sparta; and he next publicly prosecuted him, recalling the saying of Ariston, and calling the Ephors as witnesses. The matter was brought to trial; and it was then agreed, at the instigation of Cleomenes, to refer the matter to the oracle at Delphi. Now, Cleomenes had previously gained over Cobon, a man of great influence at Delphi, and Cobon had prevailed on Perialla, the pythoness, to say exactly what Cleomenes wished. When, therefore, the appointed persons arrived at Delphi to enquire respecting Demaratus, the oracle replied "that Demaratus was not the son of Ariston;" and thus Demaratus was deposed, and Leotychides obtained the sovereignty. Demaratus, however, was still held in such general respect at Sparta, that after his deposition he was elected to the office of magistrate, and might have resided quietly in the city for the remainder of his life but for an insult which he received from Leotychides. At the Gymnopædia, or annual festival of "naked youths" at Sparta, choruses, dances, and various other exercises were performed in honour of Apollo; and on one occasion, whilst Demaratus was looking on at the celebration of one of these festivals, Leotychides sent a servant to ask him, by way of cruel mockery, "what kind of thing it was to be a magistrate after having been a king." Demaratus was very much exasperated at the question, and angrily replied, "that he indeed had tried both, whilst Leotychides had not, but that the question itself would be the commencement either of infinite calamity or of infinite prosperity to the Spartans." He then covered his face and left the theatre; and on reaching his house, he sacrificed an ox to Zeus, and sent for his mother. When his mother arrived, he solemnly placed a part of the victim in her hands, and supplicated her, saying, "Mother, I beseech you, calling this Herœan Zeus and all the other gods to witness, that you tell me truly who is my father!" His mother in reply assured him that King Ariston was

really his father; and he thereupon determined to desert from the cause of Sparta and the Greeks to Darius Hystaspis, the king of Persia. Accordingly he took provisions for his journey and proceeded to Elis, pretending that he was going on to Delphi to consult the oracle; but the Spartan government suspected his intentions and quickly pursued him. He, however, had so far got the start that he was enabled to cross over from Elis to the island of Zacynthus. Here he was overtaken by his Spartan pursuers, but they could only arrest his attendants, as the Zacynthians refused to give him up. From Zacynthus he subsequently sailed to Asia, and after many adventures reached the great city of Susa, where he was honourably received by Darius and intrusted with the government of a considerable territory.

The after lives of Cleomenes and Leotychides exhibit the workings of the ever-retributive, ever-equalising Nemesis. After the deposition of Demaratus, the two kings proceeded together to Ægina, to avenge the insult which Cleomenes had received; and there they selected ten of the richest and noblest Æginetans, including the refractory Crius, and placed them in the hands of the Athenians, as hostages for the adherence of Ægina to the common cause of Greece. Shortly after this deed the Spartan people discovered the wicked artifices of which Cleomenes had been guilty. Cobon contrived to escape from Delphi; Perialla, the pythoness, was deposed from her office. Cleomenes himself withdrew secretly to the distant region of Thessaly, in Northern Greece. Subsequently, however, he returned to the Peloponnesus, and passed into the central region of Arcadia, where he began to arouse the Arcadians against Sparta, and to engage them to follow him as their general. The Spartan people were now afraid lest their old enemies the Arcadians, aided by the party of Cleomenes, should attempt the invasion and conquest of Laconia; and they

therefore actually agreed to permit Cleomenes to return to Sparta; and on his arrival they reinstated him in the sovereignty. Almost immediately after the accomplishment of this extraordinary restoration, Cleomenes, who had been generally considered as half crazed before, went completely mad. Wherever he met a Spartan, he would thrust his sceptre into the citizen's face. At last his relations were obliged to confine him; but being placed under the guard of one of his own Helots, he one day asked the Helot for a knife. The man refused; but Cleomenes threatened to punish him severely if he disobeyed his orders. The Helot reluctantly complied, and the king mutilated himself until he died. Various causes were assigned for this madness and suicide. The Athenians said it was a punishment from the gods, because, when he invaded the territory of Eleusis*, he cut down the grove of the holy goddesses Demeter and Persephone. The Argives said that it was a judgment upon him for having burnt the sacred precinct of the hero Argos, and massacred the suppliants who had fled there for refuge.† The more matter-of-fact Spartans declared that it arose from no divine influence whatever, but from his fondness for the company of some Scythian envoys who came to Sparta, and taught him to drink wine unmixed with water. The Greeks in general, however, considered that Cleomenes was punished in consequence of his wicked conduct towards Demaratus.

Cleomenes was succeeded on the throne by his half brother Leonidas, who fell with the glorious three hundred at Thermopylæ. Leonidas married Gorgo, the daughter of Cleomenes, and the same who, when a little girl, warned her father against the corrupt attempts of Aristagoras. The extraordinary intelligence of Gorgo, both as a girl and as a woman, was the subject of general

* See Chapter XVIII.

† See Chapter IX.

praise. When Demaratus was passing his latter years in Persia, he wished, either from mere exultation, or from a revived patriotic feeling, to inform his countrymen of the intentions of Xerxes; but being desperately afraid of detection, he had recourse to the following contrivance. He took a writing tablet, such as we have already described, and scraped off the wax, and then wrote an account of the threatened Persian invasion on the wood of the tablet, and melted the wax again over the writing. This tablet arrived safely at Sparta, but completely puzzled the Spartans, who could make nothing of its perfectly blank appearance. At last Gorgo, having carefully considered the subject, directed them to scrape off the wax, and then the writing was found underneath, and the contents were communicated to all the Greek States. Leonidas was succeeded on the throne by his infant son Plistarchus, who was reigning at the time of Herodotus's visit to Sparta.

The after life of Leotychides, the successor of Demaratus and colleague of Cleomenes, is also equally interesting and instructive. After the death of Cleomenes, the news reached Ægina that her old enemy had made away with himself. The Æginetans then sent ambassadors to Sparta, to lodge a complaint against Leotychides concerning the hostages which had been carried to Athens, and were still detained there. The Spartans assembled a court of judicature to try the question; and it was decided that Leotychides had acted unjustly towards the Æginetans, and that he should therefore be delivered up, and carried to Ægina in the place of the ten citizens who were detained at Athens. When, however, the ambassadors actually prepared to carry off the king, they were thus addressed by Theasides, one of the most eminent citizens in Sparta, "Men of Ægina," he said, "are you such madmen as to carry off a king of Sparta merely because the citizens have delivered him

into your hands? The Spartans, it is true, have yielded to their present exasperation against Leotychides; but if you persist in carrying him away, take care lest they relent and then utterly destroy you." The ambassadors at once saw the danger of the proceeding, and agreed not to carry off the king, if he on his part would accompany them to Athens, and obtain the restoration of the ten hostage citizens to the Æginetans. Leotychides agreed, and proceeded to Athens; but the Athenians were very much disinclined to deliver up the hostages, and artfully said that, as two kings had brought them to Athens, both kings ought to fetch them back. Leotychides, in order to bring them to a sense of their injustice, and to induce them to restore the men, told them the following story.

"O Athenians," he said, "you may please yourselves in this matter, but if you do not deliver up the hostages you will be acting unjustly. I will just tell you what once happened at Sparta in respect to a deposit. About three generations before my time, there lived at Sparta a citizen named Glaucus, who was famous for his justice; and once upon a time a certain man came from the city of Miletus, in Ionia, and spoke to him as follows: 'I am a Milesian, and I am come, O Glaucus, because I have everywhere heard of your justice; and as I consider that Ionia is continually exposed to great danger from the other nations of Asia, whilst the Peloponnesus is securely situated, I have changed half my property into silver money, and have determined upon depositing it with you, being well assured that it will then be safe. Do you, therefore, take the money and preserve these tokens, that you may be able to return the silver to whoever shall bring similar tokens, and claim the sum.' Glaucus acceded to the stranger's wish, and the man returned to Miletus, and many years passed away without any one claiming the money. At last the sons of the Milesian came to Sparta,

and calling upon Glaucus, showed him the tokens and asked for the silver. Glaucus, however, replied that he could neither remember the matter nor any of the circumstances which they mentioned as connected with it; and he added, that if he had received the money he would of course wish to restore it, but if he had not received it he should have recourse to that Greek law which would protect him against a false claim; and that, therefore, he should defer settling the matter for four months. The Milesians now gave up the money as lost, and returned to their city very much distressed. Meantime Glaucus proceeded to Delphi, to ask the oracle whether he might not make oath that he had never received the silver, but the pythoness replied in the following verses: —

> " O Glaucus, thus to triumph by an oath —
> To make a booty of the stranger's money,
> May be a present gain. Then quickly swear !
> Death even takes the man who keeps his oath ;
> But lo ! the nameless son of Perjury,
> With neither hands nor feet, swiftly pursues,
> And seizes and destroys the perjured race:
> But he who keeps his oath is doubly bless'd."

" Glaucus then entreated the god to pardon the words he had spoken, but the oracle replied that to tempt the god and to commit the crime were one and the same thing. Glaucus, however, sent for the Milesian strangers and restored them the money.

" Now then, O Athenians, listen to the lesson to be learned from this story. At present there is not existing a single descendant of Glaucus, nor any house which is supposed to have belonged to him. He is utterly extirpated from Sparta. Thus it is a crime in the eyes of the gods to entertain any other thought respecting a deposit, excepting that of restoring it to its rightful claimant."

The story of Leotychides had no effect upon the

Athenian people, for they decidedly refused to give up the hostages, and Leotychides returned to Sparta. The quarrel between Athens and Æginà was, however, hushed up just before the Persian war, and Leotychides for a time recovered his popularity. After the battle of Salamis, he became admiral of the united Greek fleet, and it was he who gained the decisive victory over the Persians at Mycale. But his old crime against Demaratus did not go unpunished. The avenging Nemesis at last exacted retribution. He was sent with a Spartan army to effect the conquest of Thessaly, and punish the Thessalians for having joined the Persians; but when he might have reduced the whole country to subjection he accepted a large sum of money as a bribe, and was caught sitting in the camp on a sleeve full of silver. For this gross act of corruption he was brought to trial. His house was rased to the ground, and he himself was banished from Sparta; and he died in exile in the Arcadian town of Tegea, utterly degraded in the eyes of the people whom he had once ruled. Archidamus, his grandson, succeeded to the throne, and it was this king and Plistarchus, the son of Leonidas, who were the two sovereigns of Sparta when Herodotus visited the city. And now, after this gossipping, but authentic, account of the royal families of Sparta, we must accompany our traveller into the town itself.

CHAP. XII.

SPARTA, B. C. 460.

HERODOTUS'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF SPARTA. — RUDENESS OF THE SPARTANS. — ATTENDS THE SYSSITIA OR PUBLIC DINNER. — SPARTAN APPETITES. — MYRON THE PROXENUS. — EARTHQUAKE AND HELOT REBELLION. — MULTIPLICITY OF LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGES AT SPARTA. — HERODOTUS'S ADMIRATION FOR CHRYSIS. — A PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER WITH HER LOVER IN THE PALÆSTRA. — SPARTAN SOCIETY IMPROVES ON ACQUAINTANCE. — LEGEND OF THE HERO ASTRABACUS. — ATONEMENT FOR THE MURDER OF THE PERSIAN HERALDS. — HEROIC CONDUCT OF SPERTHIAS AND BULIS. — SPARTAN FESTIVALS. — THE HYACINTHIA. — THE GYMNOPÆDIA. — THE CARNEIA.

It was late in the afternoon when Herodotus and his slave reached that point in the valley of the Eurotas, where the rocky hills receded from each bank of the river, and enclosed the five straggling villages which formed the city of Sparta. All these villages were, however, situated on the right or western bank of the Eurotas, and about twenty miles from the sea-coast. A thousand emotions filled the breast of our traveller as he approached the city of soldiers, the birthplace of Lycurgus and Leonidas; but when he had passed the outskirts, and began to enter the broken and irregular streets, he gazed around him with a feeling of disappointment. He had indeed been told that Sparta possessed no walls and that her palaces were mere loghouses; but he could not have believed that the ugly and rough buildings around him had been the dwellings of the heroes of Thermopylæ who faced the glittering myriads of Persia, and of the haughty commanders who claimed the headship of Hellas. But yet such was the fact, and he began to regard with more

attention the proud and silent citizens who hurried past him.

It was the hour of the Syssitia, or public dinner. The appetite of every citizen had been sharpened by the military exercises of the day, which indeed were so fatiguing that a Sybarite who once beheld them, exclaimed, "The Spartans are no heroes after all; for the veriest cowards in the world would prefer glorious deaths to such miserable and laborious lives." Men of all ages were hastening along, terribly afraid lest the black broth should have disappeared, or the hot roast pork have become tepid and tasteless. Herodotus asked of one or two the way to the house of Myron, the proxenus of Halicarnassus; but he received such surly and fierce replies, coupled with curt observations upon foreigners generally, and himself and horse in particular, that he began to be alarmed for his personal safety, and even to wish that he had entered the town with an olive branch in his hand in the sacred character of a suppliant. To gain the information he desired seemed totally impossible; and as he was himself both hungry and nervous, he called to mind all the stories he had ever heard of the inhospitality and rudeness of the Spartans to foreign visitors. Suddenly, however, an aged man, with a benevolent expression of countenance, came towards him, and mildly asked his name and mission; and when Herodotus had briefly explained who he was, and the object of his visit to Sparta, the old man invited him to dismount and accompany him to the Syssitia, and ordered a Helot who followed to take charge of the horse and slave.

Herodotus thankfully accepted the kind invitation, and in a few moments found himself sitting at a table which seemed especially set apart for the use of strangers, whilst his entertainer sat at another table at a considerable distance off. The hall was of an immense size, and the number of tables was very great; but the confusion was

less than might have been expected, as the Helots performed their duties in admirable order and perfect silence. Herodotus made a capital dinner; and though he was not so fortunate as to get a basin of the black broth, yet he found the roast pork excellent; and the voluntary contributions of game, poultry, fruit, and other delicacies, which were served afterwards, were quite equal to the best-cooked dishes which he had tasted at Corinth. As for the diners themselves, Herodotus never saw such gastronomers in all the days of his life. He had been amused at seeing how the salt-water guests at the Golden Fleece had outstripped the fast-living and luxurious feasters at the symposium of Nicias; but the Spartans far surpassed even the nautical revellers at Corinth. During the whole of the meal, however, and until the assembly dispersed, the conversation was very general, but principally consisted of short remarks, rough witticisms, and sharp personalities, of which Herodotus could not understand the purport.

After the conclusion of the Syssitia, the same kind old gentleman who had taken Herodotus under his protection, returned and introduced him to the proxenus Myron. Our traveller soon found all his difficulties vanish. Myron accommodated him in his own house, and obtained from the magistrates permission for him to reside at Sparta until the Olympic festival.

The year B.C. 460, when Herodotus thus visited Sparta, belonged to a period of great political excitement and social disorder. The very existence of Sparta as the ruling city in the Lacedæmonian territory was seriously threatened by an insurrection of the Helots, supported by a few of the Perioeci; and thus the proud city, which was aspiring to the supremacy of Hellas, had begun to totter before a rebellion of her own slaves. The Perioeci were, as we have seen, the citizens of all the Laconian towns exclusive of Sparta, and were supposed to be descendants of those Achæans who had possessed the country before

the Dorian conquest. The Helots were descendants of the serfs of these Achæans, and were, therefore, serfs themselves; and their numbers had been greatly increased after the Spartan conquest of Messenia, in consequence of the Dorian Messenians having been at that time reduced to the same Helot condition. Besides, however, acting as serfs or cultivators of the farms belonging to the Perioeci and Spartans, the Helots performed all the offices of domestic slaves in the several cities. They were, in short, a slave race, occupying a similar position to the swarthy children who labour in the plantations, or act as servants in the crowded cities of the Slave States of America. Their condition was likewise equally degrading to themselves and disgraceful to their masters. The proud Spartans, like the conceited Southerners, treated the slave with every mark of indignity and scorn; though it is due to the Spartans to say that their Helots were preserved from some of the more fearful horrors which attend the life of many an unhappy African. The slave had been more than once protected from his Spartan oppressor by the terrors of the Spartan religion, in the same way that the villein of the Middle Ages was often protected from his feudal lord by the terrors of the Roman superstition; but now, even now, there are Christian ministers in America who can defend the atrocities of American slavery. Still, Sparta exhibited a similar anomaly to the Slave States of America; she whose military renown had gained for her the admiration of the ancient world, trembled like a coward at the bare thought of a Helot rebellion; just as in the present day we see a mighty nation which has fought gloriously and successfully in the sacred cause of freedom, still persist, amidst the hisses of every civilised people, in practising the most abominable tyranny under the sun.

In the year B. C. 464, four years before Herodotus's visit, a violent earthquake took place at Sparta, and

destroyed a large portion of the town and a vast number of people. This terrible infliction was supposed to be a judgment of the earth-shaking god Poseidon upon the Spartan race. It seems that a partial rising of the Helots had taken place, some time previously, but had been crushed before it had made any head. A remnant of the insurgent Helots had then fled as suppliants to the temple of Poseidon at Tænarum, near the extremity of the central promontory of southern Peloponnesus; but the Spartans had impiously dragged away the suppliants from the sanctuary, and put them to the sword. The idea that Poseidon was avenging himself on Sparta for this bloody violation of his temple, seems to have exercised a powerful effect upon the whole Helot population. The Helots in the rural districts flew to arms, and being joined by several of the Perioeci, they openly declared war against their prostrate and terror-stricken masters. Rapidly concentrating their forces, they marched directly upon Sparta, and would actually have taken the city, had not the young king Archidamus, with admirable bravery and presence of mind, reanimated the surviving citizens and repelled the attack. The Spartans then took the field; but the war lasted for several months with varying success, to the serious detriment of the country. At last, victory declared itself in favour of Sparta. But the Helot army, though defeated, was by no means subdued. The famous hill of Ithome, in the very centre of the old Messenian territory, had been the ancient citadel of the old Messenian Dorians, in their memorable contests with the Dorians of Sparta. This hill was occupied and fortified by the retreating Helots, and here they made a long and obstinate defence, apparently supporting themselves by incursions into the surrounding country. For two or three years the Spartans endeavoured to carry this position, but without success; and at last they were compelled to invoke the aid of their several allies, and of the Athenians amongst the number. Athens sent 4000 troops under the command of

Cimon, the son of the celebrated Miltiades; but at that day, so imperfect were the means of attacking walls, that even with this increased force, the Spartans made no speedy impression on the fortified hill of Ithome. When the Spartans saw that even their Athenian allies were as unsuccessful as themselves, they began to give way to jealous apprehensions. They feared that the Athenians, having reached the interior of Laconia, would espouse the cause of the besieged. They therefore dismissed them at once, under the pretence of having no further occasion for their services; but at the same time they retained the contingents from their other allies, and the siege went on as before. This dismissal took place just before Herodotus arrived at Sparta. It exasperated the Athenians to the last degree, and served to excite still further that growing animosity between Athens and Sparta, which at last, many years afterwards, broke out into the Peloponnesian war.

It may be readily supposed that this siege or blockade of the Helots at Ithome, was the all engrossing subject of Spartan conversation. Ithome was only a long day's journey from Sparta, and communications were perpetually carried on between the besiegers and the home government; and we may here mention that the place was not taken for six years afterwards, thus making a ten years' siege in all.

Herodotus's residence at Sparta was at first anything but pleasant, notwithstanding the hospitality which he received from Myron the proxenus. The Spartans were a rude unlettered race, whilst Herodotus was decidedly of a literary turn of mind. They were also rough and plain-spoken, and anything but partial to foreigners; and Herodotus found it impossible to attend any of the festivals or public exercises, unless he was accompanied by a responsible citizen whose presence could protect him from insult.

Sparta, however, was a great place for courtship and matrimony. Herodotus heard countless love stories, and every young man seemed to have a virtuous attachment. The young men were formed, as we have seen, into military schools, and the young ladies into training academies of a similar masculine character. The choral singing and dancing *, which were publicly performed on stated occasions in the Spartan agora, frequently brought the young people of both sexes together; and many love engagements were the natural result. The general equality amongst the citizens made the path of true love run unusually smooth. The ladies were most decidedly the powers that be. Old maids were an impossibility, whilst the young men were so terribly afraid of becoming old bachelors, that a gallant would sooner have married the feeblest damsel in Sparta than have belonged to that despised portion of the Spartan community. But at the same time there was none of that elaborate and public payment of addresses, which appears to be carried on in modern England. Love-making was considered to be beneath the dignity of the Spartan citizen, and a young man could only see his betrothed, or even his bride, in stolen interviews.

Herodotus, though a stranger, saw a great many Spartan maidens, and being as great an admirer of beauty as most young men at four-and-twenty, he gradually formed the opinion that Chrysis, the daughter of Myron, was the handsomest girl he had ever seen in his life. Grace and loveliness were combined with a fine commanding figure befitting, as Herodotus thought, an independent queen of a mighty empire. Now, as our young traveller knew full well that no Spartan might intermarry with a foreigner, he considered it perfectly right and justifiable to admire Chrysis; but once, after admiring her as usual, he chanced

* For a description of the singing and dancing choruses, see a little further on, in the account of the gymnopædian festival.

to look behind him, and there encountered the angry scowl of a young Spartan, apparently a year or two older than himself.

"Young Ionian," said the Spartan slowly, looking at him full in the face.

"I am not an Ionian, but a Dorian like yourself," replied Herodotus.

"Dorian of Persia," sneered the Spartan, "did you ever go inside a gymnasium?"

"I will engage with you, Spartan, whenever you please," replied our traveller, very much irritated.

"If thou art as good as thy word, young warrior, come with me to the palæstra," said the Spartan.

Herodotus at once acquiesced, and though he looked with some concern at the extraordinary muscular development of his antagonist, and was himself a little out of practice, yet he remembered his former skill in the palæstra, and did not for a moment shrink from the combat.

The gymnasium was exactly like the one at Halicarnassus, only on a much larger scale. A crowd of young men were practising there; but the Spartan merely said, "A Dorian stranger wishes to have a trial with me in the palæstra," and every one immediately proceeded to the spot, and in a few minutes Herodotus and his antagonist were stripped and ready for the pugilistic encounter.

"Shall we fight with the cestus or not?" cried the Spartan.

"As you please," said Herodotus.

Now the cestus consisted of thongs of leather covered with knobs of metal, which the regular athletæ were accustomed to draw over their fists and wrists, for the purpose of making their blows heavier and more deadly. The spectators, who saw almost by instinct that the boxing match was merely got up to settle a private quarrel,

interfered to prevent the use of these murderous gloves, and the Spartan reluctantly threw them on one side.

In the first round Herodotus saw that he was no match for his more muscular and equally experienced antagonist. He could get no opportunity of planting a single hit upon the Spartan, and indeed it was as much as he could do to ward off the blows; whilst the superior powers of endurance which his adversary evidently possessed would gain the day to a certainty. He now resolved to die like a Spartan. With one word to Zeus and one thought of his mother, he awaited the fury of his antagonist. The Spartan's fists broke through his guard like sledge-hammers, but though aimed at his face they only fell at first upon his chest and shoulders. At length Herodotus grew bewildered and dizzy; his legs tottered beneath him, but he determined to stand firm to the last moment. A left-handed blow from the back of the Spartan's fist just between the eyes of Herodotus, at last brought our traveller senseless to the ground, and he saw no more: Spartan pugilism had been too much for him.

Next morning he found himself lying in a strange chamber; and the same old gentleman who had first welcomed him to Sparta, was sitting by the side of his couch.

"Well, my young hero," said the old man, you fought nobly, but it was madness for you to combat with a young athlete like Astydamas. Fortunately, you are not much hurt; I was present in the palæstra and brought you here, and this morning I have sent to Myron for your slave. You had better lie where you are for to-day."

Herodotus was glad to think that he had been thrashed by so distinguished an athlete, and not by a mere ordinary individual. He was also exceedingly pleased with the hospitality of his new host, who was a citizen of great weight in Sparta, and whose protection would probably insure him greater immunity from the insults of the

younger Spartans. In a few days he had quite recovered from the effects of the contest, and he therefore once more went abroad; and, strange to say, the very first person he met was Astydamas, who approached him with a smiling countenance as though they had been the best of friends.

Henceforth Herodotus found himself very happy at Sparta. Reports of his bravery in the palæstra against so noted an athlete as Astydamas gained him friends amongst those who generally considered all foreign visitors as natural enemies. Astydamas himself treated him in every respect as a friend, and took him daily to the gymnasium and palæstra, where he soon picked up a number of acquaintances amongst the Spartan citizens. He visited the temples and principal buildings in Sparta, and heard a variety of stories from priests and exegetæ. He entered the temples of Apollo and Zeus, the sanctuary of Talthybius, the shrine of Astrabacus, and the temple of Helen at Therapne; and he also saw the great golden statue of Apollo on Mount Thornax, a mountain which stood at a little distance to the north-east of Sparta, from which indeed it was only separated by the river Eurotas. In viewing the temples he carefully collected the several legends pertaining to each, though some of them were scarcely worth the preservation. One of these, connected with the shrine of Astrabacus, we shall relate as a specimen.

Once upon a time there lived at Sparta one of the most beautiful women in all Greece, and she was married to a citizen who was rich and noble, and much respected by all men. Now it so happened that one of the two reigning kings of Sparta fell in love with this lady, and induced her husband to divorce her according to law, in order that he might marry her himself. The citizen, though very fond of his wife, yet acceded to the king's request, because the latter promised him a host of favours; and the wife,

though equally attached to her husband, yet thought it so grand a thing to be a queen, that she did not hesitate to marry the sovereign directly her citizen husband had divorced her. This circumstance, however, instead of bringing all the happiness expected to the parties concerned, only made them all exceedingly miserable. The citizen found that the additional wealth and honours which he received from the king were of no value, now that his wife could not enjoy them with him. The wife, on her part, was equally unhappy, for she was living with a husband she hated, without ever seeing the husband whom she had loved. The king likewise grew jealous and melancholy, and was always fancying that his wife wanted to return to her former husband.

One morning there was a terrible uproar in the palace. The night before, the king had been found in the court of the gynæconitis, lying on his back perfectly insensible, and with a terrible bruise on each eye; the queen had also been taken suddenly ill and was speechless; whilst not a soul in the palace had seen anything or anybody, and nothing had been heard but a scuffle and a tramp. The five Ephors immediately commenced an inquiry. The king said that, on entering the palace after his return from the Syssitia, a gigantic apparition, in the shape of an armed warrior, had given him a heavy blow on each eye, and then vanished away. The queen next acknowledged that, a little before the hour of the king's return, a similar apparition had entered the room where she was spinning alone, and announcing himself as the hero Astrabacus, had made violent love to her; but that soon afterwards, hearing a noise, he had suddenly vanished and left a garland, which garland she was ready to exhibit. The Ephors, upon hearing this testimony, immediately sent for the Seers. Several secret councils were held, and the garland was examined and found to have been taken from the neighbouring shrine of Astrabacus. At length the

Seers and Ephors arrived at the following decision — that the wife of the king had been really visited by the hero Astrabacus, and that it was therefore advisable that the king should divorce her; but that she might then, if she pleased, return to her former husband. As, however, it had been noticed that the king, for some time past, had drunk up the whole of the double allowance of wine, which was given him at the Syssitia in virtue of his dignity, he was advised to be more moderate in those potations for the future, and to regard the double allowance as a matter of form, and not to excite the anger of gods and heroes, and perhaps get something worse than even two black eyes as a punishment for his drunkenness. Thus matters were settled. Every body was satisfied; and as a proof that the legend was perfectly true, Herodotus was shown the garland which occupied the place of the very garland which Astrabacus had left with the queen.

At the temple of Talthybius, Herodotus heard another tradition, which referred to an event which had occurred in the previous generation. It ran as follows:—

Talthybius was the herald of Agamemnon during the siege of Troy, and not only had he a temple at Sparta, but his descendants, called Talthybiads, were invariably selected by the Spartans to undertake all foreign missions. When Darius sent heralds to Sparta to demand earth and water in token of submission, the Spartans, as we have related, threw them into a well, and told them to get their earth and water there. This act excited the divine anger of the hero Talthybius. The Spartans had unfavourable omens whenever they sacrificed. This calamity was considered to be most grievous and deplorable, and continued for a very long time. At last it was evident that an atonement must be made, before Sparta could be purified from the blood of the Persian heralds and obtain expiation of her crime. Inquiry was made by public proclamation if any citizen were willing to

die for Sparta; and two men came forward, named Sperthias and Bulis. These brave and noble Spartans were both distinguished for their birth and riches; and they were accordingly sent to the Persian capital in order to deliver themselves up to death, and thus give satisfaction to Xerxes for the murder of the heralds of his father Darius. When Sperthias and Bulis reached the coast of Asia Minor, they were hospitably entertained by Hydarnes, the Persian satrap of that province, and proved themselves to be brave men and worthy representatives of Sparta. Hydarnes attempted to seduce them over to the interests of Persia. "Men of Lacedæmon," he said, "why do you refuse to be friendly with the Great King of Persia? You can see that he knows how to honour brave men, by looking at me and at my present exalted position. So likewise, if your city would surrender to him, every Spartan citizen would obtain a government in some part of Greece; for he deems the Spartans to be especially brave and fitted for command." Sperthias and Bulis, however, replied as follows: "Hydarnes, your experience is too imperfect for you to give us good advice. You have only tried one state, and know nothing whatever of the other. You know perfectly well what it is to be a slave, but you cannot know what it is to be a freeman. If, indeed, you had known the happiness of freedom, you would have advised us to fight for it, not only with spears, but even with hatchets."

When at length the two devoted Spartans reached Susa, and were ushered into the royal presence, they were commanded by the guards to prostrate themselves, and worship the Great King. This they refused to do, declaring that it was not their custom to worship a man, nor had they come for that purpose. The guards then thrust down their heads by force, and thus obliged them to prostrate themselves. At last they escaped from this

persecution, and addressed Xerxes as follows, "King of the Medes, the Spartans have sent us in return for the heralds who were killed at Sparta, in order that our deaths may be a satisfaction for theirs." Xerxes replied that he would not follow the example set by the Spartans. "They," he said, "have violated the law of all nations by murdering the Persian heralds; and I will not do the very thing for which I blame them, nor will I, by killing you, relieve the Spartans from the consequences of their impious crime." Thus Sperthias and Bulis returned unhurt to Sparta, whilst the wrath of Talthybius passed away.

The three great annual festivals of Sparta—namely, the Hyacinthia, the Gymnopædia, and the Carneia, unfortunately all fell in the months of July and August, and, consequently, were none of them celebrated whilst Herodotus stayed in the city. He, however, gained as much information concerning them as he possibly could; and as probably our readers may likewise feel some little interest respecting them, we will endeavour to describe them as far as our means of knowledge will enable us.

The HYACINTHIA was celebrated at Amyclæ, a very ancient Laconian town, situated in a beautiful country on the banks of the river Eurotas, and about two miles and a half south-east of Sparta. Hyacinthus had been a beautiful Spartan prince, who was a great favourite of Apollo; but having died at an early age, from a wound received during a game at quoits, a festival was held every year at Amyclæ in honour of his memory. This Hyacinthian festival began on the longest day of the Spartan month corresponding to our July, and lasted for three days. On the first and third day sacrifices were offered to the dead, and the death of Hyacinthus was lamented. The repasts on these two days were solemn and melancholy. Nobody wore any garlands; no bread was eaten, but only cheese cakes and

other things of a similar kind, and no pæans were sung in praise of Apollo; and when the repasts were over, every body went home in the greatest quiet and order. The second day, however, was wholly spent in public amusements and rejoicings. Strangers visited Amyclæ in great numbers. Boys played the cithara, or sung a hymn in honour of Apollo, to the accompaniment of the flute. Others, dressed in splendid attire, performed a horse race in the theatre. After the horse race, were choruses of singers and dancers. Numerous choruses of young men, each under the guidance of a leader, or choropœis, sang the national songs of Sparta; whilst other choruses performed an ancient dance, in which they accompanied the flute and the song with simple and appropriate movements and gestures. The great event of the day, however, and one which cost many a Spartan youth his heart, was the grand procession of maidens. All the maidens of Sparta and Amyclæ were arrayed in the most splendid costumes, and rode in chariots made of wicker work, and magnificently adorned; thus performing a most beautiful procession through the city of Sparta, and along the road to Amyclæ. Numerous sacrifices were also offered on this day, and the citizens kept open house for their friends and relations, whilst even the Helots were permitted to enjoy themselves. The favourite meal on this day was called the Copis, and consisted of a supper of barley cakes, loaves, meat, rare herbs or vegetables, broth, figs, sweetmeats, and mulled wine. This Hyacinthian festival was considered of so much importance that both the Spartans and Amyclæans, on more than one occasion, broke up a campaign and returned home in order to be present at its celebration.

The GYMNOPÆDIA, or festival of "naked youths," was also celebrated in July, and by somewhat similar choruses of dancers and singers. The Spartans were, indeed,

more partial to music and dancing than any other Greek nation; and all the sons and daughters of the citizens were trained in both accomplishments, which enabled the youth to perform every military movement with the utmost order and regularity, and gave to the Spartan maiden a physical grace and energy which the females of no other city could exhibit. In Sparta, a part of the Agora, or market-place, was especially set apart for these purposes, under the name of "The Chorus;" and in this city alone were those ancient dances executed in which the young men and women danced together in rows, holding one another by the hand, like the Cretans. But to return to the Gymnopædia. In "The Chorus" stood the statues of Apollo, Artemis, and Leto; and during the festival, which lasted several days, the youths performed their choral dances round these statues, and sang songs and pæans. Some of the dances consisted of imitations of gymnastic exercises, and indeed might be called gymnastic exercises, led off and accompanied by music, and with which the wild gestures belonging to the worship of the vine-loving Dionysus were frequently intermingled. Other dances seem to have been mimic representations analogous to our ballet; whilst others included singing, and were performed by youths and maidens dancing together. The actors in these graceful performances were very lightly clad, on account of the exercise and the heat of the summer season: hence arose the name of Gymnopædia. The festival is described as always filling the city with merriment and rejoicings. Old bachelors were rigidly excluded from the festivities, as it was considered to be only equitable, that those who selfishly refused to take upon themselves the cares and responsibilities of marriage should not be permitted to take any delight in the families of others. The Gymnopædia is generally supposed to have been first established in the year B. C. 665, or about two centuries

before Herodotus's visit; and it especially became of the utmost importance as an institution for gymnastic and orchestral performances, and for the cultivation of the poetic and musical arts at Sparta.

The CARNEIA was a great national warlike festival, celebrated during nine days in the month corresponding to our August, in honour of the mighty far-shooting Apollo, the especial deity of the Dorian race. It is impossible to describe all the characteristics of the festival. Sacrifices were offered and musical contests were held; and during the nine days of its celebration, nine tents were pitched near the city of Sparta, in which nine men lived, in the manner of a military camp, obeying in every thing the commands of a herald. During its celebration the Spartans were never allowed to take the field, though indeed this restriction seems to have been common to all the great Hellenic festivals.

Such then was Sparta, her city, her people, and her institutions. Here we have probably lingered too long; and our readers are perhaps as weary as was Herodotus of this great city of intrepid warriors, handsome maidens, and degraded homebred slaves. We would also that we could hope that their hearts were panting with the same interest and excitement for the opening of the next chapter, as did that of Herodotus when the day arrived for his taking farewell of Myron, and the old gentleman who had so kindly befriended him, and he fairly set out for beautiful Olympia, there to celebrate the mighty festival which may be almost said to have alone united the whole Greek world.

CHAP. XIII.

OLYMPIA, B.C. 460.

GRAND FESTIVAL OF THE EIGHTIETH OLYMPIAD. — APPEARANCE OF THE VALLEY OF OLYMPIA. — CHARACTER OF GREEK GYMNASTICS. — ART WORSHIP. — RACES OF HELLAS AND THEIR TIES OF UNION. — HISTORY OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES. — THEIR PEACEFUL AND JOYOUS CHARACTER. — WITTICISMS ON THE ROAD. — HERODOTUS'S FIRST EVENING AT OLYMPIA. — MOONLIGHT VIEW OF THE VALLEY. — GENERAL REVELRY. — FIRST DAY OF THE FESTIVAL. — SACRIFICES TO ZEUS, AND PREPARATIONS FOR THE GAMES. — SECOND DAY. — CONTESTS OF YOUTHS. — THIRD DAY. — FOOT RACES, WRESTLING, BOXING, PANCRATIUM, AND PENTATHLUM IN THE STADIUM. — GRACEFUL MOVEMENTS OF THE GREEK ATHLETÆ. — FIERCE CONTESTS. — FOURTH DAY. — HORSE AND CHARIOT RACES IN THE HIPPODROME. — GREAT FOUR-HORSE CHARIOT RACE. — FIFTH DAY. — CROWNING OF THE VICTORS. — CONCLUDING FESTIVITIES.

BEFORE describing the great festival of Olympia, we invite our readers to accompany us upon an imaginary visit to the ancient site.

Nature herself has fallen to ruins in the famous valley. We stand upon the slope of Mount Cronium, and gaze upon the once smiling landscape. The heights which engirdle Olympia are bare and treeless. The valley itself is marshy and slimy. The river Alpheus, beyond it, has left its proper channel, and lazily seeks a new bed for itself, now in one direction, now in another. Nothing meets the eye but a few fragments of the wall and pillars of the great temple of Zeus, the natural hollow of the ancient stadium, a few small plots of cultivated ground, and the rank luxuriance of the thistle-like blossoms of the asphodel, the flower of death amongst the ancient Greeks.

Twenty-three centuries ago the hills were covered with

wood. The plain was a throng of temples, altars, treasure houses, and statues, shaded by olives, planes, palms, and silver poplars. The Alpheus flowed in a dreamy but abundant stream. Hush! See the enormous concourse silent and breathless. A wrestler has thrown his adversary; a pugilist has beaten his opponent; a runner is outstripping his competitors in the stadium; the four-horse chariot is bounding to the goal in the hippodrome. Hurrah! a victory is won. A million plaudits rend the air. The victors are deafened by the praises of a thousand cities; the vanquished are reeling away wearied, sick, and broken-hearted.

Gymnastics were the life and soul of the Greek festivals; but we moderns have no sympathy with them. We connect them with prize fights, pedestrian matches, and sporting public houses. But in Greece the gymnasium was the school of art. Men came to gaze on the manly beauty of the athlete, the harmony and grace of his movements, his exhibition of heroic strength, or the splendid development of his bodily frame. The people were all artists by nature, worshippers of beautiful forms. Beauty was their ideal of goodness, the great attribute of deity. Without it, moral worth and intellectual excellence were as nothing. This exquisite sensibility of beauty was soon, alas! carried to a criminal excess; and then the delicate art-worship vanished from the earth, and the public taste became meretricious and depraved. At last the coarse contests of the Roman gladiators took the place of the harmonious movements of the Greek athlete, and art for ever lost her ancient attributes. We indeed aspire after beauty of the soul and intellect, but we still sigh over yellow busts and shattered torsos, the sad ruins of a perfection which has passed away.

This love of beauty became the great bond of union between Greek and Greek. Alone it was almost sufficient

to unite the independent cities and separate races of Hellas. The games were in honour of national deities, and were part and parcel of the national worship. Their progress is thus identified with the development of the nationality of the Greeks; and therefore, in order to understand the character of the Olympic festival in the time of Herodotus, it is necessary to glance at the different races which composed the people of Hellas, and the ties which at that time bound together the several cities.

The old Pelasgians, who built the Cyclopean walls, had almost disappeared from Hellas. The four families of Hellenes who now occupied the country—the Æolians, Ionians, Dorians and Achæans—had almost forgotten the distinctions of descent. Two races only were antagonistic—the Ionians, whose chief city was Athens, and the Dorians, whose chief city was Sparta. The separation of the Hellenes into self-governing cities had undermined the old sentiment of separate race; but, at the same time, it had not destroyed that feeling of national unity which sprang from their common language, their common religion, and their common descent from Hellen. Indeed the nationality of the people had rapidly increased, in spite of internal feuds; and at last the great Persian invasion had obliged the cities to form themselves into a something which approached a political confederation. During, however, the two centuries prior to the Persian war, the nationality of the Hellenes had exhibited itself in the gradual transformation of some mere local religious festival into a great national gathering, like those of the Olympian, the Pythian, the Nemean, and the Isthmian games. But the Olympian games were the greatest of all. Time was reckoned by Olympiads, and measures by Olympic stadia. To use the comparison of Pindar, it eclipsed all the others, as the noonday sun does the stars.

The origin of the Olympic games may be traced back

to the very earliest times. The priests belonging to the great national temple and oracle of the Olympian Zeus referred them to the age of Cronos, and a thousand traditions concerning their establishment were told to the curious visitor. Our readers, however, are less credulous than the believing Greeks, and we dare not mystify them with legend, but content ourselves with telling them all that we know. The games anciently consisted of nothing more than a match of runners in the measured course called the Stadium. A continued series of victorious runners was formally inscribed and preserved by the Eleans, beginning with Corœbus, who was victor in B. C. 776; and this list was used in after years as a means for measuring time, every fourth year being an Olympiad. It was in the seventh Olympiad after Corœbus (B. C. 752), that a wreath from the sacred olive tree near Olympia was first given instead of a prize of money, the honour attending on Olympian victory being deemed a sufficient reward. In the fourteenth Olympiad (B. C. 724), a second race was introduced of runners in the double stadium, or up and down the course. In the next, or fifteenth Olympiad (B. C. 720), a third match was introduced for runners several times up and down the stadium. In the eighteenth Olympiad (B. C. 708), the wrestling match and the complicated pentathlum were introduced; the pentathlum consisting of five distinct kinds of games—namely, leaping, running, throwing the quoit or discus, throwing the javelin, and wrestling. In the twenty-third Olympiad (B. C. 688), the boxing match was introduced; and in the twenty-fifth (B. C. 680), the chariot race with four full-grown horses. Many other novelties were subsequently added, until, in the seventy-seventh Olympiad, or twelve years before the Olympiad we are about to describe, the festivities which had previously been compressed into one day were extended over five days; the successful expulsion of the Persian invaders having probably

stimulated the national pride, and imparted new lustre and dignity to the great national festival.

The splendour and importance of the Olympic games had thus naturally increased with the increased nationality of the people. In the eighth century B. C., they were perhaps exclusively frequented by the Peloponnesian Grocks. Gradually the inhabitants of more distant Hellenic States joined in the festivities. The contests likewise were no longer confined to athletæ. Rich men and women might send their horses and chariots, under the care of skilful drivers, to compete in the races, and thus, by a mere lavish expenditure of money, might obtain the glory of an Olympic victory.

The month of the eightieth Olympic festival commenced in the beginning of July, B. C. 460. The peace heralds had proclaimed it throughout Greece, in order that no warfare might be carried on during the festivity. Indeed, whilst the limestone rocks and mountain defiles and fastnesses of the Peloponnesus, appeared like the workshop of war, the district of Olympia was consecrated as a temple of peace; and during the festival month the entire territory of Elis even was regarded as holy and inviolable, and no armed force could cross her frontier without incurring the guilt of sacrilege. Visitors from the distant colonies of Italy, Libya, and Asia Minor, and from every city in European Greece and the Isles of the Ægean, were eagerly thronging to this sacred spot on the banks of the Alpheus, where even mortal enemies might unite as friends and brothers, in the celebration of these national rejoicings. Every road in the Peloponnesus which led towards Olympia was filled with joyous strangers. Some were candidates for the several prizes; others were only going as spectators of the games, or for the purposes of trade; others had been sent, under the name of Theori, as deputies to represent their several states; and the latter especially vied with one another in the splendour of

their appearance, in order to support the honour of their native cities. No foreigner, outlaw, or sacrilegist was ever allowed to take a part in the contests; and women and slaves were never permitted to be present at all, though the former might send their chariots to join in that important race.

We need scarcely say that Herodotus was likewise travelling towards Olympia, by the road leading from Sparta through Arcadia, along the banks of the Alpheus towards the sacred Olympian valley. He had joined a large company of Spartan citizens, who were bound for the same spot. Astydamas and other athletæ were with the party, and they all were yielding to the social influences of the festival season, and making themselves wondrously agreeable for so stern a race. A pilgrim to our own national games at Ascot or the Derby may form some conception of the witticisms that were exchanged between stranger travellers, and of the bets and criticisms upon the several combatants. "Who lost his shield at Ithome?" cried a lively Athenian as he passed the Spartan group. "Not you," was the rejoinder, "but the man who lent it you." "How do you like your kings?" asked another young democrat from Athens. "Better than oyster shells," replied a Spartan; and this indeed was rather a hard hit, as the Athenian democracy had recently ostracised one of their best citizens. "Are your slaves still masters?" cried another, anxious to turn the tables. This was a poser, and the Helot rebellion was indeed a most aggravating circumstance; but the Spartan passed it off by offering to bet upon the approaching games.

Such may have been the conversation on the road. We need not describe the other adventures of the journey. It was still very early on a fine summer's afternoon that Herodotus, and his party at last reached Olympia. The whole plain and the surrounding heights presented the appearance of a vast camp. Tents were pitched upon the

green sward; stores of provisions were opened and discussed; goblets in which wine and pure water were sweetly mingled together were passed round and quaffed with gladness of heart. Indeed that evening meal was joyous in the extreme; and when it was over, Herodotus saw with surprise that his Spartan companions, who whilst at home had practised the abstemiousness of teetotallers, were getting as solemnly, and in some cases as outrageously, jovial after their journey, as Corinthian sailors after a voyage from Ægypt or Cyrene. He, however, was exceedingly anxious to take a stroll and look about him; and was also fidgetty about his horse, for as no slaves were permitted to be present at the festivities, he was compelled to be his own groom. He accordingly slipped away from the tent just as twilight was coming on, and saw that his own horse, and the horses of his companions were comfortably feeding on the cool grass round the stakes to which they had been tied; and then he fairly set forth to ascend the height of Mount Cronium, and view the scene beneath him.

Two hours passed away. It was the eve of the first day of the festival, and the moon was at the full. Our young traveller was standing on the green slope of Cronium, whilst the pensive beams of the silver Moon-goddess were falling upon that lovely valley, as if young Endymion's self were slumbering there, and she were descending to kiss his ruby lips. The groves of olive and plane trees were throwing their fantastic shadows upon the dewy verdure. Beyond the vale was the broad stream of Alpheus studded with small islands, so beautiful and unearthly that Herodotus could almost fancy they were the homes of the water nymphs which the river god was pressing to his amorous bosom. It was a night when imagination could people the scene with a thousand divine forms. The river god might once more be pursuing the fair Nereid Arethusa, who refused to listen to his love.

Beneath yonder grove the frightened nymph might be again praying to holy Artemis for succour. Gaze on with pious earnestness and poetic fervour. The virgin deity descends in pure and spotless garb. The Nereid melts into a crystal fountain, and sinks under the earth far away, where no Alpheus can follow.

It was indeed a holy spot, but the dreaminess of that first view soon passed away. A thousand other spectators were standing with Herodotus to see the silver moonlight streaming upon olive groves and marble temples, and falling with heavenly calmness upon the broad flood of the rippling river, and all were thinking of those solemn games which were soon to be performed in honour of Olympian Zeus. Immediately beneath them were the gymnasium for the preliminary exercises, and the prytaneum, or town hall. Near these were the row of ten treasuries which had been erected by the different Greek States, and contained statues and other offerings of great beauty and exquisite workmanship. Below the treasuries, on a basement of stone steps, were six statues of Zeus Zanes, which had been erected from the fines levied from those athletæ who had transgressed the Olympian laws. Further to the left, in a grove of wild olives, was the stadium for the runners and other athletæ; and beyond the stadium was the hippodrome, for the horse and chariot races. But the crowning edifice of all was the magnificent temple of Olympian Zeus. This was indeed one of the grandest achievements of Grecian art, and stood in the sacred grove of Altis, surrounded by statues of gods and victors.

These were a few of the spirit-stirring objects which Herodotus saw by moonlight from the heights of Cronium, and which filled his soul with national pride and pious enthusiasm. As he strolled back to his comrades, he could tell, by the tents and watch-fires which dotted the surrounding slopes, and by the noise of laughter and

songs which reached his ears, that the night was being spent in joyous revelry. None indeed could have resisted the genial influence of that festal season. The refreshing coolness of a summer evening, the sight of enormous multitudes from all parts of Hellas, the present feasting, and the approaching games, were gladdening the hearts of impassioned Ionians and sterner Dorians, until all men felt that they had assembled like brothers to a grand family gathering, to exult in common rejoicings over their ancestral glory and national renown. Athletæ, horse riders, and chariot drivers had indeed retired to rest, to economise their strength and nerve; but few, excepting those who might be wearied with a lengthy journey, felt the slightest inducement to slumber. Poets and musicians were singing and drinking in a manner that made one thirsty to look at them. Grey-headed victors in former contests were recounting their deeds of olden time amidst the respectful praises of eager and believing listeners. Husbands who, a while ago, had been lamenting that the law excluded women from the festival, were now congratulating themselves upon the absence of their wives, and making a most decided night of it. Grooms, supposed to be tending horses in the hippodrome, were piously pouring out extremely small libations to the Olympian deities, but drinking enormous draughts to the success of their masters' steeds. Last of all, Herodotus found, on reaching his tent, that his comrades had reached a pitch of revelry which he could scarcely comprehend, for they were even proposing to pour out wine like Scythians, namely, to drink it without the refreshing and temperate admixture of the water. Night, however, crept on, and the noise and tumult gradually subsided. One feaster after another rolled himself in his himation and fell asleep where he lay; and long ere the morning dawned upon the hills, the whole valley was wrapped in the profoundest repose.

Brightly rose Eos, goddess of red morning, to announce the coming day. Then the glorious, ever-toiling Sun-god, who all the night had journeyed in his golden vessel from the western region of fair Hesperides to the eastern realms of happy Ethiopia, ascended his radiant chariot, and drove his viewless steeds through the clear blue ether. The cheerful lark winged his way to heaven to welcome the potent god. The dew arose like incense to the skies. The valley teemed with life and light. It was the first day of the festival — the day for sacrifice and preparation.

Hail, mighty Zeus! Such was the cry of countless worshippers on that auspicious morning. The whole of that enormous throng wended their way in solemn procession to the great temple of the Olympian deity. The sacred grove of Altis was soon filled with assembled thousands, earnestly waiting for the sacrifices to be performed within the sanctuary, and by which alone the famous and mysterious oracle of the all-potent god could be consulted. That temple was indeed the pride and glory of Hellas.* The victims were conducted into the building covered with garlands of freshly-gathered flowers, and led to the great altar before the sacred image of the deity. Slowly and reverently the priest turned the heads of the animals heavenward to Olympus, and performed the solemn ceremonial. Thanks to great Zeus, all the sacrifices were of good omen. Not a beast started aside from the blow, or fell with fearful bellowings; and none were found to be ill-conditioned or unclean. The joyous tidings were soon proclaimed to the anxious multitude, and a thousand pious exclamations rent the air. The fire was kindled, and the sacred portions of the victims were

* This temple was 230 feet long, 95 feet wide, and 68 feet high to the summit of the pediment. In the centre it was open to the sky, but a row of columns all round the exterior, and another row all round the interior, formed an exterior and interior covered colonnade.

placed thereon, and then the libations of wine and the rare incense were poured upon the altar, and the rich smoke ascended to heaven amidst the hymns and prayers of that mighty congregation.

Olympian Zeus thus deigned to smile upon the national festivities in his honour, and the remainder of the day was passed in anxious preparations for the games. The second day was set apart for the contests of boys, the third day for the contests of men, and the fourth day for the horse and chariot races, the fifth day being devoted to concluding sacrifices and banquets to the victors. Ten men had been previously chosen by lot from among the citizens of Elis to be judges throughout the festival. These judges were called Hellanodicæ, and were honourably distinguished by purple robes. Three of them had the superintendence of the horse and chariot races, three of the five exercises of the pentathlum, and four of the other contests. On the first day they classified all the competitors, who thereupon drew lots for their several places. These preliminary arrangements were not completed until very late in the afternoon; but it is useless to attempt a detailed description. The other duties of the Hellanodicæ were to determine the prizes, and give them to the conquerors. Above all, however, they enforced the observance of the Olympic laws upon the entire body of competitors and spectators; and for this purpose a body of police were placed under their direction, under the name of alutæ, to preserve order and obedience. The events of this first day were not very interesting to our young traveller. He had joined in the grand procession to the temple of Zeus, and taken his part in the national rejoicings; but the running about to see the lists was very tedious and wearisome, and to hear the continual complaints of the candidates and others against the several arrangements was excessively irritating. Indeed, both Herodotus and several others were sufficiently provoked to utter many a bitter joke

upon a discontented rider or disappointed runner, though it was obviously judicious to keep one's witticisms to one's self in the presence of a grumbling wrestler or growling pugilist. The evening was passed in a far more sedate and business-like manner than the previous one. The names of men and horses were carefully studied, and betting tablets were made up in the most scientific manner; though Herodotus, mindful of his Corinthian experience, took no part whatever in these pecuniary speculations.

The second day, as we have already mentioned, was devoted to the contests of youths in running, boxing, and horse racing. It was indeed a magnificent sight for a father or an artist to see those high spirited boys of Hellas, with their curly hair and splendidly chiselled limbs, engaged in the active sports of the stadium and hippodrome. Young Hellas was indeed spending a youth of glorious promise. Intellectual energy and physical vigour and beauty seemed to be the high characteristics of her aspiring sons. Ambition was ever burning in their breasts, and their contests in the games may have led also to those subsequent political tragedies, which belong to the page of history. We shall not, however, delay the reader by any detailed descriptions of the blows and throws, or running and riding of the ardent boys, but hurry on to describe the more important rivalries of full-grown and equally ardent men.

The morning dawned as beautifully and brightly on the third as on the previous days of the festival; but long ere the Sun-god had drunk up his morning draught of refreshing dew, an enormous concourse had assembled in the stadium, in their anxiety to obtain a favourable position. The course for the runners was the eighth of a mile in length from the starting-point to the goal; but the stadium itself enclosed an area of a much greater length and of considerable breadth. It stood within the

sacred grove of Altis, and ran along the lower slope of Mount Cronium. The upper side was thus formed by the natural rising of the hill, whilst the lower side consisted of a long mound or artificial wall of earth. At one end the area was shut in by a straight wall: and here were the entrances, the starting-place for the runners, and an altar of Endymion. The other end was in the shape of a semicircle, and in the centre of this half circle was the goal. The starting-place and the goal were each marked by a square pillar. Within the upper and lower mounds of earth, and indeed all round the area, excepting at the entrance wall, were successive lines of spectators to the number of several thousands. On one side of the stadium, opposite the goal, sat the Hellanodicæ in their purple robes; on the other side, on an altar of white marble, sat the priestesses of Demeter Chamyne, the only women who were allowed to view the games, or even to attend the festival.

Such was the scene which met the eye of Herodotus after he and his companions had taken their seats in a most advantageous position near the thrones of the Hellanodicæ. He could see the whole extent of those long and successive lines of spectators which surrounded the course. The loud hum of conversation filled the immense area, whilst the competitors were stationed at the entrance, and preparing for the first single foot race. The line of starting was formed by a rope which restrained the impetuous runners. This race was the most simple of all the games. No strife save that of emulation could possibly be introduced into it; and the forms of most of the competitors exhibited a lightness, activity, and grace which no other exercise could produce. At length, after a considerable time, the moment arrived for the race. The heralds of the Hellanodicæ proclaimed the name and country of each competitor. The runners stood abreast against the starting line, eager to commence the struggle

for renown before that mighty assembly. The signal was given, the rope fell, and onwards, like winged messengers of the gods, sprang the panting competitors towards the goal. The assembly sat in breathless silence. In a minute the winner's hand was on the goal, and a roar of applause proclaimed the triumph.

Many other races followed in regular succession. Some turned round the goal, and returned to the starting-point, thus traversing the course twice; others, in the same way, traversed the course three or more times. At the conclusion of each match the heralds of the Hellanodicæ proclaimed the name and country of the victors, which was immediately followed by the deafening thunders of that enormous throng. To describe the general interest which prevailed is impossible. Not only bettors were excited, but also the visitors from every city which sent forth a candidate considered the success of their fellow-citizen as redounding to the glory of their native place, or his defeat as tarnishing her fair renown.

After the running matches, commenced the other gymnastic exercises, the wrestling, boxing, pancratium, and pentathlum, all of which took place on the course of the stadium or in the semicircular area beyond the goal. Here were assembled the most renowned athletæ in all Hellas; worthy successors of that immortal Milo, who, twelve Olympiads before, had carried a four-year-old heifer through the entire course upon his brawny shoulders, and had then eaten the whole of the animal in a single day. Herodotus now saw mighty men of valour, powerful as Heracles and enduring as Atlas, but endowed with the majesty and dignity of ancient heroes. No mere prize-fighters were they, no mercenary champions of the ring, but haughty warriors, who only aspired to wear the olive crown as the rich reward of that long training which had done their States good service on many a bloody field, and turned the fortunes of many a doubtful day. Their

trade was war; the combats to them were but as the sports of a camp.

How shall we describe the contests? Every combatant was burning with ardour for the judge's signal; his body almost entirely naked and smeared with oil or ointment, and covered with fine sand. First commenced the wrestling matches, in which no blows were allowed, but every trick and exertion were brought into play to overthrow an adversary, and in which three falls decided the victory. Next came the boxing, in which the Greek athletæ stood in the same attitudes, employed the same guards, and planted the same blows as our own loving countrymen in a street row, or in the general settlement of personal differences requiring promptitude and decision. Next came the pancratium, which was the most exciting of all the contests, as it united the arts of boxing and wrestling. Last of all was the pentathlum, which consisted of five distinct games, namely, leaping, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, running, and wrestling.

These were the gymnastics which stimulated the spectators to the highest pitch of excitement. The movements of the combatants themselves were the poetry of motion, the evolutions of perfect beauty. Bravery and beauty were indeed the true gods of Hellas. The athlete must not only have thrown his adversary, vanquished his antagonist, or outstripped all his competitors in strength and skill; but he must also have exhibited the most graceful and harmonious movements ere he could obtain the prize. The countenance of the pugilist, however, often presented the same irregularity of feature which distinguishes the champion of modern times; for the Greek practised the noble art not so much for self-defence as for conquering his opponent. Moreover, dissatisfied with merely spoiling the face of an antagonist by the application of hard knuckles, he drew over his fist and wrist the murderous cestus which we have already

described, and thus carried the practice of war into the peaceful celebration of national games.

Throughout the whole of this eventful day Herodotus seemed only to see the fierce energy and deadly strife of the combatants, and to hear the hoarse shouts and excited cries of the spectators. Conflict after conflict was proclaimed; victory after victory was declared. Athletæ, with all their powers stimulated to the highest pitch by a burning ambition for national renown, were gradually and desperately beaten by some more enduring but not more obstinate antagonist; and, fainting from loss of blood, were only restored by draughts of wine to a sense of their defeat. Victors panting and breathless, and scarcely able to claim the victory, were staggering away almost unconscious of the plaudits which burst upon their ears. Applause and hisses arose in wild and mingled uproar as candidates from different cities engaged in deadly strife. Enthusiastic cheers rang through the vast arena as some new and vigorous aspirant overthrew the favourite and boasting conqueror in former festivals. But gradually our young traveller became wearied with the succession of combats. A foot match for soldiers in heavy armour finished the day's festivities; and dull and exhausted as a defeated athlete, he hailed the moment when the vast throng began to break up and leave the stadium.

The gymnastic games were now concluded, and nothing remained but the horse and chariot races in the hippodrome. A good supper and a cup or two of mixed wine soon restored the spirits of Herodotus and his companions; and the evening was spent, like the previous one, in animated discussions upon the day's festivities and speculations upon the morrow's proceedings.

It was morning on the fourth day of the festival when the mighty multitude assembled in the spacious hippodrome. The all engrossing event of the day was the four-horse chariot race. The mere horse-racing, of which there

were several matches, presented but few points of interest, excepting to the trainer or breeder; but chariot driving was the grand amusement of every rich citizen in Hellas, and an Olympic prize was sufficient to ennoble all the members of the family of the winner. The money that was expended upon thorough-bred horses, splendidly decorated chariots, and magnificent trappings is beyond all our calculation; whilst the rivalry that existed can only be appreciated when we remember that none were able to contend but those possessed of large revenues; and that as the triumph of a winner was supposed to confer honour upon his native city, he not unfrequently rose to the highest offices in the state through the popularity which he had obtained by his Olympic victory.

The Olympic hippodrome was enclosed in the same manner as the stadium, but included a much larger area. The starting place also was not formed by a straight wall as in the stadium, but was in the shape of a triangle, having the apex pointing towards the interior. The base thus formed the entrance to the hippodrome, whilst the two sides consisted of stalls for the horses and chariots. At the apex was the bronze figure of a dolphin, elevated on a pointed post. Within the triangle was a bronze eagle, lying on an altar of whitened brick. The course was exactly double the length of that in the stadium, and was divided lengthways; the chariots proceeding up one side, then round a pillar at the other extremity, and then returning on the other side. The distance from the starting place to the pillar was two stadia, or a quarter of a mile; and thus the whole extent of the course up one side of the area and back the other would be only half a mile. Accordingly a second pillar appears to have been fixed near the starting point, round which the chariots again turned and traversed the course a second, third, or fourth time, according to previous arrangement. Four

times round the course would thus be nearly equivalent to two miles; and the race, for the whole of that distance, would be immediately under the eye of every spectator.

The moment for the all-important event at length arrived. Fourteen chariots were entered in the lists, and awaited the preparations for starting in their several stalls. The excitement was terrific. Scarcely a word was spoken by that vast multitude. The officers of the course arranged the preliminaries with a coolness and deliberation that irritated spectators and charioteers. A rope had been passed round the two sides and apex of the triangle, in order to keep every chariot in its stall. The two ends of this rope were now gradually brought forward until they formed one straight line right across the course at the apex of the triangle, and thus enabled all the fourteen chariots to stand abreast. Every steed was now impatient of delay; every driver was anxiously awaiting the signal. At length the appointed officer touched a secret spring in the altar within the triangle, and the bronze dolphin fell to the ground and the eagle soared in the air. Down fell the rope, and off started the chariots. The first pillar was a critical point. To turn it sharply without coming in contact was the object of every aspiring driver. The crowd of chariots tore along the course with fearful speed. To lead the way was of the utmost consequence at the beginning of a race, in order to escape a collision with each other. Some, however, more wary and cautious, kept a tighter hold upon their reins, trusting to their skill to preserve them from danger. Four were clear ahead; then followed eight in a confused mass, two being already left well behind. The first and nearest to the post was compelled to give way to the bold driving of the second which threatened a collision; but all the four got right away to the return side without accident. The fifth, eager to follow their example, produced ruin and desolation. The nave of his wheel dashed violently against the post, smashed the

axle-tree, and sent the unlucky charioteer spinning into the midst of his kicking horses. The confusion became general. The crush and collision of the crowd of chariots, the kicking and plunging of thorough-breds, the yells, curses, and prayers of the maddened drivers, rendered the accident so desperate that only three outsiders escaped from the *melée* in time to follow the four, and show anything like play. Leaving their companions to a misery which was the work of a moment, the seven soon became intermingled, and tore along with alternate success to the conclusion of the race, followed by a few who had lost all chance excepting that of being last. Four times the course had to be traversed. The last pillar was passed. The goal was in view. The fury of the drivers was awful. The horses raced along like steeds of flame, as the wheels bounded like balls over the uneven ground. Neck and neck, the three first drivers lashed their steeds with the desperation of demons. A whip fell, wheels were locked, a second crash flashed upon the spectators like lightning, when the fourth chariot plunged forward, and the race was won.

In a moment the herald entered the course and proclaimed the name and country of the winner. Then the overcharged excitement of that enormous throng found a vent in thundering acclamations. The great event was now over. The broken chariots and vanquished steeds were taken from the area. The victor drove his winning horses once more along the course, amidst renewed and continuous cheers from the mighty assembly. The remaining races passed quietly away, and thus the games were finished, and the wearied multitudes left the hippodrome to talk of horses and athletæ, and prepare for the thanksgiving sacrifices, triumphant coronations, and joyous banquets of the morrow.

Bright Day, born of Night and Darkness, again smiled upon the sacred valley. Solemn but joyous processions

were marching once again to the great temple of Olympian Zeus. Pious hymns and triumphant songs rang through the clear blue ether. The sacred portions of a thousand victims were burned upon the holy altar, whilst the remainder were set apart for the public banquets of the afternoon. The consecrated tripod was prepared for the coronations. The garlands, cut with a golden sickle from the sacred olive tree, were all ready. Winner after winner then ascended the bronze tripod; and the olive crown was placed upon his head, and the palm-branch of victory was given into his hand. Exulting parents, kinsmen, friends, and countrymen, rent the air with joyful acclamations. The happiness of a victor was indeed more than mortal; it elevated him to the gods. Garlands of flowers were scattered on his head and strewn upon his path. Poets, like Pindar and Simonides, saluted him with immortal odes. Henceforth his name would be canonised in the Greek calendar, and be as familiar in the mouth as household words. Statues would be erected in his honour. But the crowning triumph of a victor would be the return to his native city. The gate and wall pulled down, to show that he alone could protect the state. The exulting procession of his fellow-citizens, with flowers and palms. The well-trained chorus, singing the triumphant ode. The decorated chariot and the four white horses, bearing him in his purple robes to the temple of the guardian deity of his city. Joyous sacrifices, magnificent banquets, sumptuous gifts, and glorious nobility. So blest and godlike would be his life, that Pindar well might say, "Aspire no higher, mighty conqueror, lest the avenging Nemesis seek to humble such presuming pride and such insatiable ambition!"

The present night, however, was to be spent at Olympia in national banquets to the great body of Olympic victors. The tables were arranged upon the greensward. The roasted flesh of the thousand victims was eaten with

joy and exultation. Wine, music, and choral odes, enlivened the vast multitude of feasters. Scenes, incident to the occasion, ever and anon attracted the notice and applause of that mighty assembly. The eldest of eight sons had gained the victory in the boxing match; the youngest had been equally successful in the pancratium. The exulting young men carried their proud old father in triumph on their shoulders. The spectators threw garlands upon the glorious three, and a Spartan cried to the father, "Die now, Diagoras, for you can wish for nothing higher." Songs, revelry, and thanksgivings to all-potent Zeus. Such was the conclusion of the great festival of the eightieth Olympiad.

CHAP. XIV.

DELPHI, B. C. 460.

HERODOTUS BECOMES AMBITIOUS. — AN UNEXPECTED MEETING. — STORY OF ARION AND THE DOLPHIN. — VOYAGE TO DELPHI. — PITCH LAKE IN THE ISLAND OF ZACYNTHUS. — ARRIVAL AT THE DELPHIAN PORT OF CIRRHA. — MOUNT PARNASSUS. — APPEARANCE OF DELPHI. — CASTALIAN SPRING. — FASTING DISCUSSED. — HERODOTUS VISITS THE WONDERS OF DELPHI. — STORY OF THE HEROES PHYLACUS AND AUTONOUS. — IMMENSE TREASURES AND VOTIVE GIFTS IN THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO. — TRIAL OF THE ORACLES. — WHITENED PHOCIANS AND PANIC-STRICKEN THESSALIANS. — HORSES' LEGS AND EMPTY JARS.

THE great banquets were over, and once again Herodotus stood by moonlight upon the heights of Cronium. His ears were still ringing with the plaudits which Hellas had bestowed upon her favourite sons. The flame of young ambition had been fairly kindled in his breast, and he had felt constrained to leave his light-hearted and unsympathising companions to commune with his own thoughts in mysterious solitude.

Ambition may be one of the loftiest or one of the meanest of human desires. Power which shall command universal homage is the goal to which ambition leads. Those who succeed even in part are supposed to be happy; those who fail, seek to hide their defeat. Riches might do much; but, for aught Herodotus knew, he might have them already in his grasp. He might, if he pleased, enter a chariot for the next Olympic festival. But if he won the race, could he win more than barren applause and useless fame? Would it instruct or benefit Hellas? Would it even give him the government of a single village? Politics was a game for grey-beards. Poets

could stir and move mankind, could arouse the passions and win the love of multitudes.* But could he ever be a poet? He thought of his youthful epic,—so poor, so spiritless, so faulty,—and he burst into a flood of tears.

At this moment a well-known figure approached him, and broke in upon his meditations. It was that of his old Corinthian friend Captain Phylarchus.

"By Zeus!" cried the worthy skipper, "a sea nymph or triton would not have surprised me more. I have looked for you every day of the festival. It was only a heavy ballast of wine that brought me out for a stroll, and I am off to-morrow."

Herodotus greeted him with as much composure and heartiness as he could summon up, for his thoughts were far away. The very sight of the Captain, however, called up some pleasant recollections of strange yarns, and stormy nights at sea; and his arrival was otherwise most opportune, for it enabled him to consult Phylarchus upon his own future proceedings.

"Splendid evening," said the Captain, whom wine had made remarkably talkative. "By Poseidon, the moon goddess yonder smiles brightly enough. I wish she would sail with us every night at sea; she would be a rare lantern for the aplustre."*

"It is indeed a beautiful night," replied Herodotus; "quite a night for a poet to describe. Did you ever know a poet, Phylarchus?"

"Not very well," said the Captain. "There was old Babys, who used to compose and sing songs at Corinth, but I never knew any good of him. He was always drunk, and grew so old and foolish, that at last he married a blind flute-girl. Before the honeymoon was over she scratched his eyes out, in order, as she said, to make him

* The aplustre was an elegant ornament on the highest part of the poop which overhung the steersman. In the column of Trajan, a lantern is suspended from the aplustre so as to hang over the deck before the steersman.

as blind as herself; and if all that scandal said was true, she had good reason for what she did."

Babys bore no resemblance to those inspired bards whom Herodotus desired to rival. "Have you not heard," he inquired, "of some greater poets, like Homer, who have stirred men's hearts within them, and turned the people which way they would?"

"Well," replied Phylarchus, "I have heard of a bard named Arion, who lived at Corinth when Periander was king. He was a very great one, at least so I have heard old captains say; but he fell amongst pirates, and was only saved by a dolphin. It is a strange story, but it took place three or four generations ago."

"I should like to hear it," said Herodotus.

"Well, Arion was a native of the island of Lesbos, a rare nest for poets; and when he had attained a little notoriety he went to Corinth, and thence to Italy and Sicily, where he made much money and great fame by his verses. At last, having obtained a decent fortune, he determined on returning to Corinth; and proceeding to the port of Tarentum in southern Italy, he hired a ship of certain Corinthians to carry him thither. No sooner, however, was Arion out at sea, than the Corinthian captain conspired with his crew to throw the rich poet overboard and seize all his money. Arion discovered their intention, and was terribly alarmed. He offered them all he possessed if they would only spare his life; but this they refused, and ordered him either to kill himself immediately, or else to leap into the sea. Seeing that death was inevitable, and desiring to postpone it for as long as he could, he requested the pirates to permit him to put on his poet's robes, and sing one last song upon the poop. The sailors were perfectly willing to hear the best singer in all the world, and granted his request. Arion then put on all his robes and his poet's wreath, and thus placed himself under the protection of Apollo. He then took his

cithara, and, standing on the rowing benches, he executed the stirring Orthian strain; and when he had finished, he leaped into the sea. Just at that moment a dolphin sent by Apollo received him on his back, and carried him to the port of Tænarum, at the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus. Here the poet landed, and proceeded from thence to Corinth; where he made himself known to Periander the tyrant, and told him all that had happened. Periander at first would not believe the story, but threw Arion into prison, and watched for the arrival of the seamen. At last the ship reached Corinth, and Periander summoned the crew, and asked them if they could give him any tidings of Arion. They replied that they had left him well and flourishing at Tarentum. At that moment Arion was brought before them arrayed in the same robes as those in which he had leaped into the sea; and this sudden apparition so astonished the men that they could not deny their crime, and were accordingly fully convicted and executed."

Phylarchus, having finished his story, listened to Herodotus's adventures, and then related his own recent proceedings. He had coasted round the southern promontories of Peloponnesus on purpose to visit the Olympic festival, and on his way he had stopped for a day or two at Tænarum, where he had heard the legend he had related, and been shown a small brazen statue of the poet sitting upon a dolphin, just as he appeared when riding that benevolent fish towards the dangerous cape. He had traded at different ports on his voyage, and indeed had visited Olympia as much for the purposes of commerce as for the sake of the festival. The next morning he intended to re-embark and sail round the coasts of Elis and Achaia, through the Corinthian Gulf towards the Isthmus, and from thence to proceed to Athens. On his way he purposed visiting Delphi, to consult the oracle of Apollo upon a subject which he thought proper to keep a profound secret; and, in short, the intended voyage pre-

sented such attractions to Herodotus that he readily accepted the invitation of Phylarchus to accompany him during the entire trip. Accordingly Herodotus at once returned, and bade farewell to his Spartan companions, with many thanks for their kindness; gave his horse to Astydamas, who had been soundly thrashed in one of the boxing matches by a Thessalian athlete; and having fetched his slave, who had been staying during the festival on the other side of the Alpheus, he made every other preparation for his voyage, and on the next day but one was again riding on the salt waves.

Phylarchus's ship had anchored at the mouth of the Alpheus about twelve miles from Olympia, and from this point, round the coast of Elis and Achaia, to the port near Delphi, was a voyage of about seven or eight days if the winds were favourable. On the second day, however, Phylarchus ran across to the island of Zacynthus, which was about twelve miles from the Peloponnesian coast, and here he stopped for three or four days in order to take on board a cargo of pitch. Herodotus was thus enabled to pay a visit to the celebrated pitch wells, which at that time were very profitable to the Zacynthians, and from which, even in the present day, about a hundred tons of bitumen are annually extracted. The largest of the wells was like a lake, being seventy feet in circumference and two fathoms in depth. The pitch was obtained from the lake in a very singular and primitive manner. A myrtle branch was fastened to the end of a long pole, and let down into the water; and upon drawing it up again a large quantity of pitch was found adhering to the myrtle. When first drawn out it was thrown into a cistern dug for the purpose close by the wells; and when a sufficient quantity had been collected, it was poured off into jars ready for exportation.

Phylarchus made a capital bargain, and the pitch itself was generally regarded as being even better than the

pitch of Pieria. A quantity of ballast was thrown overboard to make room for the jars, and the latter were carefully arranged under the immediate superintendence of the careful Captain. The result, however, was by no means satisfactory to Herodotus. The pitch smelt most horribly of asphalt, and, as he good-humouredly complained to Phylarchus, gave him the lively idea of proceeding in Charon's gloomy boat over the black rivers of the under-world. The worthy Captain being, like most sailors, rather given to superstition, declined to laugh at such a jest, as he was going to consult Apollo upon a secret question of mighty and transcendent importance.

From the island of Zacynthus, the voyagers made their way under a pleasant westerly wind into the Corinthian Gulf, towards Cirrha in Phocis. In ancient times Cirrha had been a most important city, but was now only a small seaport for the accommodation of pilgrims to the oracle at Delphi. Here they anchored late in the evening of the twelfth day of their voyage; and next morning at sunrise, Phylarchus and Herodotus started off on a walk of seven miles to the famous temple of Apollo.

The road from Cirrha to Delphi runs along the bank of the Pleistus, a very rapid river, which rushes through a deep narrow valley, between Mount Parnassus and the range of Cirphus, until it falls into the Corinthian Gulf at Cirrha. Right before our two travellers were the huge high-piled masses of Parnassus, which rise in a succession of steep walls of rock alternately with broad, reclining table-lands, until at length the mountain gathers itself at the summit into one grand reposing mass covered with glittering snow. Upon the southern slope of this stupendous pile, and within a theatre-shaped valley enclosed by rocky heights, was situated the small town of Delphi.

The sun was high in the heavens before the two travellers had toiled and climbed as far as this famous spot;

and when they reached the outskirts of Delphi they were far too hungry and fatigued to indulge in those lofty thoughts and holy emotions which the sight of that sacred town would otherwise have awakened. On their right were the two enormous cliffs with peaked summits, between which issued the far-famed waters of the Castalian spring. Before them the houses and radiant temples of the city rose above each other in a succession of terraces like the ranges of seats in a theatre; and there on the highest of the terraces was the ancient and venerable oracle which gave the city existence and renown, covered by the magnificent temple of Apollo, which in its turn was surrounded by noble statues and the green trees of the sacred grove.

Phylarchus was a very superstitious man at sea, especially if the appearance of the sky seemed to threaten a storm; but when on land he was sometimes almost as profane as the philosophers of Ionia. He now irreverently declared that, let the oracle say what it would, he was determined to make a pilgrimage to an inn before he visited the temple, and to refresh the inward man with wine and provisions before seeking for aid or counsel from the far-seeing Apollo. Herodotus made no objection, and indeed argued that it was far more seemly to enter the temple of the god with joy and gladness of heart than with an empty stomach and discontented mind. When, however, they had found the entertainment they desired, and had made an exceedingly hearty meal off cold roast kid and a skin of Chian wine, Phylarchus began to have certain misgivings upon the subject, and to confer seriously with Herodotus upon the propriety of deferring their visit to the temple until the next day.

"Phylarchus," replied Herodotus, "you are indeed about to do a very solemn thing. You are going to inquire of bright Apollo concerning the will of almighty Zeus, not merely, as I presume, to satisfy a prying curiosity re-

specting the future, but to obtain the divine sanction on some private act which you are intending to do. When, therefore, we consult a sacred oracle, we must remember that we are brought almost into the immediate presence of that god or hero who thus beneficently becomes the mediator between man and Zeus. At the same time I do not think that it can be displeasing to the deity for man to take his natural refreshment before entering a temple; for as food gives fresh life and energy to the body and spirits, so likewise it must give fresh fervour to our piety and greater earnestness to our devotion. Had we not, however, better inquire if this be the day for consulting the oracle? for I know that there are only certain days set apart every month for the purpose, and that, in ancient times, oracles were only delivered on one day in the year, namely, on the seventh day of the month Bysius, which is the birthday of Apollo."

Phylarchus was somewhat startled at this last piece of information, and, upon inquiry, found that it would be a week before the arrival of a consulting day. What was to be done now? They had performed a long pedestrian journey for nothing. Herodotus proposed that they should take up their abode in the inn, and view the town and temples. This, however, by no means suited the Captain. He had business to transact at Delphi, and was in hopes of getting some passengers to convey to Corinth. He therefore proposed that Herodotus should stay at the inn and take his pleasure, and that he himself should do what business he could, and hire a horse to take him back to his ship at night. "His mate," he said, "was a capital officer; but much business might be lost and much mischief might ensue from the continued absence of himself as captain."

This arrangement being adopted, Herodotus set out to view the streets and temples of Delphi. The town was small, but crowded with sanctuaries, statues, and other

works of art; and the continued influx of wealthy strangers rendered her citizens, as a body, far richer than those in any other Greek city. Herodotus happened first to visit the temple of Athene Pronæa, and the adjoining precincts sacred to the two heroes Phylacus and Autonous. Here the most remarkable things which he saw were two huge crags lying in the enclosure of the temple of Athene. One of the exegetæ, or temple guides, told him that the Persians under Xerxes approached Delphi in order to plunder the sacred treasures; but that, when they came near that spot, thunder from heaven fell upon them, and those two huge crags were broken from Parnassus by unseen hands, and thrown upon them with a loud crash. Numbers, he said, were thus killed, whilst at the same time a loud cry and war-shout issued from the temple. The survivors were immediately seized with a panic, and fled in dismay; but the shades of the two heroes Phylacus and Autonous, heavily armed and of immense stature, pursued them for a considerable distance, and slew and destroyed many.

Having once more examined the pieces of rock which had done such good service to Hellas, and having likewise tasted the waters of the Castalian spring, which was close by, Herodotus set off to the temple of Apollo. This magnificent structure was faced with Parian marble, and occupied a large space in the highest part of the city. Its treasures were immense. Kings and private persons who had received favourable replies from the oracle generally presented rich offerings; and many of the Greek states had separate treasuries in which they deposited some of their most esteemed valuables for the sake of security.

Herodotus was not of course admitted into the innermost sanctuary or adytum in which a fire of fir-wood was kept constantly burning on an altar before the golden statue of Apollo; but he obtained a full view of all the

more celebrated offerings which had been dedicated to the god. There was the royal throne of Midas, king of Phrygia, who was the first foreigner that ever sent gifts to Delphi; together with an immense number of golden wine-vessels, and other rich articles, which had been dedicated by the early Lydian kings. Perhaps the most curious offering was that of Alyattes, king of Lydia; whilst the most brilliant and costly gifts were those of the unfortunate Crœsus. Alyattes on recovering from a sickness had sent a large silver vessel for mixing wine; and this vessel stood in an iron saucer, which was covered with iron figures of fruits and animals soldered on. The whole was the work of the celebrated Glaucus of Samos, who was the inventor of the art of inlaying or soldering on iron. Crœsus had dedicated his rich offerings in consequence of the following circumstances. He reigned over Lydia about a hundred years before the time of Herodotus, and having conquered nearly all Asia Minor, at last determined on repressing the power of Persia, which had just been formed into a great empire by the celebrated Cyrus. First of all, however, he determined on testing the powers of the most celebrated oracles in the ancient world in order that he might consult the most truthful of all upon the war he was about to undertake. Accordingly, he sent off messengers to each oracle, desiring that they should all, on the hundredth day of their leaving the Lydian capital, ask the god to whom they were severally sent, what he, Crœsus, was doing at that time; and that they should then bring him back the answer in writing. When the hundredth day had arrived, he performed a most extraordinary action, which he supposed no one could possibly imagine unless directly instructed by a divine influence. The consequence was that none of the oracles, excepting that at Delphi and that at Amphiaraus, at all approached the truth in their replies. The answer of the

oracle at Amphiaraus is unknown, but that at Delphi was strikingly correct. It was as follows: —

> "I measure seas, and I the sands compute!
> I understand the dumb and hear the mute!
> I smell the savours of a boiling mass —
> A lamb and tortoise — which before me pass
> From out a brazen pan with lid and sides of brass."

Crœsus at the time alluded to was actually boiling a lamb and tortoise together in a brazen caldron. He was, therefore, very much pleased with the reply from Delphi, and sent an immense number of offerings to the temple, all of which Herodotus now saw and examined with much attention. Amongst these was a lion, made of pure refined gold, which originally weighed ten talents, or about five hundredweight, and stood upon a pedestal formed of one hundred and seventeen golden half bricks, each of which were eighteen inches long, nine inches broad, and three inches thick. Four of these half bricks were made of pure red gold, and weighed two thousand two hundred ounces each; the others were made of pale or alloyed gold, and weighed about eighteen hundred ounces each. When, however, Herodotus visited Delphi, the lion had been removed from its pedestal, and only weighed three hundredweight and a quarter; one hundred and three quarters having been melted from it at the time the old temple was burnt down, many years before. There also were two mixing vessels; one made of gold, and weighing nearly four hundredweight and a half; and the other of silver, and capable of holding six hundred amphoræ, or about five thousand gallons. This huge silver vessel was said to have been the work of Theodorus, the Samian; and Herodotus found, upon examining it, that it was in reality the work of his illustrious ancestor. The other gifts of Crœsus, which Herodotus saw, consisted of several

spherical-shaped silver ewers, a golden statue of a female favourite four feet and a half in height, and the necklaces and girdles of his queen; together with some other gold and silver vessels. One of these, a golden lustral vase, bore an inscription inferring that it came from the Lacedæmonians; but the exegetes, who pointed out the various things to our young traveller, assured him that this was a deception, as the vase had been really sent by Crœsus; but that a Delphian, in order to please the Lacedæmonian people, had engraved the false inscription.

The gifts we have thus described were only a portion of those which came from foreign monarchs. Besides these an immense number had been dedicated in the temple by the different states of Hellas, and by numerous wealthy private persons. There was the statue of a man, eighteen feet high, holding the beak of a ship in his hand, which had been dedicated by the Greek confederates from a portion of the spoils taken at the battle of Salamis; also three golden stars, affixed to a brazen mast, which had been given by the citizens of Ægina as a thanksgiving offering to Apollo, for having enabled them to exhibit a superior valour to all other Greeks in that glorious victory. The golden tripod standing upon a three-headed brazen serpent was also there; having been dedicated by Pausanias from a tenth of the spoils taken at the famous battle of Platæa. But it is impossible even to present the reader with a bare catalogue of the vast number of splendid offerings. Thus, round the tripod of Pausanias were numerous great statues and several hundred shields, which had been dedicated by the Phocians, and which we only mention because a curious anecdote in connection with them was told to Herodotus; and with this anecdote we shall conclude our account of the temple treasures.

The town of Delphi was included in the territory of

Phocis, a large mountainous country situated between the Corinthian Gulf and the territory of Thessaly. Now between the Thessalians and Phocians there had existed continual feuds; for the Thessalians made continual irruptions into Phocis, and obliged the people to fly to the heights of Parnassus, and then ravaged their fields and plundered their farms and villages. One time, however, when the Phocians were thus shut up in Parnassus, Tellias, the celebrated Elean seer, was amongst them; and this Tellias devised the following stratagem. Taking the command of six hundred of the bravest Phocians, he smeared them all over, armour and all, with white chalk, and led them against the Thessalians at night, with orders to kill every man who was not white like themselves. When the enemy's pickets saw this body of armed spectres approaching like angry spirits from the under world, they fled to the camp, and a terrible panic soon spread over the whole Thessalian army. In the midst of the confusion the whitened Phocians fell upon the invaders and slew four thousand Thessalians, and obtained possession of their shields, half of which they dedicated at Abæ and the other half at Delphi. Thus, for a time, the power of the Thessalian infantry was completely broken. Shortly afterwards the Phocians were enabled to inflict an irreparable blow upon the enemy's cavalry, which was considered to be the finest in Hellas. They dug a great pit at the entrance of their territory, near Hyampolis, and, placing a number of large empty jars in it, they covered the whole with light soil, and awaited the attack of the enemy. The Thessalian horse, unaware of this artifice, and desiring to overwhelm the Phocians by the violence of their charge, dashed on amongst the jars, which broke the feet of the chargers and bore the riders to the ground. A terrible slaughter ensued, and the Thessalians did not recover their loss for more than a generation. During the

great Persian war the Thessalians obtained their revenge. They deserted from the cause of Hellas, and united their forces to those of Xerxes; and it was by their instigation that the towns of Phocis were burnt to the ground, and the attempt was made to plunder the temple treasures at Delphi.

CHAP. XV.

ORACLES AT LEBADEA AND DELPHI, B. C. 460.

RIDE OF HERODOTUS AND PHYLARCHUS TO THE CAVE AND ORACLE OF TROPHONIUS. — CROWDS OF PILGRIMS. — A SEAMAN'S HESITATION. — THREE DAYS OF PREPARATION AND SACRIFICES. — FINAL PURIFICATION. — A NIGHT IN THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS. — RETURN TO DELPHI. — ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE ORACLE OF APOLLO. — INTOXICATING SMOKE FROM THE CHASM OF CASSOTIS. — CHARACTER OF THE RESPONSES. — INQUIRY OF PHYLARCHUS. — STRANGE DISCOVERY.

SIGHT-SEEING, even when interlarded by the stories of guides, is always a fatiguing affair, and Herodotus slept very soundly on the first night of his arrival at Delphi. His dreams were ridiculously absurd, but at the same time so painfully distinct that when he first awoke next morning he began to talk nonsense, having reference partly to his visions, and partly to a number of nautical comments and ejaculations which were being shouted in his ears by the hoarse voice of Phylarchus. It seems that the worthy Captain had returned to his ship at Cirrha, and spent the night there; and had again risen at sunrise, and travelled back to Delphi in order to propose another excursion to Herodotus; but seeing our hero sound asleep, and finding that sneezing, coughing, and calling him by name would not awaken him, he had begun to shout out louder and louder, and his vociferations naturally took the shape of those orders or rebukes which he had been accustomed to address to his crew during a storm, or whilst entering or leaving a harbour. Gradually Herodotus opened his eyes to the state of the case, and returning consciousness gave expression to the vacant

look with which he had at first greeted the eager and impetuous Captain.

"Why, what is the matter?" he cried; "is the ship going down?"

"No," replied the Captain; "you are at Delphi, and I want you to accompany me to Lebadea."

"To Lebadea?"

"Yes, to Lebadea. It is only twenty miles off. I have heard that the oracle of the hero Trophonius will answer my purpose, and I am rather in a hurry to leave this port. If, therefore, you like to come with me, we can ride there this morning; I can do my business this evening, and we can return to-morrow and set sail."

"I will accompany you with pleasure, Captain," said Herodotus slowly; "but when you talk of doing business with the oracle, you must excuse me if I say that I think you are speaking rather irreverently of the divine hero. It is only a few days ago that you very properly reproved me for likening your vessel to Charon's boat, and you therefore will not mind my hint; and if all I have heard be true, the cave of Trophonius is no common sanctuary."

"All is well," replied the Captain; "I have two horses ready; so directly you have taken your breakfast we will start."

The road from Delphi to Lebadea ran along the secluded valley of the upper course of the river Pleistus. The region was wild and desolate. On the right were the bare mountains of Cirphis; and on the left the rude rocks of Parnassus. In the time of Herodotus, and for many centuries afterwards, robbers frequently issued from their hiding-places in the neighbourhood, to rob pious wayfarers of the offerings they might be carrying to the Delphic shrine. No such brigands, however, pounced upon our two travellers; and indeed they met crowds of pilgrims from Corinth, Athens, and other places eastward, who were anxious to reach Delphi by the day ap-

pointed for the consultation of the oracle. The road was also remarkable as being that where the ill-starred Œdipus met Laius; and, ignorant that he was his father, slew him in a fit of fatal passion. Herodotus and Phylarchus stopped to look at the monument which covered the grave of Laius and his charioteer; and even in the present day the traveller may see some piles of stones which are probably the remains of the ancient monument.

Lebadea, like Delphi, was a small city crowded with beautiful sanctuaries, but it was much inferior in renown. It was situated on a hill separated from a higher mountain by a narrow ravine, down which a rapid little stream plashed dreamily on the ear. Here was the oracle and cave of Trophonius, a god of the under-world, but yet a mild and friendly one to mortals. He was a god of soothsaying and revelation, to whom those descended who desired counsel and information concerning hidden things.

We need scarcely inform the reader that Phylarchus was totally ignorant of the character of the oracle. At Delphi it was the pythoness, who was inspired by the god, and who communicated to the inquirer all that had been revealed to her during her divine ecstasy. At Lebadea, however, the inquirer was obliged to go himself into the cave of Trophonius, to descend to the dread mysteries of the lower world, and to subject himself to the ecstatic condition.

On arriving at Lebadea, the two travellers put up their horses at a house of public entertainment, and Herodotus stayed there whilst Phylarchus proceeded to make inquiries. An hour passed away before the worthy Captain returned; and then he came in with such a disturbed and half-frightened air, that Herodotus at once asked him what was the matter.

"Matter, indeed!" he replied. "Why I am foundered, driven upon a sand-bank, and shall not get off for a month, to say nothing of being shaken to pieces."

"I cannot possibly understand your metaphors," said Herodotus.

"Why, the fact is," answered the Captain, "that I must spend three days in the temple preparing myself, and then I must go at night into the cave and receive the oracle in person."

"Is your mission important?"

"Yes, of the utmost importance."

"Are you afraid of divine things?"

"No, I hope not," replied Phylarchus. "I have always tried to do my duty to man, and to honour the gods, and I cannot think that I have ever offended them: indeed, they have carried me in safety through many a tempest, and many a peril both by sea and land."

"Then, in that case," said Herodotus, "taking it for granted that you wish to be informed concerning something of moment, and that you have nothing to fear from the divine Trophonius, who by all account has ever been kind and good to mortals, my advice is, that you should commence the preparatory ceremonies this very night, and I will stay here until the whole are over."

"But, since you have accompanied me, why not consult the oracle yourself?" asked Phylarchus.

"Because," said Herodotus, "I do not desire to pry uselessly into the future, and at present I have no matter of sufficient importance to warrant my entering the sacred cave."

The Captain was still very much perturbed in his mind; not however so much on account of the delay he was incurring, as on account of the ceremonies connected with the consultation of the oracle. But he was a brave man, and one who never liked to shrink from what he had once undertaken. He therefore returned at once to the priest of Trophonius, and prepared for the initiation into the solemn mysteries.

Every person who desired to consult the oracle was obliged, first of all, to spend several days in purification and sacrifice, in order to prepare for his midnight visit to the mysterious cave. In the case of Phylarchus, it was considered that three days of preparation would be sufficient; and accordingly, when, by the direction of the priests of Trophonius, he had purchased the necessary victims for the various sacrifices, he prepared to undergo the preliminary ordeal. For these three entire days, whilst Herodotus was visiting the sanctuaries of Lebadea, examining the various statues and other offerings, and listening to the stories of the temple guides, — the anxious Captain was passing the solitary hours in a separate chamber, sacred to the good Spirit and the Goddess of Fortune. During this period he was endeavouring to lead a sober and pure life, free from every earthly passion and desire. Warm baths were denied him; but as he seldom indulged in that luxury, so he did not on the present occasion feel the deprivation. Every day, however, he was required to bathe in the small stream Hercyna, which we have already described. Of animal food he had abundance, for he ate of the victims which he sacrificed to Trophonius and his sons, to Apollo, Cronos, Zeus, Hera, and Demeter; and at every sacrifice a soothsayer was present, who, for rather a considerable fee, announced to him, from the entrails of the victims, that Trophonius was disposed to receive him very graciously. Indeed the Captain would have been utterly bewildered and disconsolate, and before the first day would have given up the consultation altogether, had it not been for the importance of the question, and the great expenses which he had already incurred. On the second and third day, however, and when the sacrifices were over, the soothsayer, by his invitation, stopped to supper, and one or two of the priests dropped in; so that the

evenings were spent in pleasant but appropriate conversation upon gods and heroes.

At last the night arrived when Phylarchus was to descend into the cave. A ram was sacrificed to ascertain if the hero would admit him, and the blood was allowed to flow into a pit whilst Phylarchus called upon Agamedes, the brother of Trophonius. If the entrails of this ram had proved unpropitious, the Captain would have incurred all his expenses for nothing; for though all the previous victims had proved favourable, yet, according to the temple law, they would avail nothing unless the ram was of good omen. The soothsayer declared that all was propitious, and the votary began to prepare for his solemn introduction to the sacred oracle.

The ceremonies of the three preliminary days had exercised but little effect upon the mind and spirits of Phylarchus: when, however, the ram had been sacrificed and the critical hour had arrived for his admission into the presence of divine beings, he became exceedingly excited, and went through the concluding ceremonies like a man in a dream. He was conducted to the river Hercyna by two boys, who bathed him once more in the mysterious waters, and anointed him with holy oil. Priests in their white robes then led him to the two sources of the stream—the Fountain of Lethe and the Fountain of Mnemosyne—to drink a draught of the mystic waters of each. From the Fountain of Lethe he drank the Draught of Oblivion, in order to forget every thing which had previously occupied his mind; from the Fountain of Mnemosyne he drank the Draught of Memory, in order to remember all the visions which were to appear to him in the cave. Bewildered and terrified, he was then solemnly introduced to the ancient statue of the god, kept invisible to all mortals excepting those who thus piously consulted the oracle; and here he was directed to worship the mysterious representation, and pray fervently, whilst

the priests around him chanted an imploring hymn of invocation to the divine hero. At length midnight approached. Linen garments were girdled round his body, and the temple sandals were placed upon his feet. Leaving the sanctuary, he was led through the sacred grove towards the oracle itself, which lay farther up that dark eminence. Nothing was to be heard but the measured footsteps of the priests, and nothing was to be seen but the flickering light of their torches falling upon the gloomy foliage. At last the mystic procession reached the circular chapel of white marble, and silently entered the sacred walls. Phylarchus was now terrified beyond expression, but dared not return, as he had been previously assured that, if he hung back after once commencing the pious enterprise, he would arouse the anger of the gods against him for ever. A steep, dark, and stairless chasm was before him. A light, narrow ladder was brought for him to descend it. Honey-cakes were placed in his hands to enable him to appease the terrible serpents which abode in the shades below. Tremblingly and fearfully he began to descend; but scarcely were his knees inside the opening, when the rest of his body was sucked down as by an irresistible current into a whirling eddy. He was now in the mysterious cave. The terrors of the lower world began. Vast serpents, evil spirits, and awful spectres seemed to yawn upon him from all sides. Rôarings, bellowings, yells, and wild outcries burst upon his ears. He lost all sense of his mission: his heart utterly failed within him. The perspiration fell from his brow in the agony of that fearful hour, and the strong man fell he knew not where, trembling and speechless with divine horror.

How long he thus lay he knew not. Suddenly he found his body impelled towards the chasm, and he was drawn up, head downwards, from that terrible cave. The priests anxiously received him in their arms; but he was fainting and horror-stricken. He was placed in the chair of

Mnemosyne, and asked a thousand questions as to what he had seen and heard; but he was bereft of his senses, and his only reply was an unconnected mutter. Thence he was carried back to his solitary chamber, in the sanctuary of the good Spirit and Goddess of Fortune; and there he lay until returning daylight gradually restored him to consciousness and life.

The freshness and sunshine of a summer's morning soon exercised their joyous influence upon the mind and spirits of the over-excited devotee. The priests assured him that the ordeal was now over, and that he had gone through it piously, fervently, and in perfect accordance with the will of Trophonius. Thus encouraged, he soon found himself sufficiently recovered to write his vision, as far as he could remember it, upon a little tablet, which was then dedicated in the temple. He still, however, fancied himself to be living in dream-land; and being anxious to see Herodotus again, he performed the thanksgiving sacrifice and paid the remaining fees as soon as possible, and returned to the inn, bearing with him an interpretation by the priests of the oracle which had been delivered to him.

Herodotus was to some extent informed respecting the ordeal which Phylarchus had gone through, and therefore deferred talking with him upon the subject until the following morning, when they should be riding back to Delphi. He considered that a cheerful meal, a pleasant cup of wine, and a sound night's rest were necessary to allay the perturbation of the worthy Captain, and would not in the least interfere with the good effect which all such solemn mysteries were supposed to produce ever afterwards upon the humble and faithful worshipper. He himself had found at Lebadea but few objects of real interest, and was therefore not at all sorry that the mission of Phylarchus was concluded, and that they were about to return to the ship and continue their voyage.

The return ride from Lebadea to Delphi requires no farther notice. Phylarchus informed Herodotus of all that had taken place; and notwithstanding the expenses he had incurred and the horrors he had undergone, seemed to have been strangely attracted by the mysteries connected with oracles; for the priest who had delivered to him the interpretation of the oracle of Trophonius had advised him to consult likewise the oracle of Delphi. This circumstance he had mentioned to Herodotus during the previous evening, and had declared that he could not go through with it, but he now seemed inclined to alter his mind; and Herodotus, afraid to counsel him upon so important a subject, left him to follow his own judgment. On entering the town they found the streets crowded with strangers; and on reaching their inn, it was with the utmost difficulty they could obtain accommodation. The morrow was the great day for consulting the oracle; and an immense number of private persons and ambassadors from different states had arrived for the purpose of applying for counsel to silver-bowed Apollo. Phylarchus could not resist the opportunity and temptation. The next morning he went with Herodotus to the great temple; and having bathed with the other worshippers in the purifying fount of Castalia, he patiently awaited his turn for consulting the immortal and far-seeing deity.

The oracle of Delphi, where bright Apollo made known to man the inscrutable will of all-powerful Zeus, was the most celebrated and perhaps the most pure of all the oracles in Hellas. The divine agency by which this wondrous mediation was supposed to be effected lay in a chasm or opening in the earth, and is said to have existed from the earliest ages; but the Delphians, being ignorant of this circumstance, had in ancient times exhibited no religious reverence for so sacred a spot. At length it was noticed, that whenever a goat or sheep approached the opening and looked down the chasm, it began to leap and

dance in a most wonderful manner, and make a most unusual noise. A curious shepherd determined to investigate the mystery, and looked down the same chasm, and immediately he himself leaped and danced with the same enthusiasm, and was moreover inspired with the spirit of prophecy. The news rapidly spread abroad among the people. Immense crowds thronged to the spot, and all who looked down the chasm were filled with the same spirit of divination. It was soon decided that the place was the residence of an oracle; and it quickly became a custom for all who desired to know future events, to approach the chasm and prophesy to each other. Frequently, however, it happened, that those who went to be inspired were filled with such enthusiasm that they would leap into the opening and be seen no more. In order, therefore, to avoid all such danger for the future, the inhabitants determined upon consecrating one woman as prophetess, who alone should deliver the answers; and they devised the tall three-legged tripod, upon which she could sit and be inspired without doing herself any mischief. The well from whence the intoxicating smoke arose was called Cassotis; and over it was built the adytum of the large stone temple, which was subsequently erected upon the spot. This temple was burnt down in B. C. 548, but rebuilt with still greater splendour; the expenses being defrayed by a grand national subscription, to which it is remarkable that Amasis, the reigning king of Egypt, sent a most liberal contribution.

Such is a brief history of the temple of Delphi. In ancient times the prophetess, or pythoness, was a young virgin; but subsequently she was an old woman in a maiden's dress. She was taken from some Delphian family; and having once undertaken the sacred office, could never marry or leave the service of the god. At first there was only one prophetess; but in the time of Herodotus, when Hellas was in her most flourishing state, there were

always two, who took their seats on the tripod alternately. A third was also kept in readiness, in case any accident happened to either of the two others; for sometimes the effect of the intoxicating vapour was tremendous, and a pythoness would leap from the tripod in her delirium, and be thrown into convulsions, which in a few days would terminate in her death. Besides the prophetesses, there were five priests, who were chosen from the five principal families of Delphi, and who, together with the high priest, held their offices for life, and controlled all the affairs of the sanctuary and sacrifices.

The words uttered by the pythoness during her delirious intoxication were written down by the high priest, and delivered to the consulter in the form of hexameter verses. In ancient times, and even in the days of Herodotus, the oracle gave its answers and advice to every one who came with a pure heart, and without evil design. He who had committed a crime received no answer until he had atoned for his guilt; and he who consulted the god for a bad purpose was sure to accelerate his own ruin. The oracle may indeed be regarded as the great preserver and promoter of a reverential worship of the gods throughout the ancient world. At all times, however, it appeared to have a leaning towards the Greeks of the Dorian race; and when the dreadful Peloponnesian war broke out — that sad struggle between Athens and Sparta for the supremacy of Hellas—its partiality for Sparta became so manifest that the Athenian party began to lose all reverence for it. Henceforth its sphere gradually became so narrowed that it ceased to command the veneration which it had previously received. The mighty oracle, which for centuries had exercised a paramount and highly beneficial influence over all Greece, and also throughout the whole heathen world, gradually declined in wisdom and pre-knowledge. At last the believing heathen thought that the god had withdrawn from the

sacred spot; and the freethinking philosopher regarded the oracle itself as a mere skilful contrivance of priestcraft, which had for ever lost its powers.

The modern traveller in vain seeks upon the consecrated site for a clue to the mysterious inspiration.

> "The oracles are dumb,
> No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the arched roof, with words deceiving;
> Apollo from his shrine
> Can no more divine,
> With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
> No nightly trance or breathed spell
> Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."*

Jugglery and priestcraft may have had full play in the cave of Trophonius, but not so in ancient Delphi. A wise and inscrutable agency was at work there which man has never yet fathomed. The early Christian ascribed it to Satan; the modern critic talks of the influence of a secret hierarchical senate formed of the aristocracy of Delphi. The former opinion is confuted by the moral excellence of many of the responses. If the latter opinion be correct, then the Delphian senate was the wisest that ever lived. That the pythoness might be sometimes corrupted is not only possible but certain; but such corruption could not have been continuous, nor have brought forth such pious responses. Neither theologian nor philosopher have yet accounted satisfactorily for the oracle at Delphi.†

* Milton's Hymn to the Nativity.

† It is far more difficult to discover what agencies were at work in the temple and oracle at Delphi, than the general reader would suppose, Bishop Sherlock is confident of the Satanic character of the oracle. Dr. Middleton maintains that all oracles were mere impostures, wholly invented and sustained by human craft, without any supernatural aid or interposition whatever. That supernatural influences, such as witchcraft and demonism, were continually at work in the earliest ages of the world, is proved by the testimony of Holy Writ. How far they were confined to the Hebrew people it is not for us to say. The origin of heathenism will be glanced at in a future chapter.

But to return to our story. The heights of Parnassus were bathed in the light of awakening day. The stars fled from the heavenly brightness of the radiant Sun-god into the holy night. The sacred enclosure was thronged with anxious worshippers. The questions were given in, the lots were cast for the order of consulting, and the victims were sacrificed. The myrtle was burned on the altar, and its fragrance rose to the temple cornice. The turn for Phylarchus came, and the golden fee was paid. The high-priest led the pythoness into the inner sanctuary, and throned her on the lofty tripod. Then the oracle threw the sacred maid into an ecstatic trance, and filled her soul with mysterious revelations. The chanted response rang through the building, and these were the words of the far-seeing Apollo —

> "Pure is thy heart, O man, but weak thy mind:
> Back to thy ship, and hasten to thy port;
> Revere the gods, and take thy share of ill."

Several hours passed away when Herodotus and Phylarchus, having left Delphi at noon, approached the harbour at Cirrha, where the ship lay at anchor. Scarcely a word had been exchanged during the whole journey. Herodotus was wondering what could be the question which had induced Phylarchus to consult the oracles of Trophonius and Delphi. The captain himself was lost in deep meditation, and was doubtless employing all his faculties in endeavouring to find out the meaning of the metrical counsel which he had just received. The first line seemed to intimate that he was a fool; that was by no means satisfactory. The command enunciated in the second line he was in the very act of obeying. The third line was clear enough, but perfectly unnecessary. Of course it was right to revere the gods, and as to his share of ill, he must take it whether he would or not. At last he determined to open his whole heart to Herodotus, and consult him upon the entire matter.

"I am afraid," said the perplexed seaman, "that I never shall be able to consult an oracle to advantage. The answer I received in the cave of Trophonius is as misty as a fog at sea; and as to the interpretation which the priests gave me, I will defy any man to understand it. The answer I got this morning at Delphi is too plain; there must be some hidden meaning in it that I cannot make out. I wish you would give me your candid opinion of the question and the two responses."

"But first of all," said Herodotus, "I must hear the question."

"Oh," replied Phylarchus, with some hesitation, "the fact is that I—I thought of getting married and settled."

"I understand," said our young traveller, smiling; "but have you fixed upon the lady?"

"Yes; she is the daughter of an old comrade of mine, who lives in the Piræus, where we are now going."

"Then you prudently wished to consult the oracles before the marriage was fairly celebrated?"

"No! I only wished to know if my wife and I should be happy together; for I went to Athens and got married before I left Corinth."

"I see it all now. You married first and consulted the oracles afterwards."

A conscious pang of intelligence shot through the mind of Phylarchus. He cursed himself for a fool, whilst Herodotus was doing his best to keep down his own satisfaction at having got the better of his father's confidant; and in this happy mood the two friends reached the shore and put off to the ship.

CHAP. XVI.

HISTORY OF ATHENS, ANTE B. C. 594.

ATTICA AND ATHENS. — GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY AND COUNTRY. — ANCIENT AND MODERN APPEARANCE OF THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS. — HISTORY OF ATHENS IN THE TIME OF MOSES, JOSHUA, AND THE JUDGES. — ANCIENT KINGS. — CONDITION OF ATTICA PRIOR TO THE TIME OF SOLON, ANTE B. C. 600. — POLITICAL CONSTITUTION. — OLIGARCHY OF THE NOBLES OR EUPATRIDS. — SEVERE LEGISLATION OF DRACO, B. C. 624. — UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT OF CYLON TO SEIZE THE SUPREME POWER. — SACRILEGE OF THE ALCMÆONIDS. — TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF THE ALCMÆONIDS. — PESTILENCE AND RELIGIOUS DESPONDENCY. — EXPIATORY RITES OF EPIMENIDES THE CRETAN PROPHET. — POLITICAL AND SOCIAL DISCOVERIES. — ATTICA ON THE EVE OF A GENERAL INSURRECTION OF THE POOR AGAINST THE RICH. — SOLON INVITED TO MEDIATE, B. C. 594.

WHILST Herodotus is slowly making his way from Cirrha to the Corinthian port of Lechæum, thence across the isthmus to Cenchrea, and finally from Cenchrea to the Piræus, we invite our readers to accompany us upon an imaginary voyage to Athens, for the purpose of surveying the ancient city and rambling through the immortal plains of Attica.

We are sitting in the cabin, wearily toiling through a volume of Pausanias. A voice calls us upon deck. We are fast approaching the Piræus. The island of Ægina is already behind us. On our left is the famous isle of Salamis. Yonder on the mainland is Mount Hymettus, and we dream forthwith of bees and honey. Beyond it rises the mighty Pentelicus, the quarry for marble temples, gods, and heroes. At last slowly rises to our view the hill of the Acropolis, with the far-shining pillars of the Parthenon and Propylæa.

We land at Piræus, the seaport of Athens. Pausanias and the luggage are all forgotten in our burning impatience to view the soil erewhile trodden by the immortals. We start at once for Athens. We drive past the relics of the long walls, over the Cephissus, and through the groups of olive trees which still cover its banks. The Acropolis is five or six miles from the Piræus, and the journey occupies us nearly an hour. At last we approach the city. Yonder is the ancient temple of Theseus, with its golden-brown pillars and walls glittering in the sun. We drive through the principal street, the street of Hermes, and away go half our illusions. But still we hear the sounds of that language which we have known only from Homer and Thucydides; and Athens seems to rise once more before us, until we might almost fancy we saw Socrates approaching us, crowned with fresh wreaths, to invite us to a Platonic banquet.

It is sunrise, and we leave the city and return to the Piræus. The hill of Munychia is the highest point in the Piræus, and 300 feet above the sea. We climb the hill and view the prospect. Beneath us is the deep blue sunlit sea, the isles of Ægina and Salamis, and the far-off rocks and bays of the Peloponnesian shore. Turning towards the land, we see the Attic plain lying before us in a splendour and beauty which we can never hope to describe. Before, however, we suffer our eye to rest upon the several objects in that magnificent landscape, we must endeavour to get a more geographical notion of the country at large.

Attica is a triangular peninsula, projecting in a southerly direction from Northern Greece into the Ægean. Two of its sides are washed by the sea, whilst the third is united to the land. Each of these sides, though very irregular, may be reckoned at being about fifty miles in length. The apex is formed by Cape Sunium. The base is indicated by the following mountains. The chain which,

under the name of Pindus, descends from the Balkan range into Greece, forms a knot at the huge mass of Cithæron; and from Cithæron two branches run off in opposite directions, and mark out the northern frontier of Attica. Other chains descend from this mountain-wall into the interior of the Attic peninsula, and cut it up into plains and districts. Thus in ancient times all the inhabitants of Attica were divided into the three great parties of Lowlanders, Highlanders, and Sea-coast people. The Lowlanders occupied the western region, including Athens and Eleusis. The Highlanders occupied the eastern region, including the plain of Marathon. The Sea-coast people occupied the southern region, about Cape Sunium and the silver mines of Laurium.

It is the Athenian plain upon which we are now gazing. On our right are the harbours of Munychia and Phalerum; on our left is the harbour of Piræus. Before us the wide plain spreads out like a vast amphitheatre. On our right a semicircular wall of mountains begins at the harmonious but boldly sweeping outline of Mount Hymettus, passes onward along the mighty ascent of Pentelius, and bends into the curve formed by the great northern mountain-wall, from whence it returns to our left by the ranges of Ægaleos. Several smaller hills and elevations rise in the southern part of the plain. The most prominent is the tall cone of Lycabettus. This mountain was not included in the ancient walls, but was a striking feature in the environs. South-west of Lycabettus are four other hills of moderate height, all of which formed part of the ancient city and are haunted by magic memories. These are the Acropolis, or ancient citadel of Athens, once covered with temples and statues; the Areopagus, where the criminal court was held; the Pnyx, or place of assembly for the Athenian people; and the Museum, where the poet Musæus was buried. East of the city runs the river Ilissus, in a south-westerly direc-

tion. West of the city runs the river Cephissus, in a southerly direction, its banks covered with olive trees and vineyards. The glorious lines in Milton's "Paradise Regained" rise to our lips. Shall we not repeat them here?

> "Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
> Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil;
> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence, native to famous wits
> Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
> City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
> See there the olive grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
> There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
> To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
> His whispering stream: within the walls then view
> The schools of ancient sages; his who bred
> Great Alexander to subdue the world,
> Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next."

We return to Athens. We have seen the present, but we want to call up the past. Oh that some potent enchanter would stand on yonder Acropolis and roll the world backward for two thousand years! Houses and churches fall to pieces like edifices of cards, and up burst a glorious transformation into the olden time. The mighty rocky platform of the Acropolis radiant with temples and statues; the theatre filled with excited thousands; the judges sitting in solemn trial on the Areopagus; the vast political assemblies of the Athenian people on the spacious area of the Pnyx; the busy Agora and the crowded streets; poets, warriors, philosophers, and statesmen; priests and maidens, sacrifices and marble sanctuaries. But this cannot be. The only enchanter that can assist us is our own feeble fancy; and that was more active in our solitary study far away than here on this immortal soil.

We are standing by the fountain of Callirrhoe, close to

the now dry bed of the river Illissus, south-east of Athens and of the Acropolis. Before us are sixteen mighty columns crowned with Corinthian capitals; all that remains of the gigantic temple of Olympian Zeus. We pass onwards south of the Acropolis towards the Pnyx, at the western extremity of the ancient city. The Acropolis rises a hundred and fifty feet above us. On its slope are the ruins of the seats of the great stone theatre of Dionysus, which would hold 30,000 spectators. We cross the site of the ancient Agora, and at last reach the Pnyx, a semicircular area on a low rocky hill. This area slopes very gently from the chord of the semicircle downwards towards the arc. The chord is formed by a flat wall of rock, and a solid rectangular block, hewn from the same rock, projects from its centre. This block is the Bema from whence the orators of ancient Athens addressed the multitude in the semicircular area before them. The Bema is twenty feet high, and was accessible on each side by a flight of steps which still remain. We too ascend "the Stone." We stand where stood Demosthenes, Pericles, Themistocles, Aristides, and Solon. Are not the Athenian people once again filling that immense area? Can we not imagine ourselves haranguing an audience of the olden time? Spirit of Pericles, inspire us! We exult in the glories and grandeur of Athens. We see black clouds rising from the Peloponnesus.

Descending from the Bema, we go a little farther. Before us is a rocky height where the council of the Areopagus sat as judges in the open air. The scene has changed, but fancy is still as vivid. We are surrounded by a throng of would-be philosophers, some inquiring, some sneering. A new teacher has appeared in the Agora, a setter forth of strange gods, and we are taking him to the Areopagus to hear what he has to say. A short, pale Hebrew, with eyes of fire, addresses us from the slope. He speaks of the altar to an Unknown God; of the God

who giveth life to all men, and who dwelleth not in temples; of a coming judgment, and of the resurrection of the dead. We hear the Babel of spirit voices, and fain would follow up the dream; but the charm is broken, and our senses mournfully return to the world around us.

Before we follow in the ancient footsteps of Herodotus, we will endeavour to recall the history of Athens. In the days of Moses, Joshua, and the Judges, the territory of Attica was governed by a line of kings, of whom the most celebrated were Cecrops, Erectheus, Theseus, and Codrus. The city of Athens was originally confined to the Acropolis, but afterwards extended over the adjacent hills; just as the city of Jerusalem was originally confined to Mount Zion, but afterwards extended over Moriah and Millo. About the same time that the Hebrews were demanding a king from the prophet Samuel, the Athenian monarchy was abolished, and the supreme power was vested in an archon. First of all, there was a line of hereditary archons; then it was decreed that the archonship should be held for ten years only; last of all, the archonship was declared to be a yearly office, and its duties were distributed amongst nine archons instead of one. We know scarcely anything of this period until Solon was made an archon in B. C. 594, just about the time that the kingdom of Judah was carried away into Babylonian captivity.

The condition of Attica prior to the time of Solon, that is, previous to the commencement of the sixth century B. C., appears to have been somewhat as follows: The people believed themselves to be Pelasgian aborigines, and they said that king Cecrops was the first who introduced the arts of civilisation, built the city of Athens on the Acropolis, and divided all Attica into twelve separate and self-governing communities; and they affirmed that king Theseus afterwards consolidated these communities into a single state and made Athens the capital. Whether they

were Pelasgians or not is uncertain; but we know that they were considered to be Ionians, and that Athens was regarded as a sort of mother or head of the Ionian race. The ancient migration from Athens to Asia Minor was called the Ionian Migration; and the inhabitants of Attica were divided into four tribes, which were said to be called after the names of the four sons of Ion, who was reported to have reigned at Athens in mythical times. Of course the idea that the four tribes were named after the four sons of Ion is only an instance of the fondness of the Greeks for tracing every institution back to some god or hero. The names themselves may possibly have referred to the occupations of the people, who thus may have been divided into warriors, goatherds, artisans, and cultivators, corresponding perhaps to the castes of Egypt and India. At any rate, in the time of Solon, the people were divided into four tribes, which had existed from time immemorial, though the tribes had lost all distinctive peculiarities arising from a difference of professions; and they considered themselves to be divided and named after the four sons of Ion, but linked together in the worship of his father, bright Apollo.

Each of these four Attic tribes was separated into two different kinds of subdivisions. The first was a sort of patriarchal subdivision into families; and as every family conceived itself to be descended from a particular hero, so its members were not only bound together by the ties of blood, but also by its own sacred rites and funeral commemoration of its especial ancestor. The other was a mere political subdivision of all the householders throughout Attica, for the purpose of collecting money and troops for the use of the state. It will thus be seen that the members of a family, or gens, may have been scattered about Attica, but were bound together by the common worship of a common ancestor; whilst the inhabitants of a district, or naucrary, may have been members of different

family associations, but still bound together as belonging to the same district.

Beside, however, these distinctions of tribe, race, and district, there was another and still more important division of the people, based upon the gradations of rank. When king Theseus formed the twelve districts of Attica into one state, he is said to have likewise separated the people into three classes—namely, 1. nobles, 2. farmers, and 3. mechanics and field labourers. After the abolition of the monarchy, the whole power of the state fell into the hands of the nobles, or eupatrids; and the archons and Council of the Areopagus were exclusively taken from their number.

It may readily be supposed that this eupatrid oligarchy, or government of the nobles, would soon become most oppressive. The archons shared amongst themselves the kingly power and privileges, and were only accountable at the end of their year of office to the Council of the Areopagus; and if they duly passed this test, they were at once admitted into that council, and remained members for life. There was thus ample room for connivance on every side, and the public discontent became serious. At length, in B.C. 624, thirty years before the archonship of Solon, one of the sitting archons, named Draco, was required to put the existing laws into writing, so that they might be seen by all men; and from the few fragments of the Draconian Tables which have reached us, we can see that the established ordinances were intolerably severe, the penalty of death being affixed to almost every crime. It is clear that this state of things could not last. The age of democracy, however, had not yet begun; and the oligarchy received its first shock from the hands of an ambitious noble, who aspired to the supreme power.

Cylon was a eupatrid of great family influence and personal renown. He had obtained an Olympic victory as runner in the double stadium, and had married the

daughter of Theagenes of Megara, who had himself overthrown the Megarian oligarchy, and become the despotic head of the state. Cylon formed the design of seizing the Athenian Acropolis, and becoming tyrant of Athens. His friends were numerous, and he received both aid and encouragement from his father-in-law Theagenes. The oracle of Delphi was consulted, and he was told in reply to commence proceedings on the day of the greatest festival of Zeus. Now, the greatest festival of Zeus in Attica was the Diasia, but the greatest in Hellas was the Olympic games. The Diasia was celebrated by the Athenian people without the walls of their city, and it was to this festival that the oracle alluded; but Cylon, having been an Olympic victor, presumed that the oracle alluded to the Olympic games. Indeed Cylon had consulted the oracle for an evil purpose, and the reply accelerated his ruin. At the next Olympic festival, he marched at the head of his friends, and of those forces which he had received from Theagenes, and suddenly seized the Acropolis. But the indignation of the whole Athenian people was aroused. The rural population of Attica crowded to Athens to assist the archons in putting down the attempted revolution. Cylon and his party were blockaded in the Acropolis, where they were soon reduced to extremity by the want of water and provisions. Cylon escaped by stealth. Many of his party died of hunger; and the remainder at last gave up all hope of defending themselves, and sat down as suppliants on the great altar of the citadel. Megacles, an archon and member of the family of the Alcmæonids, then ascended the Acropolis, and found the suppliants on the point of expiring from starvation on the sacred ground. He was afraid that the revolutionists would perish on the altar, and pollute the consecrated spot. To prevent such a catastrophe, he induced them to leave the place by solemnly promising to spare their lives. This engagement

was speedily violated. No sooner had the suppliants been removed to profane soil than Megacles put them to death; and some even, who contrived to throw themselves upon the altar of the venerable Eumenides, near the Areopagus, were slain in spite of that divine protection.

This sacrilegious act filled the public mind with religious horror. A general reaction arose, not so much in favour of Cylon and his party, as against Megacles, the archon, and the great family of the Alcmæonids, to which he belonged. The Alcmæonids and their partisans were sufficiently powerful to resist any attempts to bring them to public trial. The dissensions, however, continued without hope of termination. The exasperation of the remnant of the old Cylonian party, and the hatred and jealousy of the political opponents of the Alcmæonids, were kept in a continual flame by the superstitious remorse of the great body of the people. At last Solon, who was rapidly rising in the public estimation, persuaded the obnoxious Alcmæonids to give themselves up to trial, and they were accordingly brought before a special judicature of three hundred eupatrids. An accuser now charged them with having sinned against the protecting power of the gods, and violated the consecrated rights of asylum. The Alcmæonids defended themselves by declaring that the Cylonian suppliants, on leaving the holy ground on the Acropolis, had tied a cord round the statue of the goddess Athena, and clung to it for protection in their march; but that, on approaching the altar of the Eumenides, the cord had accidentally broken, and thus proved that Athena had withdrawn her protecting hand. This defence would probably have been accepted in an ordinary case of sacrilege, but was insufficient on the present occasion. The Alcmæonids were found guilty. Those who were still alive retired for a while into exile; those who had died since the sacrilege had been committed, were disinterred and cast beyond the borders of Attica.

For many subsequent generations the Alcmæonid family were regarded as a tainted race, whilst even their present banishment did not restore the public tranquillity. Pestilential disorders prevailed, and the religious fears and susceptibilities of the Athenian people were still deplorably excited. Sorrow and despondency oppressed their minds; phantoms and supernatural menaces filled their imaginations. They felt that the curse of the gods was still hanging over them without abatement. No sacrifices would dissipate the epidemic. No prophets in Athens could point out what special purifications were required, or what new ceremonies would appease the divine wrath. The oracle at Delphi was at last consulted, and directed them to invite a higher spiritual influence from abroad.

That particular age was remarkable for the first rise of distinct religious brotherhoods, employing special mystic rites and expiatory ceremonies, which seem to have been totally unknown in the Homeric times. These brotherhoods appear to have been founded by prophets or teachers, like Pythagoras and Onomacritus: but perhaps the most celebrated man belonging to this class was Epimenides, a native of Crete. Epimenides was connected with the worship of the Cretan Zeus, and was supposed to stand extremely high in the favour of that deity. He was never seen to eat, and was said to be fed by the nymphs, and to have once slept in a cave without waking through the long period of fifty-seven years. He may also have come before his countrymen as a preacher, for his powerful denunciation of the Cretans as "being always liars, evil beasts, and slow bellies," was aptly quoted, six centuries afterwards, by the Apostle Paul, in his practical epistle to Titus. Such was apparently the character of Epimenides the Purifier, who was now called in to heal the physical pestilence and the moral disease which were afflicting the Athenian people.

We know scarcely anything of the proceedings of Epi-

menides at Athens, beyond the general fact of his visit and its salutary results. He is said to have turned out black and white sheep on the Areopagus, and directed persons to follow and watch them, and to erect altars to the appropriate local deities on the spots where the animals lay down. He founded new chapels and instituted various purifying ceremonies. Above all, however, he regulated the worship paid by the Athenian females, who previously had frequently given way to frantic impulses and violent fanaticism. The consoling assurances and purifying rites of this Cretan prophet were thus sufficient to restore a more comfortable tone of religious feeling; and he left Athens, carrying with him universal gratitude and admiration, but refusing to receive any reward excepting a branch from the sacred olive tree in the Acropolis.

But though a missionary from Crete had thus been able to heal the religious, or, perhaps, as we should call them, the superstitious disorders of the people, yet the political and social condition of Attica and its inhabitants required the intervention of a still more powerful hand. The whole of Attica was separated, as we have seen, into three great factions — the lowlanders, the highlanders, and the sea-coast people. The lowlanders comprised the rich families of the Athenian plain. The highlanders comprised the poorest class of all, and inhabited the mountains north and east of Athens. The sea-coast people, who occupied the southern portion of the Attic triangle, seemed to have held, as far as means and social position were concerned, an intermediate position between the two. The exact points in dispute are unknown; but it is certain that in the beginning of the sixth century, B.C., the intestine quarrels were aggravated by something more than the mere ambitious designs of aspiring nobles like Cylon. The poorer population, groaning under a terrible weight of misery and oppression, were ripe for a revolution which could only end in general anarchy, or in the despotic

tyranny of a dictator. They were weighed down by debts and dependence. They had either borrowed money on the security of their lands or bodies, or, as tenant farmers, they had been unable to pay the stipulated rents to their wealthy landlords. According to the existing law, every debtor who could not fulfil his contract was adjudged to be the slave of his creditor, together with his sons under age, and his unmarried sisters and daughters. So severely had these contracts been enforced by the wealthy and governing eupatrids that many Attic freemen had been reduced to slavery, and some had even been sold for exportation; whilst a number of the smaller farms were under mortgage, having the usual mortgage pillar erected on the land, inscribed with the name of the lender and the amount of the loan. The mass of sufferers were now determined to seek relief at all hazards. A general insurrection was expected, and the government dared not enforce the existing laws. In the other Greek oligarchies, when the government had lost its authority, some ambitious individual had generally anticipated the crisis, by taking advantage of the popular discontent to overthrow the oligarchy and seize the supreme power. The recent failure of Cylon, however, probably deterred any other adventurer from making the attempt at Athens. Such was the disorganised state of society when the name of Solon was everywhere invoked. But we must commence another chapter before we attempt to sketch his life and labours.

CHAP. XVII.

HISTORY OF ATHENS (CONTINUED), B. C. 594—510.

SOLON THE LEGISLATOR. — SWEEPING CHARACTER OF HIS MEASURES. — THE SEISACHTHEA, OR SHAKING OFF OF BURDENS. — DEBASEMENT OF THE MONEY STANDARD. — RE-CLASSIFICATION OF THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE. — POLITICAL PRIVILEGES OF EACH CITIZEN DEPENDANT ON THE AMOUNT OF HIS INCOME TAX. — POWERS OF THE POPULAR ASSEMBLY. — MISCELLANEOUS LAWS OF SOLON. — HE LEAVES ATHENS. — PISISTRATUS, THE TYRANT, B. C. 560–527. — SINGULAR PORTENT PRIOR TO HIS BIRTH. — OBTAINS A BODY-GUARD. — SEIZES THE ACROPOLIS, AND BECOMES TYRANT OF ATHENS, B. C. 560. — OPPOSITION OF SOLON. — FIRST EXILE OF PISISTRATUS. — RESTORED BY THE INTERPOSITION OF THE GODDESS ATHENA. — SECOND EXILE. — SEIZES THE TYRANNY A THIRD TIME. — DIES, B. C. 527. — ACCESSION OF HIS SON HIPPIAS, B. C. 527–510. — ASSASSINATION OF HIPPARCHUS, B. C. 514. — TERRORISM ESTABLISHED BY HIPPIAS. — REVOLUTION ATTEMPTED BY THE ALCMÆONIDS. — CORRUPTION OF THE ORACLE AT DELPHI. — INTERVENTION OF SPARTA. — DOWNFALL OF THE PISISTRATIDS, B. C. 510.

SOLON was a eupatrid of moderate fortune, but of the purest heroic blood. The prodigality of his father had compelled him to devote his earlier years to the pursuit of commerce, and he was thus led to engage in extensive travels. At a very early age he began to exhibit poetical talents of a high order. At that time there was no such thing as prose writing. The ideas of the intellectual man were not adjusted to the limitations of the period and semicolon, but to those of the hexameter and pentameter; and it was doubtless far more easy to arrange the thoughts in easy metre than in an elaborate prose like that of Thucydides or Demosthenes. The poetry and reputation of Solon soon spread throughout Hellas, and he was classed with the seven wise men. We pass over his political career until the year B. C. 594, when he was elected,

at the age of 44, to an archonship at Athens. He had already, by his metrical but vigorous protests against the iniquities of the existing system, rendered himself very acceptable to the great mass of the people, whilst his well-known wisdom and integrity had obtained for him the respect of the governing oligarchy. Thus it was that he was elected to an archonship, but invested for the occasion with the powers of a dictator.

The friends and supporters of Solon now urged him to multiply partisans for himself and seize the supreme power. The masses would doubtless have seconded him in the attempt; whilst the eupatrids might have acquiesced from the mere dread of something worse. But the lofty character of Solon would not permit him to betray his trust. He nobly rejected the allurements of vulgar ambition, and simply came forward in the character of a legislator and a judge, to arbitrate upon the great social and political questions which agitated the Athenian commonwealth in that alarming crisis.

His first measure was one of those violent remedies which ought only to be employed in cases of extreme urgency. It was called the seisachthea, or "shaking off of burdens." It cancelled all existing contracts in which the debtor had borrowed on the security of his person or of his land; it forbad all future contracts in which the person of a debtor was pledged as security; it deprived the creditor in future of all power to imprison, enslave, or extort work from his debtor, and confined him to an effective judgment at law, authorising the seizure of the property of the latter. It swept off all the numerous mortgage pillars from the landed properties in Attica, leaving the land free from all past claims. It forbad every Athenian to pledge or sell his own person into slavery, or to pledge or sell his son, daughter, or unmarried sister under his guardianship. It liberated and restored to their full rights all debtors actually in slavery under previous

legal adjudication; and it even provided the means of repurchasing in foreign lands many Athenian insolvents who had been sold for exportation.*

The second measure was to assist the richer or middling class, who had lent money to the poorer population upon personal security, and who had consequently lost it by the seisachthea. Many of these creditors had of course, in their turn, borrowed money of others, though not on the security of their lands or persons; and therefore those debts were still uncancelled in the eye of the law, and could be recovered by an execution on their property. To relieve this middling class, without exonerating them entirely, Solon had recourse to debasing the money standard. He lowered the standard of the drachma more than twenty-five per cent., so that 100 drachmas of the new standard contained no more silver than 73 of the old, and 100 of the old drachmas were equivalent to 138 of the new. The creditors of these more substantial debtors thus submitted to a loss, whilst the debtors themselves obtained a corresponding relief to the extent of about twenty-seven per cent.

Thirdly, Solon decreed that all the Athenians who had been condemned to be disfranchised by the archons should be restored to their privileges as citizens; those, however, who had been condemned by the Council of the Areopagus, or by the corresponding Court of the Ephetæ †, on charges of murder or treason, were exceptions to this amnesty.

These three measures were at first received with considerable dissatisfaction, but as they healed the prevailing discontent all real opposition soon passed away; and such was the general confidence which Solon had inspired, that he was soon called upon to draw up a constitution and laws for the better working of the government.

* See Grote's History of Greece, vol. iii. p. 135.

† The Council of the Areopagus and Court of the Ephetæ will be noticed further on.

We have already seen that the population of Attica was divided into four Ionic tribes, which were again subdivided into families and naucraries. A classification had also been introduced by Theseus, in very ancient times, into eupatrids or nobles, farmers, and mechanics and field labourers; and down to the time of Solon the eupatrids were the only class who possessed the slightest share in the government. Thus all political power was in the hands of an oligarchy of eupatrids, whilst, at the same time, many of these eupatrids had been reduced to a state of poverty which rendered them exceedingly susceptible to bribery. Solon now made a new classification, called a Timocracy. He distributed all the citizens of the four Ionic tribes, without any reference to the families, into four classes, according to the amount of their property; he introduced an income tax, graduated according to the property possessed by each citizen; and he then gave to each citizen a measure of political rights and franchises, in accordance with the class to which he belonged. Those whose annual income was not less than 500 medimni of corn* he placed in the first class, and these were alone eligible to the archonship or to military command. Those whose income was between 300 and 500 medimni formed the second class, and were called knights, as possessing enough to enable them to keep a horse and serve in the cavalry. Those whose income was between 200 and 300 medimni formed the third class, and served in the heavy-armed infantry. The fourth class, which was the most numerous of all, comprised those whose incomes were less than 200 medimni. The three first classes alone paid income tax, which was, however, levied not on the income, but on the capital. The capital of a member of the first class was rated at twelve times the value of his income; that of a member of the second class at ten times

* The medimnus was not quite one imperial bushel and a half; thus 500 medimni were about 700 imperial bushels. The medimnus was also considered to be equivalent to one drachma in money.

the value of his income; and that of a member of the third class at five times the value of his income. The fourth class paid no income tax, and only served in the army as light-armed infantry; and its members were also disqualified from holding any individual office of dignity. But the members of the fourth class, in their collective capacity as a Popular Assembly, exercised great and important powers. They were invested with the right of choosing the annual archons out of the first class; and the archons and magistrates were no longer accountable to the Council of the Areopagus, but to this Popular Assembly, which, at the close of every official year, sat in judgment upon their past conduct. In order, moreover, to assist this Popular Assembly in the exercise of its important functions, a preconsidering Senate of Four Hundred was established to prepare matters for its discussion, to convoke and superintend its meetings, and to ensure the execution of its decrees. These 400 members were taken in equal proportions from the four Ionic tribes, but only from the three first property classes; and, like the archons, they were elected to their office by the great body of the people.

Last of all, we come to the laws of Solon: but these are more curious than important. In order to encourage Attic manufactures, he prohibited the export of all landed produce excepting olive oil. He gave to every man who had no family the power of willing his property to whom he pleased; for in such cases the property had previously gone to that gens, or family, in the tribe to which the deceased had belonged. He likewise prohibited expensive funerals. He forbad all evil speaking, especially in respect to the dead. He instituted splendid rewards for those Athenians who gained Olympic victories. He ordered twofold compensation in cases of theft. The most remarkable law of all, however, was that in which he pronounced that man to be dishonoured and disfran-

chised who stood aloof during a sedition, and took part with neither side. This law is at first sight most startling and puzzling to the modern politician; but it was necessary in Athens, where the government was rather in the condition of a contending party than in the possession of supreme power. If a sedition broke out, therefore, it was absolutely indispensable that every citizen should at once declare his adhesion to the existing government or to the revolutionary party. Indifference on the part of the masses would be most injurious to the interests of the state. Seditions would perpetually arise if it was believed that an ambitious malecontent might rely upon the passive submission of the people, if he could only overpower the small body of troops which surrounded the archons, and exhibit himself in the possession of the Acropolis. On the other hand, if the new law was respected, no insurgent leader would attempt a revolution, unless he was fully assured of his own popularity, and of a universal detestation of the existing government.

The laws of Solon were inscribed on wooden rollers and triangular tablets, in the species of writing called Boustrophedon, in which the lines ran from left to right, and then from right to left alternately, like the course of the ploughman. They were preserved first in the Acropolis, but subsequently in the prytaneum, or town-hall. The ecclesiastical laws, or those which referred to sacred rites and sacrifices, were inscribed on the triangular tablets; whilst the civil and criminal laws were inscribed on the pillars or rollers, of which there were at least sixteen.*

But though the great Athenian lawgiver had thus completed his task, he found himself and his code perpetually subjected to criticisms, questions, and complaints. At last, wearied out, he obtained leave of absence from his country, for the purpose of spending ten years in foreign travel; and, accordingly, having bound the Athenian people by solemn oaths to observe his regulations and

* See Grote, vol. iii. p. 179.

ordinances for the same period, he went into voluntary exile, hoping that, before the expiration of the ten years, the city would have been accustomed to his laws, and that all desire for repeal or alteration would have passed away.

The reader must now be carried onward for a period of thirty-four years, which brings us to the year 560 B.C., or exactly one hundred years before Herodotus visited Athens. The thirty-four years are a blank, during which we may presume that the Solonian institutions prevailed without undergoing any important change. The nine archons or chief magistrates of the state were annually elected from the first class by the great body of the Athenian people. The Council of the Areopagus, or supreme judicial court for cases of murder or sacrilege, continued to hold their solemn sittings on the ancient hill; whilst the Ephetæ sat in their four courts for the trial of cases of unintentional or justifiable homicide. The Popular Assembly and preconsidering Senate of Four Hundred were convened upon the necessary occasions, according to the regulations of Solon. The temple services and sacred festivals were celebrated in the appointed seasons according to the usages which had existed from time immemorial. But during the century which followed — that is, between B.C. 560 and 460 — Athens was the theatre of important events, which would alone have immortalised her in the history of the world. These events were the tyranny of the Pisistratids, the democratic revolution of Clisthenes, the Persian war, and the rise of Pericles. The history of this century must be reviewed in greater detail than that of Sparta. The latter is a mere string of biographical anecdotes of warrior kings; but the history of Athens is the history of a richly endowed people, learning the arts of self-government and free inquiry with the rapidity of an infant prodigy, and springing in a little more than a century from the depths of ignorance and political degra-

dation to the loftiest heights of intellectual greatness and constitutional freedom.

During the period immediately preceding the year 560 B. C., the old animosities between the Lowlanders, Highlanders and Sea-coast party, had raged with increased violence. Solon had returned to Athens, after a long absence, in the very height of this sedition. All parties treated him with respect, but turned a deaf ear to his recommendations; whilst his advanced age disqualified him from acting with his former energy and effect. The old man, however, continued to employ his best efforts to settle these internal quarrels; but meantime his keen eye had detected the ambitious projects of Pisistratus. Accordingly, he applied himself with renewed zeal to frustrate the efforts of one whom he foresaw only desired to tyrannise over the constitution of Athens, and be himself the sole administrator of her laws.

Pisistratus, the son of Hippocrates, was a wealthy Athenian of noble birth. His father's family traced their descent to Neleus, the father of Nestor, having sprung from the same ancestors as Codrus and Melanthus, two of the ancient kings of Athens. His mother's name is unknown, but she was cousin german to the mother of Solon. When a young man, Pisistratus had formed a close friendship with Solon, and distinguished himself in a war with Megara. His future greatness is said to have been portended by a prodigy which occurred even before his birth, and which is worth recording, as an illustration of the curious fancies and superstitions of the age. On one occasion his father, Hippocrates, was present as a spectator at the Olympic games, and took a victim to sacrifice to the gods. After the sacred portions had been burnt upon the altar, the remainder was placed in the caldrons of water to be boiled for the evening feast. Before, however, the fire was kindled, the flesh and water in the caldrons bubbled up and boiled over, and the

prodigy was seen by all the bystanders. Chilon, the Lacedæmonian, was accidentally present, the same who ranked as one of the seven sages of Hellas; and he immediately advised Hippocrates not to marry, or if married to put away his wife, or if he had a son to disown him, as he was destined to be the father of a man who would occasion much mischief. Hippocrates, however, did not follow the advice of Chilon, and Pisistratus was born.

It was this Pisistratus who was now earnestly entreated by his old friend, Solon, to restrain his ambition; but all remonstrance was useless. Solon then publicly denounced Pisistratus in verses which he addressed to the people; but the popularity and artfulness of Pisistratus enabled him to overcome all such opposition. The three great parties in Attica were still engaged in active animosity. The Lowlanders were headed by an Athenian named Lycurgus, and the Sea-coast men by Megacles, an Alcmæonid, whilst Pisistratus himself was at the head of the Highlanders. At length, on a day remarkable in Greek tradition, Pisistratus suddenly appeared in his chariot in the agora, with bleeding wounds upon himself and mules. Pretending that he had only just escaped with his life from a sudden attack of the Lowlanders in the neighbourhood of Athens, he threw himself upon the compassion of the Athenian citizens, and implored them to defend him from his political enemies. The wounds had in reality been artfully inflicted by himself, for the sake of effect; and the popular feeling, which had previously run warmly in his favour, was now excited to the last degree against his supposed assassins. The preconsidering Senate of Four Hundred was chiefly composed of his partisans, and at once convened an assembly of the people in the area of the pnyx. Aristo, a friend of Pisistratus, then mounted the bema, and formally brought forward the proposition which had already been agreed to by the Four Hundred, namely, that fifty citizens, armed with clubs, should be

granted as a body-guard to the son of Hippocrates. The measure was at once carried. Solon opposed a strenuous resistance, but was treated as a madman. The poor were universally in favour of it, whilst the rich were afraid to dissent; and the old legislator could only declare that he was not such a fool as the former, or such a coward as the latter. All that Solon had foreseen quickly came to pass. The body-guard was soon increased in number, whilst their clubs were probably exchanged for swords. At last Pisistratus threw off the mask, and seized the Acropolis. His principal opponents immediately fled from the city, but the venerable old lawgiver stood forward with undaunted patriotism to resist the usurpation. He harangued the people in the agora; he told them that it would have been easy to prevent the despotism, but that now, though more difficult, yet at the same time it would be more glorious; but he might as well have harangued the olive trees on the Cephissus. Then the venerable sage made one final appeal. He put on his long-abandoned armour, and planted himself in the front of his house in military posture; but he was regarded no more than the statue of Hermes in the doorway. "I have done my duty," he exclaimed, "and I have upheld to the best of my power my country and her laws;" and from that hour he gave up all opposition except such as appeared in the inspiration of his muse. He died a year or two afterwards; and it is pleasing to know that Pisistratus never attempted to punish his opposition, but left the poet and lawgiver untouched by the hand of despotism.

Pisistratus thus became the master, or, as the Greeks called him, the tyrant of Athens; but he used the powers which he had usurped honourably and well, and made no other change in the constitution but that of placing himself at its head. A strong party, however, was always opposed even to his mild despotism. The rule of the Pisistratids, that is, of Pisistratus and his son and successor,

Hippias, commenced in B. C. 560, and ended in B. C. 510; thus extending over a period of fifty years; but the thirty-three years covered by the reign of Pisistratus were interrupted by two periods of exile, one of which lasted for ten years, and the other for five. These periods of dethronement and exile were not, however, brought about by a popular revolution; for the masses appear to have constantly exhibited that dangerous indifference to their political rights and liberties which Solon had so much deplored, and which had given rise to his celebrated law against neutrality. On the contrary, we might almost say that the government was merely transferred by bargains and cross changes between two or three powerful men at the head of partisans, who echoed their voices, espoused their personal quarrels, and drew the sword at their command.*

The first exile of Pisistratus was caused by an armed coalition between his old rivals,—Megacles, who was at the head of the Sea-coast men, and Lycurgus, who was at the head of the Lowlanders. Opposition was useless against such a formidable coalition, and Pisistratus fled from Athens. After some four or five years, however, his two successful rivals quarrelled with each other; and Megacles sent a private messenger offering to assist Pisistratus in recovering the sovereignty, if the latter would engage to marry his daughter. This precious proposal was readily accepted by the old exile, who would have been just as willing to marry the mother or grandmother of Megacles upon the same conditions; whilst Megacles himself, just like other Athenian fathers, never consulted his daughter as to whether she would be willing to marry a hoary-headed despot, or indeed thought of anything in the matter but of his own personal aggrandisement.

A few days afterwards all Athens was in a furor of excitement. Mysterious heralds had proclaimed that

* Grote, vol. iv. p. 138.

Athena herself was bringing Pisistratus to her own Acropolis, and called upon the people to receive him kindly. The news ran through the streets like wildfire that the great goddess Athena, the guardian deity of the favoured city, was manifesting herself on earth, and appearing to mortal eyes. Men, women, and children, of all ranks, the believing and the incredulous, rushed out of their houses to behold this marvellous and divine prodigy. The tidings were true, and the multitude gazed in fear and trembling at the awful spectacle. She, the great daughter of Zeus, who sprang full armed from his majestic brow,— she, the fair protectress of Athens, the wise, the holy, and the pure, was slowly approaching the Acropolis! Her virgin form was arrayed in celestial armour. Over her shoulder was the sacred ægis; in her hand was the golden staff. Taller than the tallest woman in Hellas, and beautiful and majestic beyond expression, she stood upright in her radiant chariot, and gazed benignly upon the wondering multitudes. By her side was the old favourite of the people, the mild sovereign Pisistratus. Around her chariot were her heavenly attendants. Then the popular emotions burst out in pious exclamations. The people prostrated themselves in adoration before the mighty goddess; and at last, led on by some unseen being, the whole populace sang the ancient hymn to Athena in exulting chorus. Thus the goddess conducted Pisistratus to her own Acropolis, and then, entering her ancient temple, she passed through into her inner sanctuary, and disappeared for ever from the eyes of men.

Pisistratus was thus once again sovereign or tyrant of Athens. His marriage with the daughter of Megacles was quickly celebrated, but she bore him no children, and the union proved most unhappy. Megacles was an Alcmæonid, and we have seen that all the Alcmæonids were under a curse, because of the sacrilegious murder committed by the grandfather of the present Megacles upon the wretched

partisans of Cylon. Pisistratus, therefore, treated his new wife with cruelty and neglect; and at last Megacles was so exasperated that he joined his old partisan Lycurgus, and Pisistratus was obliged once again to fly into exile. The mystery connected with the appearance of the goddess Athena was now divulged. A handsome woman, named Phya, had been induced by Pisistratus and Megacles to personate Athena, and as she was six feet high, her extraordinary stature had completed the deception. The discovery of this trick aroused the animosity of the people against the ex-tyrant, but he by no means relinquished all hope of regaining the sovereignty. Eretria, in the large neighbouring island of Eubœa, was henceforth the head-quarters of himself and sons; and here he spent ten years in making preparations for a forcible return to Athens, before he considered himself justified in making the hazardous attempt.

At last the moment arrived for the great effort. He had received large contributions from several cities in return for former favours, and had hired a number of mercenary troops from Argos. He was also joined by Lygdamis, the sovereign of the island of Naxos, who owed all his power to the assistance which he had received from Pisistratus, and who now furnished the old Athenian despot with money and troops. Eretria is only separated from the highlands of Attica by the narrow channel of Eubœa; and as Pisistratus still enjoyed a great popularity amongst the Highland party, of which he had formerly been leader, he now directed his armament to the Highland shore. Landing at Marathon, he first occupied the surrounding country, and waited patiently until he had been joined by a considerable number of partisans.

Meantime the Athenian people were as careless and indifferent as ever: but when the news ultimately reached them that Pisistratus was actually on his march for Athens, they were induced to take the field against him,

but still without a spark of spirit, and exhibiting a very suspicious appearance of having been bribed.

Pisistratus had left Marathon some days, and taken up a position at Pallene, about eight miles from Athens. Suddenly, one morning, a prophet from Acarnania approached him and chanted in inspired verse—

> "The cast is thrown out, and the net is spread there;
> At moonlight the fishes will rush in the snare."

Pisistratus at once comprehended the oracle, and crying out that he would accept it, immediately led on his army. The Athenian forces were reposing themselves after the fatigue of a few miles' march from the city. Some of them were engaged upon their breakfasts. Others, who had been quicker over that lively meal, were amusing themselves with the dice-box, or taking a nap on the green sward. Pisistratus fell upon them by surprise, and put them to flight; and then sent his sons after them to bid them to be of good cheer, and return to their homes. This command they readily obeyed. Pisistratus obtained Athens a third time. Megacles and most of his partisans left the city; but the sons of those who still remained were seized by the new sovereign as hostages, and shipped off to Naxos. Pisistratus also provided himself with a large body of mercenaries from Thrace, and paid them by taxes levied upon the Athenian people; and thus, as his government was otherwise mild and parental, he was enabled from that time until the day of his death, in B. C. 527, to maintain his power undisturbed, and bequeath it to his eldest son.

Hippias succeeded his father without encountering any opposition, and for thirteen years exercised the same mild sway. But in B. C. 514 an event took place which changed the entire character of his government, and led, four years later, to the complete overthrow of his power and the exile of all the Pisistratids. There lived two friends

at Athens named Harmodius and Aristogiton. Harmodius unfortunately excited the enmity of Hipparchus, the brother of Hippias; and from that time Hipparchus took every opportunity of insulting Harmodius. At last Hipparchus caused the sister of Harmodius to be summoned, along with other noble maidens of Athens, to take her place in a religious procession as one of the canephoræ, or basket carriers; and then he publicly dismissed her with scorn, as being unworthy of fulfilling the sacred office. Harmodius and his friend Aristogiton were now both exasperated, and conspired with a few associates to put an end to the power of the Pisistratids. They waited for the festival of the Great Panathenæa, in which the citizens marched in procession to the Acropolis with spears and shields; and here the conspirators appeared attired like every one else, but also carrying daggers concealed under their clothes. Harmodius and Aristogiton undertook to kill the two Pisistratids, whilst the other conspirators engaged to protect them from the foreign mercenaries; and it was believed that when the first blow was struck, the body of the citizens, having arms in their hands, would make an instantaneous effort to recover their ancient liberties.

The important day arrived. Hippias was without the city walls, surrounded by his Thracian body-guard, and marshalling the armed citizens for the procession, when Harmodius and Aristogiton approached to execute their bloody purpose. At that moment, however, the two friends saw one of their fellow conspirators familiarly talking with Hippias, and at once concluded that the plot was betrayed. The thought drove them to desperation. They expected to be arrested every minute; but resolving not to lose their lives without at least revenging themselves upon Hipparchus, they hurried into the city. Here they soon found their victim, and stabbed him to the heart. Harmodius was slain by the guards on the spot;

and Aristogiton, though rescued for the moment by the surrounding crowd, was speedily taken, and subsequently perished in the torture, without disclosing the names of any of his accomplices.

The news of the assassination of Hipparchus reached the ears of Hippias before it was known to the general public. He had been in reality ignorant of the plot, and was still engaged in marshalling the armed citizens for the procession. With admirable self-command, he now ordered the citizens to drop their arms for a short time and retire to an adjoining ground. They obeyed without suspicion or hesitation. Instantly he directed his guards to seize the arms, and then, being undisputed master, he apprehended every citizen whom he suspected or who carried a dagger.

A system of terrorism was then established, but Hippias was doomed. The circumstances connected with his dethronement are, however, most extraordinary. The general detestation which his oppression excited, induced the Athenian exiles, with the powerful family of the Alcmæonids at their head, to attempt an invasion of Attica. Accordingly they occupied a fort called Lipsydrium, on that northern range of mountains which forms the base of the Attic triangle; but here they were attacked and defeated by Hippias, and driven out of the country. The dominion of the tyrant seemed to be then more firmly established than ever. Sparta was on intimate terms of friendship with him; Macedonia and Thessaly were likewise his allies. But the exiles, whom he had beaten in the open field, succeeded in a secret manœuvre which proved his ruin.

The great temple at Delphi had been accidentally destroyed by fire, in B. C. 548, more than thirty years previous to the present date. A sum amounting to something like 115,000*l.* sterling was required to rebuild it, and this sum could only be raised by voluntary subscrip-

tions. Many years passed away before so vast an amount could be collected; but at length the matter was accomplished, and the Amphictyons * declared themselves ready to make a contract with any party who would undertake the rebuilding of the sacred edifice. This contract was accepted by the Alcmæonids, who, though in a state of exile, were possessed of enormous wealth, and were eager for renown and popularity. The Alcmæonids executed the work in a style and splendour which went far beyond the stipulated terms of the contract; and it is especially recorded, that whilst it was originally intended that the frontage should only be built of coarse stone, these magnificent architects chose to employ Parian marble at their own private cost. The temple seems to have been finished about B. C. 512, or two years after the assassination of Hipparchus. This princely liberality was duly appreciated by the grateful Delphians. Clisthenes, the son of Megacles, was at the head of the Alcmæonid clan; and by taking advantage of this feeling, and by the free distribution of pecuniary presents, he was enabled to work the oracle for political purposes. Every Spartan who went to consult the oracle was always told, whatever might be his question, that Athens must be liberated from the Pisistratids. Sparta was strongly attached to Hippias, but the constant repetition of the divine mandate obliged her to comply with what she reverently believed to be the holy will of Apollo. Accordingly she sent a force to the Athenian port of Phalerum, under a distinguished citizen named Anchimolius. Hippias, however, was apprised of the intended invasion, and had procured a thousand horse from his allies the Thes-

* The temple was under the general guardianship of the great national council called the Amphictyons. This Amphictyonic council consisted of deputies from each of the twelve races which were supposed to constitute the Greek people. It met twice every year; in spring at the temple of Apollo in Delphi, and in autumn at the sacred precinct of Demeter at Thermopylæ.

salians; and when the invaders had effected a landing, this Thessalian cavalry attacked them with great slaughter, and drove them to their ships. Sparta was thoroughly aroused by the defeat, and renewed the war with increased zeal. A much larger army was dispatched by land, under King Cleomenes, the same whose life we have already written. Cleomenes soon defeated the Thessalians; and being joined by the Alcmæonids and other malcontent Athenians, he at once marched upon the city. Meantime, Hippias and the other Pisistratids had fled to the Acropolis, which was so well fortified and well provisioned that they might have successfully resisted an assault, and even a siege, for Cleomenes was by no means prepared for a lengthened blockade. Just, however, as the Spartans were about to draw off their forces and return home, an accident happened which ruined the cause of Hippias. The Pisistratids were not altogether confident of their position, and endeavoured to remove their children secretly from the country; but in this proceeding the children were taken prisoners. In order, therefore, to redeem their families, they were compelled to submit to the terms which the Athenians prescribed — namely, to leave Attica within five days.

Thus fell for ever the dynasty of the Pisistratids. Notwithstanding their tyranny at Athens, they had done good service to Hellas. It was Pisistratus himself who procured full and correct copies of the Homeric poems, and promulgated what may be called the first complete edition of the works of the immortal bard. He also collected the works of other poets, and formed what has been called a library, which he liberally threw open for the use of the public. But the final expulsion of his family was rejoiced over by the vast majority of Athenian citizens; and a column was erected in the Acropolis commemorating both the past iniquity of the dethroned dynasty, and the names of all its members.

CHAP. XVIII.

HISTORY OF ATHENS (CONTINUED), B.C. 510—460.

TWO GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES AT ATHENS. — THE CONSERVATIVES LED BY ISAGORAS, AND THE REFORM PARTY LED BY CLISTHENES THE ALCMÆONID. — MEASURE FOR ENLARGING THE FRANCHISE BROUGHT FORWARD BY CLISTHENES. — THROWN OUT IN THE SENATE OF FOUR HUNDRED.—CARRIED IN THE POPULAR ASSEMBLY. — RE-CLASSIFICATION OF THE PEOPLE. — CONSTITUTION OF THE SENATE OF FIVE HUNDRED. — REFORMS IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ARMY AND THE COURTS OF JUSTICE. — ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DICASTERIES OR JURY-COURTS. — OSTRACISM. — ISAGORAS AND THE CONSERVATIVES APPEAL TO SPARTA. —SPARTAN INTERVENTION DEFEATED BY A RISING OF THE MASSES. — COMBINED INVASION OF ATTICA. — TRIUMPH OF THE ATHENIAN DEMOCRACY. — SPARTAN ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THE PISISTRATIDS. — SPEECH OF SOSICLES THE CORINTHIAN.—SPARTA OBLIGED TO SUCCUMB TO HER ALLIES.—ATHENS JOINS IN THE IONIAN REVOLT, B.C. 500.—BATTLE OF MARATHON, B.C. 490.—SALAMIS, B.C. 480.—PLATÆA, B.C. 479.—PATRIOTISM OF THE ATHENIAN DEMOCRACY. — MILTIADES, ARISTIDES, AND THEMISTOCLES. — POLITICAL STRUGGLES BETWEEN THEMISTOCLES AND ARISTIDES. — CHARACTER OF THE TWO STATESMEN. — ADMINISTRATION OF THEMISTOCLES.—REBUILDING OF THE WALLS OF ATHENS.—INTRIGUES OF SPARTA DEFEATED BY THE CRAFTINESS OF THEMISTOCLES.—ATHENS AT THE HEAD OF THE CONFEDERATE FLEET. — DISGRACE OF THEMISTOCLES. — DEATH OF ARISTIDES. — REVIEW OF THE HISTORY.

THE oligarchical constitution established by Solon was now freed from the pressure of tyranny, and soon expanded into a democracy. The Thracian mercenaries had retired with the Pisistratids. Cleomenes had only remained long enough to establish a personal friendship with an Athenian of illustrious descent, named Isagoras, and had then returned to Sparta. For more than thirty years the Senate of Four Hundred and the Popular Assembly had only worked in subservience to the reigning dynasty. During the same period, the foreign settlers

and other residents who did not belong to any of the old Attic families, had greatly increased in numbers, and thus formed an important element in the population without having any part in the political franchise. So long as the senate and the assembly were mere empty forms, this franchise was of no value; but when the real controlling power fell into these legislative bodies, a measure was brought forward for an enlargement of the franchise, and Athens became once more divided into two great political parties, one of which was led by Isagoras, son of Tisander, and the other by Clisthenes, the Alcmæonid.

The question stood thus: Solon's division of the people into four great classes was based upon the ancient division into four Ionic tribes; and thus, though many men of the same tribe might belong to different classes, according to the amount of their several incomes, yet all were excluded from these political classes who did not belong to one of the four Ionic tribes, each of which was a mere aggregate of ancient Attic families, or gentes. Clisthenes desired to extend the political franchise to the excluded masses. This could not be done by enrolling them as new families, or gentes, because that would have interfered with the national feeling and belief that each family was descended from some particular hero, who had himself sprung from one of the four sons of Ion. Clisthenes therefore proposed to disconnect the franchise altogether from the four Ionic tribes, as well as from the families of which they were constituted, and then to re-distribute the entire population into new tribes exclusively for political purposes.

Isagoras, as one of the old conservative party, strongly and successfully opposed this measure for universal suffrage. In his eyes it was not only an irreverent and unnecessary change in the constitution, but also an impious attempt to break up the old religious associations which bound together the members of every family, and

the families of every tribe. Moreover, the admission of the foreign residents, or non-freemen, into the rights of Athenian citizenship, merely because they were native-born, was doubtless as shocking to ancient Attic ideas as the admission of Jews into an English Parliament is contrary to old English notions. Isagoras therefore found sufficient support in the preconsidering Senate of Four Hundred to throw out the comprehensive Reform Bill brought forward by Clisthenes.

Beaten in the Senate of Four Hundred, Clisthenes next made a direct appeal to the Athenian people. The forms of the old Solonian constitution could not have been popular even with the privileged masses. For many years the archons, the senate, and even the Council of the Areopagus had been the mere tools of the Pisistratids; and by their means the tyrants had carried their most unpopular measures, and performed their most despotic acts. A change was therefore anxiously desired; and amidst the political excitement which followed the expulsion of Hippias, men were not disposed to shrink from the most radical reform, if it would but remove all traces of the noxious tyranny which had passed away. The people everywhere responded to the appeal of Clisthenes. The Senate of Four Hundred was compelled to bring the measure before the Popular Assembly, where it was triumphantly carried. We shall see that it was in reality the establishment of a democracy.

The details of this important measure were as follows: — Clisthenes abolished the four Ionic tribes, and created in their place ten new tribes, constituted upon a very different principle from that of family unions. We have already noticed the twelve ancient divisions of Attica, and also the division into naucraries. Clisthenes now divided the entire surface of Athens and Attica, in perhaps a similar way, into demes or cantons, the number of which is unknown, but may be fixed at about one hundred and

fifty. A certain number of these demes or cantons were included in each of the ten new tribes, with all their enrolled proprietors and native residents. Thus every man born in Attica who was not a slave was admitted into the political franchise; and the tribes were no longer an aggregation of families, but of demes and of fellow-demots. But the old family associations were still connected by religious ties; and each family continued united in the common worship of its particular ancestors, though the religious association no longer carried with it any political privilege.

Henceforth the demes became the substitute for the naucraries. Each deme had its own demarch, its register of enrolled citizens, and its public meetings. The demarch kept the register, and the names of new citizens were inscribed in it at the assemblies of the demots. Legitimate or adopted sons were enrolled at the age of eighteen; but new citizenships could only be legally granted to fresh settlers by a public vote of the people. Lastly, the demes of each tribe were bound together by a religious tie, somewhat similar to that which bound together the families of the old four Ionic tribes; for the ten new tribes were each called after the name of an ancient Attic hero*, in whose honour each had its especial sanctuary and festivals; and the statues of all the ten divine patrons were stationed in the most conspicuous part of the Athenian agora.

The Athenian people now sprang into new and vigorous life. The infusion of fresh blood had given new strength and character to the Popular Assembly. The Senate of Four Hundred was reconstituted. It could no longer consist of 400 members, taken in equal

* One tribe, however, that of Æantis, was called after Ajax, who was worshipped at Salamis, and, therefore, though a near neighbour, could not be said to belong to Attic legend.

proportions from each of the four Ionic tribes. It was therefore formed of 500 members, fifty being taken from each of the ten new tribes; and under the name of the Senate of Five Hundred, it existed as an active and indispensable body throughout the whole period of the Athenian democracy. Moreover, it was no longer a mere preconsidering senate, like the old Senate of Four Hundred, but seems to have enjoyed the same powers of administration and general superintendence which had formerly been possessed by the Pisistratids and the archons. Its sittings became constant. The Attic year* was divided into ten equal portions, generally of about five weeks each, and each of these portions was called a Prytany. The Five Hundred were likewise divided into ten corresponding portions, each consisting of the fifty members taken from each tribe, and known by the name of Prytanes. Thus the fifty members of each tribe sat during one Prytany in every year, and the order of the Prytanes was settled by lot. Each Prytany was again subdivided into five periods of seven days each; and during each period or week ten members of the fifty sitting Prytanes presided, each ten of the fifty taking a week in turns. Moreover, every morning the ten presiding members of each Prytany drew lots among their number for a new chairman, called Epistates, to whom, during his day of office, were confided the keys of the Acropolis and the Treasury, together with the city seal. In order, also, to insure a constant representation of the collective people, the sitting of a Prytany was never considered to be a valid meeting unless one member from each of the nine other bodies of fifty tribe senators were likewise present,

* The ordinary Attic year consisted of twelve lunar months, or 354 days, and, therefore, six of the Prytanes contained thirty-five days, and four of them contained thirty-six. In the intercalated years of thirteen months, six of the Prytanes contained thirty-eight days, whilst four of them contained thirty-nine.

though of course the whole Five Hundred might attend if they thought proper. During each Prytany the Popular Assembly was convoked certainly once, and, at a later period, always four times, and it was presided over by the Prytanes of the time being, and the questions were put to the vote by the Epistates or chairman of the sitting Prytanes.

The changes introduced by Clisthenes also affected the conduct of the army and the courts of justice. Under the Solonian constitution the command of the army had been vested in the third archon or polemarch, but now ten generals, or strategi, were annually elected to the supreme command, one being taken from each tribe. The courts of justice underwent still more important changes. Hitherto the judicial business of the state seems to have been conducted partly by the archons and partly by the Council of the Areopagus. Corruption and connivance had been undoubtedly practised to a great extent; and the outburst of popular feeling, of which Clisthenes was only a leader or exponent, led to the investment of the judicial power in the hands of the people. We have already seen that Solon had himself transferred the power of pronouncing the judgment of accountability upon the archons from the Council of the Areopagus to the Popular Assembly. Clisthenes now seems to have established special assemblies of all the citizens above thirty years of age to try all persons accused of public crimes; private offences and disputes being still determined by the archons and ephetæ, and a judicial power of unknown but of gradually decreasing extent, being still retained by the Council of the Areopagus.

Sixty years later, and at the time of Herodotus's visit to Athens, these judicial assemblies had been elaborated into the popular dicasteries or jury-courts. The collective assembly was distributed into sections of jurors. From the entire body of citizens, above thirty years of age,

6000 were annually selected by lot, 600 from each of the ten tribes. Of these, 5000 were arranged in ten panels of 500 each, whilst the remaining 1000 were reserved to fill up vacancies arising from death or absence. The whole of the 6000 took a prescribed oath, and then each man received a ticket inscribed with his own name, and with a letter designating his particular panel. When the causes were coming on, the six archons, who were called inferior archons, determined by lot, first, which panel should sit; and, secondly, in what court, and under what magistrate it should sit. It was thus utterly impossible for any man to know the cause he was going to try. Other alterations had also been gradually made which cannot be ascribed to Clisthenes. The archonship having been shorn of its military and judicial powers, was open to every citizen, even of the poorest class; and candidates for the office were no longer elected, but chosen by lot. No one, however, was invested with the office until his standing as a citizen and his various moral and religious qualifications had been legally examined. Indeed, as its functions were limited to the preliminary examination of parties and witnesses for the dicastery, the presidency of the dicastery during the trials, and the power of imposing small fines upon inferior offenders, its powers could be executed by any citizen of average integrity and intelligence. Ostracism, however, which was much censured by those who could not understand the workings of a democracy, was undoubtedly introduced by Clisthenes. The exercise of arbitrary power is sometimes absolutely necessary in the first establishment of a democracy. A violent feud between two powerful members, or the ambitious designs of a too popular citizen, might lead to a successful revolution. A despot or an oligarchy could put down a sedition by violence; but in a democracy the individual exercise of arbitrary power was the thing most to be dreaded. Ostracism was therefore the arbitrary

exercise of preventive measures by the great body of the people, and it constituted a most salutary check upon any Athenian noble, like Cylon, Megacles, or Pisistratus, who might be inspired with a reckless and ambitious desire to overthrow the liberties of Athens. The fear of ostracism was, indeed, so great, that the process was but seldom required; and even if deemed to be necessary to the public safety, it was carried out with extraordinary deliberation. First of all, the Senate of Five Hundred, in its collective capacity as a preconsidering senate, and the Popular Assembly, had each to decide that the exigencies of the state demanded it. If it was resolved on, then a day was fixed, and the agora was railed round. Ten entrances were left for the citizens of each tribe, and ten separate casks for depositing the suffrages. The process was not allowed to be opened against any one citizen exclusively, but every one, without exception, was exposed to the sentence. Each voter wrote upon an oyster-shell or piece of tile the name of the citizen whom he desired to ostracise, and deposited it in the cask. If, at the end of the day, 6000 votes were found to have been given against any one person, that person was ostracised or banished; if, however, less than that number had condemned him, the ceremony ended in nothing. Ten days were allowed to the ostracised individual for the settlement of his affairs, after which he was required to go into exile for the space of ten years, but permitted to retain his property, and, in fact, suffered no other penalty. Such, however, was the growing love of the people for their democratic constitution, that within a century from the time of Clisthenes ostracism was no longer necessary, and had fallen into total disuse.

The constitution of Clisthenes seems to have been received with almost universal applause, and its author was perhaps the most popular man in Athens. Isagoras, as the leader of the old conservative party, still continued his

opposition, but found that the new Senate of Five Hundred was as much opposed to him as the Popular Assembly, whilst the old Senate of Four Hundred was of course dissolved and scattered. In this state of things, he secretly invited the intervention of Sparta. Scandal whispered that Cleomenes, during his recent visit to Athens, had been attracted by the beauty of the wife of Isagoras. Whether this was true or not, the Spartan king seems to have accepted the invitation with alacrity. First of all, however, it was necessary to deprive the Athenian democracy of its great leader. Clisthenes, as we have already seen, was the son of Megacles, the Alcmæonid; and the noble family of Alcmæonids was still supposed to be tainted with the inherited sin of Megacles, the grandfather of the father of Clisthenes, and the sacrilegious slayer of the suppliant partisans of Cylon. Cleomenes accordingly sent a herald to Athens to demand the expulsion of the accursed. This appeal to the religious feelings of the Athenian people was perfectly successful. Clisthenes dared not oppose it, and immediately went into voluntary exile. Cleomenes marched to Athens with a small force, and at once found himself master of the city. First of all, he banished 700 families whom Isagoras pointed out as being the chief partisans of Clisthenes. He next endeavoured to dissolve the new Senate of Five Hundred, and to place the government in the hands of 300 partisans of Isagoras. But he had miscalculated the spirit of the Athenian people. The old Senate of Four Hundred had submitted to the first usurpation of Pisistratus without a blow; and even now the piety of the people would not permit them to oppose the exile of the Alcmæonid and the banishment of his partisans. But the attempt to touch the new constitution met with the sturdiest opposition. The Senate of Five Hundred refused to be dissolved or to discontinue its sittings. The whole city was aroused. The aspect of affairs was

becoming threatening and dangerous. Cleomenes and Isagoras, and their adherents, would soon have been surrounded in the streets, overpowered, and cut to pieces. The Acropolis, however, was still in their possession, and thither they retired and stood upon the defensive. This symptom of weakness was the signal for a general rising. The Senate of Five Hundred, with an immense body of supporters, surrounded the holy rock, and established an effective blockade. Cleomenes had not anticipated any resistance, and had therefore made no preparations for a siege. At the end of two days, all his provisions were exhausted; and to attempt to cut a way through the infuriated mob which surrounded the Acropolis would have been perfect madness. He was therefore obliged to capitulate. He and his Spartans, together with Isagoras, were permitted to retire to Sparta; but all the Athenians amongst the besieged were imprisoned, condemned, and executed by the Popular Assembly.

Clisthenes, the Alcmæonid, was now recalled by the Athenian people, as well as the 700 families that had been exiled by Cleomenes. General fears, however, were still entertained of Spartan intervention. Envoys were therefore sent across the Ægean with directions to proceed to Sardis, and there to solicit the satrap of the Persian province of Lydia to admit Athens into the Persian alliance. The satrap contemptuously replied that if the Athenians would send earth and water to the great King Darius, as a token of their submission, he would accept their alliance, but on no other condition. The envoys, mindful of the fears of the infant democracy, promised this unqualified token of submission; but subsequently found that they had gone too far. On their return, the envoys were loudly blamed, and their engagement scouted. Athens was no more inclined to be the slave of Persia than of Sparta.

Meantime Cleomenes had determined on taking signal

revenge upon Athens, and establishing his friend Isagoras as her despot. Sparta had been for some time tacitly regarded as the head of the Peloponnesus; but this headship, though recognised in theory, had never been as yet put into practice. Cleomenes was determined to act upon it. He called upon all the States in the Peloponnesus to furnish supplies of troops, but without mentioning the object of the expedition. At the same time he concerted measures with the Bœotians beyond the northern frontier of Attica and with the Chalcidians of the island of Eubœa, for a simultaneous invasion of Attica on all sides. The Bœotians were to cross the northern frontier of the Attic triangle; the Chalcidians were to assail its eastern coast; whilst he himself invaded it with his Peloponnesian forces on the western side.

The simultaneous invasion was effected, and Athens seemed on the point of destruction. The Bœotians crossed the northern frontier. The Chalcidians commenced their attack. The united Peloponnesian army, under the command of the Spartan kings Cleomenes and Demaratus, advanced on the western side as far as Eleusis, within twelve miles of Athens. The tidings quickly reached the threatened city. The Athenians were at first in a state of doubt, but soon resolved to engage with the Peloponnesians immediately, and to march against the Bœotians and Chalcidians on a future day. Accordingly, the two armies met at Eleusis, and were on the point of engaging, when the Corinthians considered that they had no quarrel with the Athenians, and that the intervention was palpably unjust, and therefore they withdrew. Demaratus either shared in the same dissatisfaction, or, perhaps, had an old grudge against his colleague, and he refused to join in the coming engagement; and this refusal was the cause of that deadly hatred between the two kings which we have already recorded. The rest of the allies, seeing that the two kings did not agree, and that the

Corinthians had quitted their post, at once broke up the camp and returned home without striking a blow.

The Athenians were thus rescued from their greatest danger. Their whole attention was now directed to their north and eastern frontiers. Their first object was to prevent a junction between the Bœotians and Chalcidians. Accordingly, they at once marched against the Chalcidians, but on their way fell in with the Bœotian army. An engagement ensued, in which the Bœotians were completely routed. The victorious Athenians crossed the strait of Euripus the same day, landed in Eubœa, and attacked the Chalcidians, and gained so decisive a victory, that the war was really over. An immense number of Chalcidians and Bœotians were taken prisoners and carried in chains to Athens, where, after some detention, they were ransomed at the usual rate of two minas, or 8*l.* sterling per man. A tenth of this money was afterwards spent in fabricating a chariot and four horses in bronze, which was dedicated in the Acropolis as a memorial of the victory. The Bœotians made another effort to retrieve their fortune by calling in the aid of the inhabitants of the isle of Ægina, and the war was subsequently renewed, but without any important result.

Meantime, a new and more alarming danger threatened Athens. Cleomenes was still meditating revenge, but his designs would have been comparatively harmless had not the resentment of the whole Spartan people been suddenly and violently excited against Clisthenes and his democracy. The corrupt practices of the Alcmæonids at Delphi were discovered. The Spartans found out that the oracle which had ordered them to expel their own friends, the Pisistratids, from Athens, was not the voice of Apollo, but a sacrilegious deceit practised by the pythoness at the instigation of the Alcmæonids. Their anger, too, was not a little increased by the feeling that after expelling the despot, and obtaining a lasting claim upon the gratitude

of Athens, this claim had been abrogated by the foolish attempt of Cleomenes to destroy the democracy and set up a tyranny under Isagoras. Nor was this all. Whilst Cleomenes was shut up in the Athenian Acropolis he had found there numerous oracular prophecies, previously treasured up by the Pisistratids, which foretold that in coming days Sparta would have to suffer numerous indignities from the Athenian people.

The Spartan kings, the ephors, the aristocratic council of elders, and the great body of the citizens, were now equally aroused. A most remarkable step was taken by the Spartan authorities. Hippias, the Pisistratid, was invited from his exile in Segeium, on the Hellespont, and all the Peloponnesian states were requested to send deputies to meet the ex-tyrant at Sparta. Accordingly, the convocation assembled, and the Spartans made the following speech to the deputies: —

"Confederates, we acknowledge that we have done wrong. Persuaded by lying oracles, we have expelled the Pisistratids, who were our best friends. We have emancipated an ungrateful people, who have recently and insultingly ejected both us and our king. The Bœotians and Chalcidians have already learned what others may learn too late. Let us, then, correct our error; and for this purpose we have sent for Hippias and summoned you here, that by common consent and combined forces we may restore him to Athens."

The allies were thoroughly opposed to this proposition, and for some time maintained a sullen silence. The spirit which had animated the armed contingents at Eleusis was still burning in the hearts of the several deputies. At last the Corinthians took the initiative, as they had before done at Eleusis. Sosicles, their deputy, made a powerful statement of the hateful effects of tyranny as exhibited at Corinth by Cypselus and Periander, and poured forth

his indignation in the following powerful and threatening harangue: —

"Surely the heavens and earth will change places, and fishes and men their abodes, since you, Spartans, seek to abolish a free government and restore a despotism. If it seems to you good for cities to be ruled by tyrants, why not set one up in Sparta? Whilst, however, you take very good care never to experience a despotism yourselves, you are insulting the allies by proposing to restore a despotism to Athens. If you knew its calamities as well as we do, you would have a better proposition to make us. We adjure you then, by the common gods of Hellas, not to establish despots in her cities. If, however, you still persist, know at least that Corinth will never assist you."

This spirited appeal broke the silence of the other allies. They at once declared that Sosicles had only given expression to their common feelings. In vain the artful Hippias invoked, like Sosicles, the common gods of Hellas, and warned the Corinthians that the day would come, and was already foretold by the divine oracle, when Corinth herself, more than any other city, would have reason to dread and abhor the Athenian democracy, and wish for the restoration of the Pisistratids. His words fell upon heedless ears — no one believed him. He was compelled to return into exile; and Sparta was forced to abandon his cause.

Hippias, however, having once indulged in the hope of being restored to Athens, was unwilling to resettle calmly in his exile. He proceeded to Sardis, and accused the Athenians to Artaphernes, the Persian satrap, and proposed that Athens should be reduced to the Persian sway, and that he himself should be appointed to be her governor. The Athenians heard of these intrigues, and sent ambassadors on their part to warn Artaphernes not to listen to the exiled Pisistratid. The satrap replied, that

if they looked for safety they must receive back Hippias. This reply was considered at Athens as equivalent to a declaration of hostilities.

The great Persian war was now looming in the future. In B. C. 503, scarcely seven years after the expulsion of Hippias, the Ionian cities on the coast of Asia Minor revolted from the sway of King Darius. Aristagoras of Miletus crossed the Ægean to obtain the support of Sparta, but Cleomenes refused to engage in the revolt. Aristagoras then went to Athens. The democracy, irritated by the contemptuous replies which they had received from the Persian satrap, eagerly responded to his appeal. The history of the next twenty-five years belongs to the history of Hellas. The Ionian revolt was put down by Persia. Darius resolved on punishing Athens for the assistance she had furnished to the insurgents; but his generals, after reaching Attica and landing at Marathon, were gloriously beaten by the forces of the young republic, B. C. 490. Darius prepared to renew the war, but died B. C. 485. His son and successor, Xerxes, then made his vast preparations for the complete subjection of Greece; but the battles of Salamis, in B. C. 480, and those of Platæa and Mycale, in B. C. 479, broke up that mighty armament, and Hellas still remained free and independent.

Athens fought nobly throughout the war, and made the greatest sacrifices in the cause of Hellas. Her citizens were no longer slaves working for a master, but free men, fighting for their liberties. Her leading statesmen at this period were Miltiades, Aristides, and Themistocles. All three fought at Marathon, and the two former were amongst the ten generals, or strategi, who had been chosen from the ten tribes. Miltiades was commander-in-chief on that eventful day, and obtained the glory of the victory. His after career was unworthy of his great fame. He was impeached before the dicastery, and found guilty of

employing the forces of the state upon a disgraceful expedition for the gratification of his own personal revenge. His recent services saved him from being condemned to death, and he was fined fifty talents instead. He died, however, a few days afterwards, without having paid it, and it was subsequently liquidated by his son, Cimon.

After the disgrace of Miltiades, Themistocles and Aristides became the chief men at Athens. Either one could always obtain possession of the bema in the pnyx. The speeches of either were always heard with the greatest attention by the Popular Assembly. A bitter and menacing rivalry sprung up between the two. The men stood in marked contrast with each other. In Themistocles was seen the might of unassisted nature. Acting solely from the dictates of his genius, he was yet the best judge of present emergencies, and the best conjecturer of future events; at the same time his sagacity was only to be equalled by his promptitude, for the right expedient flashed upon his mind in a moment. In all joint affairs his superior capacity at once marked him out for a leader; and no business, however foreign to his experience, could take him by surprise, or defy his discernment. His tactics as a party man were also of the highest order. He could conciliate political friends, and defeat political enemies with a celerity and ability which bewildered the most acute opponent. His besetting sin was an unbounded passion for glory and display, and he was but too often unscrupulous in the attainment of his ends, and grossly corrupt in the exercise of his power. Aristides was exactly the reverse. Inferior to Themistocles in resource, quickness, and general intellectual energy, he was so renowned above all rivals and contemporaries whatsoever for his public and private integrity and incorruptibility, as to have earned for himself the name of Aristides the Just. In short, Themistocles was a man of genius; Aristides was a man of principle. Themistocles was most fitted to take

the lead during a great war; Aristides was one whom all men would have trusted in time of peace.

The points in dispute between these two leaders can only be guessed at. The great policy of Themistocles was to convert Athens from a land power into a sea power. We may, therefore, suppose that Aristides, the old-fashioned statesman, and friend of the departed Clisthenes, used his utmost endeavours to oppose this important change. The rivalry between the two became dangerous to the state. Ostracism was resorted to, and Aristides was banished.

Themistocles was now all powerful in the pnyx. He knew that Darius, enraged by his defeat at Marathon, was making vast preparations for a fresh invasion; and he was fully aware that the navy was the weakest branch of the Persian service, and that if the Athenians turned their best attention to their fleet, they might not only engage the Persians on more equal terms, but also earn for Athens the naval supremacy of Hellas. Fortunately, at that very time, the Athenian treasury was filled with the produce of the silver mines of Laurium. This great national property, which lay in the southern angle of the Attic triangle, had been extraordinarily productive, and the Popular Assembly was on the point of voting a distribution of its proceeds amongst the great body of the citizens at the rate of ten drachmas a man. Themistocles seized this precious moment for mounting the bema, and by setting forth the necessity of a war with Ægina*, and the threatened invasion of the Persians, he induced the people to forego the intended distribution and to devote the money to the construction of a fleet. His measure was carried; 200 vessels were immediately built, and in process of time his grand anticipations were realised to the letter.

* See page 270.

We cannot follow the fortunes of Athens through the tremendous war with the myriads of Xerxes. No calamities could depress the energies of her leaders. No alarming oracles at Delphi could weaken the courage of her warriors. No internal dissensions could break up the brotherly union of her citizens against a common and overwhelming foe. Themistocles, ever in the van in a popular movement, led the way in political generosity. He obtained from the Popular Assembly a measure for the recall of all temporary exiles, and specially included his old opponent, Aristides, amongst the number. Meantime, Athens herself set the example of forgetting all paltry quarrels with other Greek states by devoting herself heart and soul to the common cause of Hellas. It was she who inspired the confederate Greeks with courage to meet the terrible and countless armies of the enemy; next to the gods it was she who proved the saviour of Hellas. Sluggish and selfish Sparta fortified the isthmus and left Attica to her fate. The houses and temples of Athens were left to the mercy of the invaders. Her women, her children, and her old men were placed in doubtful safety; but her lofty citizens, the nameless demigods of Hellas, crowded to the ships from whence to make their last heroic stand. Then came the glorious day of Salamis. The vacillating allies would have deserted the homeless state, but the presumptuous foe hurried on the conflict. The allies fell back, but Athens led the charge. Then Hellas fought her best. The blood of thousands fell in that deadly conflict. The Persian fled howling to his barbarian gods. The sons of Athens were borne away in the hour of victory to the Islands of the Blessed!

The next year the battles of Platæa and Mycale completed the destruction of the Persian armament, and the Athenian people carried back their families to their ancient city. Hellas was now freed from the invader. Sparta

was still the recognised head of the Greek confederacy; but Athens had suffered more, and on sea had done more, than all the allies put together. Her city was burnt or destroyed, her lands were laid waste. Directly, therefore, that her citizens had provided for their immediate requirements, they began to rebuild the streets and fortifications of Athens on an enlarged scale. The allies took the alarm, and urged the Spartans to arrest the building of the walls. Sparta dared not divulge her jealousies of Athens, but sent envoys suggesting to the Athenians the imprudence of fortifying a city which in the case of another invasion might become a dangerous post in the hands of the enemy; and proposing the demolition of all fortifications without the isthmus, and promising a shelter within the Peloponnesus in case of need.

Themistocles was not at all the sort of statesman to be imposed upon by such diplomacy. He knew that Sparta could prevent the works, and he saw that they could only be completed by means of successful deceit. But crafty expedient was his great forte. Accordingly, by his advice, the Athenians dismissed the envoys, saying, that they would themselves send to Sparta and explain their views. Themistocles was then despatched to Sparta, but two citizens, who were intended to be his colleagues, were purposely kept behind. Meantime all the men, women, and children in Athens laboured incessantly at the walls, quarrying their materials from the ruins around them. At Sparta Themistocles was completely in his element. He could not, he said, demand an audience with the Ephors until the arrival of his colleagues. He could not understand what could possibly have delayed his colleagues. Positive intelligence reached the Ephors that the walls were rapidly advancing. He peremptorily denied its truth. Fresh information came. He unblushingly declared it was a lie, and urged the Ephors to send envoys of their own and convince themselves of the facts. They followed his

advice, whilst he transmitted a private message to Athens, desiring that the envoys might be retained as hostages for the safe return of himself and colleagues. At last his two colleagues arrived; the wall had attained a sufficient height. Themistocles at once threw off the mask, avowed the stratagem, and assured the Spartans that the Athenian people were perfectly competent to judge for themselves in so important a matter as the fortifying of their city.

The walls of Athens included a circuit of about seven miles, having the Acropolis nearly in the centre. Immediately they were finished Themistocles prevailed on the Popular Assembly to enlarge and fortify the harbour of Piræus, and enclose it by a similar stupendous wall, and to build twenty new war-ships every year.

Meantime the fleet of the allied Greeks was sent out under the command of the Spartan, Pausanias, the hero in the recent victory at Platæa, to liberate the Greek cities of Asia Minor and the islands from the Persian yoke, and to operate generally against the shores of the Ægean. Pausanias disgusted all the confederates by his arrogance, and ultimately proved a traitor, and was recalled. Athens then came forward, at the express solicitation of the Asiatic Ionians, to take the command of the allied fleet on sea. Aristides the Just and Cimon, the son of Miltiades, were at that time the generals of the Athenian contingent, and the supreme direction of the confederate fleet fell into the hands of Aristides. The extraordinary integrity of this great man was as essential to Athens in the present crisis as the sagacity, craft, and decision of Themistocles had been serviceable in vanquishing the Persians at Salamis and in completing the city walls. No one but a man of undoubted probity like Aristides could ever have achieved the delicate task of organising the new confederacy, and assessing the amount of money and number of ships which each state should contribute to the great cause of Greek freedom. The

island of Delos was chosen as the centre of this Athenian confederacy and constituted the general treasury. This confederacy was ultimately converted by Athens into an empire of subject allies: but a consideration of that important change belongs more properly to another chapter.

The few facts which it is necessary to bear in mind as appertaining to this period, can be summed up in a few words. Pausanias, the Spartan traitor, came to a disgraceful end in B. C. 470. Themistocles had been previously tried on a charge of having accepted bribes from Persia, but acquitted by the dicastery. Subsequently, the bitter feuds between himself on the one side, and Aristides and Cimon on the other, led to the intervention of ostracism; and as a majority of more than 6000 votes were recorded against him, he was banished from Athens, and retired to the Peloponnesian city of Argos in B. C. 471. After the death of Pausanias, however, it was discovered that he was fully implicated in the treason of the Spartan general. Accordingly, in B. C. 466, persons were sent to Argos to arrest him; but he contrived to effect his escape to Persia, where he died many years afterwards, an exile and a traitor, richly meriting the obloquy and disgrace which were attached to his once famous name. Aristides died some short time after the ostracism of his ancient rival, but so poor, that he did not leave sufficient to pay for his funeral. His daughters were subsequently portioned by the state, and a grant of land and money was voted to his son. The banishment of Themistocles and the death of Aristides thus left Cimon for some years without a rival in Athens; and we shall soon have occasion to bring him more prominently forward.

The reader has thus been able to review the whole course of the political history of Athens from the earliest ages to the period immediately preceding the year B. C. 460, when Herodotus visited the city. He has seen how the government passed through the successive changes of

hereditary monarchy, oligarchy, tyranny, and democracy, which so exactly illustrate the intellectual progress of this highly gifted people. The ancient monarchy had been set aside by the rising power of the nobles, who in their turn were rapidly losing all hold upon the community, when Solon stepped forward, and transferred the government from the aristocracy of birth to the aristocracy of wealth. The great mass of the people, who were still denied all share in the government of the state, saw with indifference the government wrested from the hands of their rich masters, and usurped by the strong arm of the dynasty of Pisistratids. That dynasty was overthrown by the hereditary leader of a mere factious clan. But Clisthenes was wise enough to see that the people were ripe for political freedom, and would never submit to the tyranny of one or of a few, but only to their own sovereignty. Hence arose the democracy of Athens; a democracy which, with all its faults, may yet teach the modern democrat to pay a greater reverence to the divine mysteries of our own holy religion, and to abandon those false and fiendish doctrines of a nauseous and depraved socialism, which are alike hateful to God and unnatural to man.

CHAP. XIX.

ATHENS, B. C. 460.

HERODOTUS LANDS AT THE PIRÆUS.—ATHENIAN WIT.—A BARBER'S SHOP.—WALK TO ATHENS.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.—THE AGORA, OR MARKET-PLACE.—FISH-MARKET, THE BILLINGSGATE OF ATTICA.—LOVE OF FISH AND HATRED OF FISHMONGERS.—HERODOTUS'S DISPUTE WITH EUPOLIS THE MONEYCHANGER.—CARRIED BEFORE AN ARCHON.—PASSED OVER TO THE PRYTANES.—TRIAL.—IMPORTANT EVIDENCE.—RELEASE OF HERODOTUS.

HERODOTUS left Captain Phylarchus at the Corinthian port of Lechæum; for it was of no use staying there merely to see the ship unloaded and carried across the isthmus. In order, however, not to miss joining Phylarchus at Athens, he promised to call at the house of the Captain's father-in-law directly he was settled, and there to make known the name of the house at which he might be residing.

From Lechæum to Cenchrea was only a pleasant morning's walk along a very busy road; and at Cenchrea Herodotus found a ship just on the point of sailing for Athens, and soon struck a bargain with the captain for conveying him thither. In the afternoon of the next day the voyage was completed; and the vessel, having coasted the southern shore of the immortal isle of Salamis, entered the newly-constructed harbour of Piræus.

Herodotus landed amidst the Babel of a thousand voices. The Piræus was already one of the most bustling ports in Hellas. Throngs of retail buyers and strangers seemed to be constantly streaming in from Athens towards the deigma, or emporium, where merchants from all parts of the world exposed the samples of their several wares. Foreign ships of every description ap-

peared to be continually discharging their strange cargoes and still stranger passengers and crews. The loungers on the pier, and among the taverns and shops, crowded to the water's edge on seeing a fresh vessel come in, in order to inquire what news from Corinth of the newly-arrived voyagers. Herodotus himself was bewildered by a hundred questions, and, in the utterly confused state of his brain, might have favoured an admiring audience with the whole history of the rascality of the house of Glaucus, which the mere mention of Corinth had brought most vividly to his recollection. Fortunately, however, some Athenian wags, struck with the Spartan quaintness of his figure, endeavoured to extract amusement instead of news, and repeatedly asked him if he had boiled down all his helots for broth, or wanted change for a pot-lid; by which it will be seen that national peculiarities, like iron money and black broth, rosbif, soup maigre, and wooden shoes, have always been chosen as subjects for international waggery. At last, several jokes were passed upon his long hair and untrimmed beard, from which it was pretty evident that some touting barbers had mingled in the crowd; and sure enough one of the noisiest of the jesters soon politely delivered the young stranger from his tormenters, and courteously escorted him to his barber's shop.

"Fair sir," cried the voluble barber, "rest yourself, I pray you. The mob in the Piræus is really the noisiest rabble in Attica. Just arrived from Corinth, I presume. And how is trade at Corinth? Very bad here. The citizens will wear their hair short; Spartan fashion is what I like — long hair, trimmed and dressed every day. Your head of hair is very fine; rather disturbed by your voyage though. The beard, too, requires trimming before you walk the streets of Athens. If you will allow me, I will put your hair and beard to rights in a trice."

In a moment Herodotus was under the hands of the

barber, who chattered rapidly and continuously during the entire operation; and, as he was an unguent seller as well as a hair-dresser, he was just as anxious to dispose of rich unguents and marvellous perfumes as any hair-artist or professor of modern times.

"Corinth, I suppose, sir, is much the same as ever? I have not been there these ten years. Splendid chariot race, I understand, at the Olympic games. But perhaps you were present? Your hair is weak, very weak; should be cut and dressed oftener. That is the worst of travelling—no barbers. To cut and dress the hair is, as the poet* says,

'A lovely action of a cheerful mind,'

I have some fine unguents here; will brighten and perfume the hair, and prevent its falling off. Iris from Elis and Cyzicus; perfume of roses from Lycia; perfume of crocuses from Cilicia and Rhodes; extract of vine leaves from Cyprus; perfume of apples and marjoram from Cos; oils and essences from Egypt and Phœnicia; everything of the best, and cheaper than at any shop in Athens. I buy direct of the captains themselves. Great rogues some of them are; cannot cheat me though. Perhaps this is your first visit to Athens?—then I need not tell you to beware of sharpers and swindlers. The greatest cheats in all the world live and thrive in Athens. It is a great city though—finest in the world. In a year or two, they will begin building the long walls; and then the Piræus and Athens will be all one. Our new alliance with Megara is a fine thing; but I foresee a war with Corinth. I understand, from a captain whose beard I trimmed yesterday, that there is a revolt in Egypt. Have you heard the news?"

"No!" cried Herodotus, at last aroused. "What is it? I suppose you mean a revolt against the Great

* Athenæus, lib. xii. c. 37.

King. Did you hear whether the insurrection was formidable?"

"Why, the captain told me; and he had only just come from Naucratis, which, I believe, is the only port where the Greek ships put in. He had a very long beard that required a great deal of trimming. He said that a king of the Libyans, between Egypt and Cyrene, had defeated the Persians, and that all Egypt was revolting against Artaxerxes the Great King. I suppose you know all about the death of Xerxes? He died five years ago. They call Artaxerxes by the surname of Longimanus, because his right hand is longer than his left. Half an obol, sir, is all I charge. Your beard and hair are now quite the thing. May I recommend you to purchase a box of this celebrated perfume? It is called the Panathenaicum. You have doubtless heard of it."

How much more the barber might have said if Herodotus had stopped to listen to him cannot be made known. Herodotus paid the half obol, but politely declined making any purchases on the present occasion. He had left his slave and luggage, together with most of his money, in the hands of his friend Phylarchus; and as he was therefore quite at liberty to do as he pleased, he could not determine upon doing anything at all. So, having at last resolved on postponing his visit to Athens until the following morning, he spent the autumn evening partly in strolling about the Piræus, and partly in one of its many taverns, where, for that night, he had fixed his quarters.

Early on the following morning Herodotus proceeded from Piræus to Athens. The road led over the river Cephissus and through beautiful groves of olives. After a walk of nearly two hours, he at last entered Athens at the Peiraic gate on its western side. The extraordinary wall which had been raised, in spite of the opposition of Sparta, by the crafty management of The-

mistocles, attracted his first attention. It had been constructed of every variety of material, fragments of temples destroyed by the Persians, columns from tombs, carved stones, and, in short, of anything at hand which could be applied to the purpose. Entering the city, he proceeded onwards towards the agora, where he intended to inquire his way to the Prytaneum, or town-hall, in order that he might there present his credentials to the sitting Prytanes, and learn the name and residence of the Proxenus of Halicarnassus. Accordingly, he trudged along a winding street, having the hill of the Pnyx on his left hand, and looked eagerly and curiously around him, but was sadly disappointed at the aspect of so famous a city. He knew that, only twenty years before, almost every building had been destroyed by the ferocious barbarian, but still he had heard so much of the greatness, magnificence, and glory of Athens, that he had expected to see broad and straight roads lined with splendid structures, the fitting abodes of the mighty Athenian people. As far as he could see, however, the streets were narrow and winding, and by no means over-clean. The houses were mean and insignificant, and built of bricks, not hardened by fire, but dried in the open air. Projecting gables and balconies overhung the streets, which were still farther narrowed by stairs, railings, and doors opening outwards. Statues, altars, and sanctuaries he was continually passing, but still nothing would have given him an idea of the greatness of the city but the multitudes of people, which, even at that early hour, were moving through the streets in every direction. Citizens were hastening to catch their friends at home, for at Athens the people spent most of their time in the open air. Boys were going in merry troops to the school or gymnasium, each apparently attended by his own pedagogue. Women and female slaves were going, even from that distant quarter, to fetch water from the spring called Enneacrunos, near the Ilissus, at

the other end of the city. Country folks, from the rural demes in the neighbourhood, were moving along with vegetables, fruits, and a variety of country productions, to sell to the dealers, who retailed them in the agora; whilst, on all sides, chapmen of every description were busily preparing for the several avocations of the day.

At last Herodotus entered the agora. This name was more especially applied to an open spot of ordinary assembly and resort, adorned with sanctuaries and altars, porticoes, statues, and rows of shady trees. According to the common acceptation of the word, however, and that in which we are now using it, the agora was the rambling quarter of the town, covered with stalls and shops, which lay between the Pnyx and the Acropolis, and thus included both the agora, or place of resort, and the market, or place of business. Every householder in Athens considered that a visit to the market formed part of the usual arrangements of the day. There retail dealers of every description erected their booths of wicker work, in which they exposed an immense variety of goods on tables and benches; for though shops were scattered over the entire city, yet the principal business of buying, selling, and money-changing was transacted in the market and the taverns which surrounded it. Different divisions were assigned to the sale of different goods, as in the markets of the present time. In one place boiled peas and other vegetables were simmering in the kettles of the female cooks. In another, pyramids of round-shaped cakes and loaves were piled up by the female bakers. In the crockery market, hard by, loud-voiced potmen were delivering the most powerful orations upon the superior virtues of their brittle ware. In the myrtle market, not far off, blooming flower-girls were selling chaplets and fillets, or receiving orders for fresh garlands to be delivered that same evening for the adornment of some gay symposium. Every species of commodity was there that was necessary

to meet the wants of the day, from cheap barley-groats to the choicest and rarest meats,—from common garlick to incense for the gods. Clear oils, exquisite ointments, rich perfumes, and famous unguents; potent cheese, fresh butter, and famous honey of Hymettus. Cooks standing, waiting to be hired; male and female slaves grouped for sale,—all were to be found in the customary stands or appointed divisions of the agora. Nor was the bustle only confined to the mere sellers. Crowds of both slaves and freemen were going from one stall to another in search of bargains. Pilferers were busy wherever goods were exposed. Public criers were every now and then announcing, in stentorian voices, the arrival of goods, the sale of a house, or a reward for the apprehension of a robber, or the capture of some runaway slave. Herodotus was already contrasting, in his own mind the liveliness, activity, and bustling character of the Athenian, with the slow, grave, and dilatory movements of the over trained and over disciplined Spartan, when suddenly the fish-market bell rang, as a signal that the fish-carts had arrived from the Piraeus, and that the sale of fish was already beginning.

Every one hurried in the direction of the bell, and Herodotus willingly joined the stream. This mart was not unlike the Billingsgate of the last century; the same sharp bargaining, the same elegancies of language, the same bitter complaints of the ruinous dearness of the finny tribe. Fish and horses are indeed the most mysterious animals in creation; more money has been made by fish and more money lost by horses than by any other living thing, small or great. At Athens, every man hated the fishmonger in the same ratio that he loved the fish. The comic poets were unanimous in denouncing all who were engaged in the trade. One says, "It is easier to speak to a victorious general than to one of these saucy blackguards." Another cries, "I thought the Gorgons

were an invention of the poets, but in the fish-market I find they are a reality; a fishwoman asked me such a great price for such a little fish, that she turned me to stone." A few quotations may not come amiss. Diphilus says:

> 'I once believed the fishmongers at Athens
> Were rogues beyond all others! 'Tis not so.
> The tribe are all the same, go where you will,
> Deceitful, avaricious, plotting knaves,
> And ravenous as wild beasts. But we have one
> Exceeds the rest in baseness, and the wretch
> Pretends that he has let his hair grow long
> In reverence to the gods. The varlet lies.
> He bears the marks of justice on his forehead,
> Which his locks hide, and therefore they are long.
> Accost him thus: 'What ask you for that pike?'
> 'Ten oboli,' he answers;—not a word
> About the currency—put down the cash,
> He then objects, and tells you that he meant
> The money of Ægina. If there's left
> A balance in his hands, he'll pay you down
> In Attic oboli, and thus secure
> A double profit by the exchange of both."

Xenarchus says:

> "Poets, indeed! I should be glad to know
> Of what they have to boast. Invention?—no!
> They invent nothing, but they pilfer much,
> Change and invert the order, and pretend
> To pass it off for new. But fishmongers
> Are fertile in resources, they excel
> All our philosophers in ready wit
> And sterling impudence."

Alexis says:

> "I still maintain, that fish do hold with men,
> Living or dead, perpetual enmity.
> For instance, now, a ship is overset,
> As sometimes it may happen,—the poor wretches
> Who might escape the dangers of the sea
> Are swallowed quick by some voracious fish.
> If, on the other hand, the fishermen
> Enclose the fish, and bring them safe to shore,

Dead as they are, they ruin those who buy them;
For they are sold for such enormous sums
That our whole fortune hangs upon the purchase—
And he who pays the price becomes a beggar."*

This general antagonism between fish buyer and fish seller was often attended by most amusing circumstances. Sharp jests from witty Athenians were frequently answered by rough and hoarse retorts, more remarkable for force of expression than for refinement of language. Herodotus, in his progress to the mart, had accidentally upset one of the pyramids of loaves and cakes which a female baker had piled up for the attraction of purchasers. The irate lady, aroused by the destruction of one of her favourite edifices, denounced our unhappy traveller in loud and unmeasured terms. She opined that he was an evil beast, a robber of temples, an enemy of the gods; a brainless jackanapes—anything but handsome, and anything but brave; born in a sty, and bred on a dunghill. Herodotus flung her a drachma and ran for it. In the fish-market he found that the language he had just heard formed the staple of the conversation. Satirical buyers exchanged compliments with surly sellers, and laughed the more at the replies the more they told against themselves. Herodotus was soon excessively amused. One gentleman in particular attracted his notice, who apparently sauntered about the stalls as much for the sake of amusement as for the choice of fish; whilst a slave followed to carry home such purchases as his master might please to make. He was evidently well known; and some of the more experienced dealers shrank before his keen eye and bitter speech.

"What is the price of those two pike, if I take the pair?" he asked, in Herodotus's hearing.

* Athenæus, lib. vi. cc. 5—8. The above translations are by an anonymous hand, and may be found in the appendix to Mr. O. Yonge's pleasant translation of the "Deipnosophists."

"Ten obols," answered the fishmonger, gruffly.

"Too much! You must let me have them for eight."

"Yes, one of them," growled the fishmonger. "If you like not my price, you can go elsewhere."

"You may like your price, but I like not the fish; I have tasted them sufficiently with my nose," retorted the customer, turning on his heel, and reckless of the man's abuse.

The owner of another stall greeted the dangerous customer with a smiling countenance.

"No, my friend," cried the satirist; "I cannot buy fish of you. Your politeness is suspicious. Fishmongers are only civil when their fish are stale. If your fish were good for anything, you would be as cross-grained as Micio yonder." *

When Herodotus had sufficiently satisfied his curiosity in the fish-market, he proceeded towards the arcade, where the trapezitæ, or moneychangers, sat at their tables. He had left all his heavy cash with Phylarchus, with the exception of a little silver and four gold darics; and as his silver was nearly all exhausted, he determined to change some of his gold money. Carelessly approaching a table, he asked its owner to give him the change in Attic drachmas.

"A daric, eh?" said the moneychanger, looking up with a cunning expression of countenance. "You are a stranger in Athens, and doubtless have other moneys to exchange?"

"I have but three other darics," replied Herodotus. "I am a Greek from another city, and I know not how long I may stay here, as I have not yet seen my proxenus."

"Will you permit me to see the coins?" politely asked the moneychanger.

"Certainly," answered Herodotus, and placed them in

* Athenæus, lib. vi. c. 7.

his hand, each of them honestly worth twenty Attic drachmas.

The moneychanger examined the pieces separately. On one side of each was the figure of an archer wearing a crown, and kneeling on one knee; on the reverse was merely a deep cleft. Having thoroughly satisfied himself of the weight and genuineness of each, he quietly said, "It is impossible to pass a daric at Athens. Men found with Persian gold are usually arrested as spies and thrown into the barathrum.* It would, therefore, be as difficult to get rid of one as of four. I will take the four darics off your hands at ten drachmas apiece, if you like."

Herodotus felt his blood rushing to his cheeks. Every stranger with whom he came in contact seemed to think him a most foolish individual, and one who might be easily cheated or outwitted. He haughtily replied, "I know not your meaning. A daric is everywhere worth twenty Attic drachmas. I will give you two drachmas if you will change me a single daric: the other darics I will not change at all."

"Not so," said the moneychanger, mysteriously. "For aught I know you may be a Persian spy; and it is, perhaps, my duty to arrest you at once. In short, this Persian money is dangerous."

"Give it me back again, then," cried Herodotus.

"This money," said the sharper, "is forfeited to the state. Take the forty drachmas if you please, otherwise I arrest you on the spot."

Herodotus cared nothing about being cheated, and had generally suffered with a scornful laugh any petty chapman or keeper of a tavern to take him in that pleased; but to be treated as such a simple-minded Arcadian was

* The barathrum was a deep pit at Athens, with hooks on the sides, into which criminals were cast. The envoys of Darius were thrown into this pit, and told to get their earth and water there.

more than he could stand. He rushed at the money-changer, seized him by the throat, and wrested the darics from his trembling hand; and kicking over his table, would have strode haughtily away, but found himself surrounded by a bawling and excited crowd. The matter was now becoming serious. To all appearance he was a bold robber, who had attempted to plunder the money-changer. The heaps of coins, Attic and Æginetan, were scattered about in all directions, and the whole place was in an uproar. In an incredibly short time the officers of the market made their appearance. A space was formed, and the money was picked up; and Herodotus was marched off to one of the archons, accompanied by the moneychanger and a host of bystanders.

The archon only heard the complaint of the money-changer, and at once refused to adjudicate. The matter, he said, must be immediately brought before the Prytanes.

Herodotus now began to feel that his position was becoming dangerous. He was conducted by the officers to the Prytaneum; and, as far as he could judge from the outcries of the populace, he was supposed to be a Persian spy sent over to bribe the Athenian authorities, but who had most properly been arrested in his career by the patriotic valour of Eupolis, the moneychanger. He was, moreover, confounded at the idea of being obliged to give a full account of himself, and explain the whole circumstances of the case before a public tribunal. But he had very little time for such cogitations. He was quickly led by the officers and mob along the street which ran parallel with the southern side of the Acropolis; and then turning sharply to the left, up Tripod Street, which ran parallel with the eastern side, the procession at last reached the Prytaneum.

As a private house was the common home of every member of the family which occupied it, so was the Prytaneum the common home of all the citizens of the

state to which it belonged. It consisted of a range of halls round an inner quadrangular court. In the centre of the court was an altar of Hestia, upon which a fire was kept constantly burning. On one side was the hall of audience open towards the court, in which the ten Prytanes, with their epistates, or chairman, at their head, were sitting in virtue of their office. Into this hall Herodotus and the moneychanger were presently ushered, with the necessary witnesses of the case; whilst the court was thronged with the crowd of citizens, who were anxious to hear the proceedings.

Silence was at length obtained, and the officers of the market explained the nature of the charge to the Prytanes, and stated that they had brought the accuser, the accused, and the attending witnesses to the Prytaneum by the direction of the archon. The epistates then ordered Eupolis, the moneychanger, to state his accusation in full. Eupolis declared that the young stranger had imperiously demanded change in Attic drachmas for four gold darics; that, in order to know if the darics were genuine, he had asked the stranger where he had taken them; and that, upon this question, the stranger had violently assaulted him, and overthrown his table for the purpose, as he presumed, of giving certain confederates not in custody the opportunity of carrying off his money amidst the confusion. The different witnesses were next called, who spoke to having seen the young stranger seize Eupolis by the throat, kick over his money table, and then attempt to escape. At last the epistates, with a curious glance at the prisoner, demanded to know who he was, how he became possessed of the Persian gold, and what he had to say in his defence.

Herodotus briefly stated his name and parentage, together with the circumstances of the case, and then exhibited his father's letter and seal. The Prytanes consulted together for a few moments; and the epistates

ordered one of the attendants to fetch Euphorion, an Athenian who was well acquainted with the chief citizens of Halicarnassus, and generally acted as their proxenus. A considerable time elapsed before Euphorion could be found. The citizens of Athens were not accustomed to live much in their houses, but spent most of their time out of doors; and even those who were engaged in the more respectable branches of commerce were always going about with samples amongst their friends and connections. News, however, travelled faster than the messenger; and whilst Euphorion was eagerly discussing the state of affairs at Corinth and Megara with some brother politicians, some one came up with the information that a young Halicarnassian of noble birth had got into a scrape with a moneychanger in the agora, and been carried before the Prytanes. Away went Euphorion to the Prytaneum, eager to offer his services to the unlucky foreigner, and having a pretty strong presentiment that he should find the son of an old friend. Directly he entered the court, he was called by the epistates.

"Are you acquainted with the family of Lyxes of Halicarnassus?"

"Yes."

"Is this his seal?"

"Yes."

"State what you know concerning him."

"I have a letter from Lyxes, delivered only a few days ago, apprising me that his son Herodotus would soon visit Athens, and asking my protection. Halicarnassus, though still under the government of Artemisia, pays a considerable contribution to the Athenian Confederacy; and if yonder is Herodotus, the son of Lyxes, I will willingly give security for his being in no way inclined to the Persian, or disposed to disturb our democracy and its laws."

The Prytanes again consulted together; and by this time

the archon had arrived, and apparently furnished them with some additional information. At last the epistates arose, and spoke formally as follows:—

"This is not the first time, O Prytanes, that Eupolis, the moneychanger, has been before an archon; but as, in the present case, a foreigner had been found with Persian gold in his possession, of which he could give no satisfactory account, the archon deemed it advisable to send the case before us. We must, however, be of opinion that the cause should be judged by the archon, or tried before a dicastery. It is evident that the person accused is really Herodotus, the son of Lyxes of Halicarnassus; and it cannot, therefore, be believed that he contemplated committing any robbery upon Eupolis, the moneychanger; whilst, at the same time, the previous charges which have been made against Eupolis, strongly inclines us to disbelieve his present statement. I therefore move that Herodotus be discharged, with permission to reside at Athens for so long a time as Euphorion shall give full and sufficient security; and that he may, if he considers himself aggrieved, bring his charge against Eupolis before the archon, to be adjudged by him, or referred by him to a dicastery."

This proposition was put to the vote and agreed to by all the Prytanes. Herodotus was discharged, and left the Prytaneum with Euphorion; and not caring to be brought more prominently before the notice of the Athenian public, he declined prosecuting the moneychanger, for whom, indeed, the exposure was almost of itself a sufficient punishment for his attempted fraud.

CHAP. XX.

ATHENS (CONTINUED), B. C. 460.

HERODOTUS ENTERTAINED IN THE HOUSE OF EUPHORION, THE PROXENUS. —LITERARY SYMPOSIUM. — WONDERFUL PRODUCTS OF THE EARTH'S EXTREMITIES. — THE GOLD-HUNTERS OF INDIA. — CINNAMON STEALERS OF ARABIA. — TIN ISLANDS. — PHILOSOPHICAL DISPUTATIONS CONCERNING MATRIMONY AND LADIES. — HERODOTUS'S WALK WITH EUPHORION THROUGH ATHENS. — THE RIVER ILISSUS AND SPRING OF CALLIRRHOE. — LEGEND OF ORITHEIA AND BOREAS. — HALF-FINISHED TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS. — GREAT STONE THEATRE OF DIONYSUS. — THE ATHENIAN ACROPOLIS. — RAVAGES OF THE PERSIANS. — FORTIFIED ENTRANCE. — LEGEND OF THE SERPENT OF THE ACROPOLIS. — CHAPEL OF ERECHTHEUS. — LEGEND OF THE CONTEST BETWEEN ATHENA AND POSEIDON. — OLD TEMPLE OF ATHENA THE VIRGIN. — ANCIENT PELASGIC WALL. — WOODEN FORTIFICATIONS FIRED BY THE PERSIANS. — LONG ROCKS. — LEGEND AND SANCTUARY OF AGLAURUS. — BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE OF THESEUS. — SITTING OF A DICASTERY. — SPEECH OF THE PRISONER ON TRIAL. — IMPORTANT NEWS.

EUPHORION was an Athenian citizen of the noble class of eupatrids, and the large income which he derived from his family estate qualified him for the first class of wealthy citizens, according to the division of Solon. He had greatly distinguished himself in the struggle against Xerxes, and subsequently served on board the Greek allied fleet, under the command of Aristides and Cimon. During this latter period he had visited many of the Greek cities in Asia Minor and the islands; and amongst others he had resided a short time at Halicarnassus, under the protection of the father of Herodotus. In age he appeared to be about five-and-forty. In character he was more like one of those Ionian philosophers whom Herodotus had often met in the house of Theodorus of Samos; but the voyages which he

had undertaken, and the free institutions under which he had been brought up, had given a more practical turn to his mind. His family consisted of a wife, who was rarely seen by visitors; a young daughter, who was completely secluded in the women's apartments from all society whatever excepting that of her own sex; and a son, who was serving on board the confederate fleet cruising in the Ægean, as his father had done before him.

Euphorion welcomed Herodotus to his house with the utmost hospitality. "Your father Lyxes," he said, "is desirous that you should reside in Athens for a considerable time, and perhaps you cannot do better than take a small house; but for the present I hope you will fix your quarters in my humble habitation. Never mind telling me the story of your mishaps until you have taken some refreshment."

In the course of an hour or two Herodotus had partaken of a plentiful meal, and was sufficiently recovered, not only to relate his recent fortunes and misfortunes at full length, but also to join in the evening's symposium, and to take a part in the pleasant conversation of Euphorion's guests.

Herodotus soon found that a symposium at Athens, in the house of Euphorion, was a far more intellectual entertainment than a symposium at Corinth in the house of Nicias. For a long time the conversation ran chiefly upon geography; and he heard for the first time some strange stories of the wonderful products of those regions which were supposed by the Greek geographers of that age to lie at the extremities of the earth. He was told that in the extreme East lived the Indian people, whose country produced beasts and birds of a monstrous size, together with enormous quantities of gold, and curious wild trees bearing wool instead of fruit. This wool (*i. e.* cotton) was said to excel the wool of sheep both in beauty and quality, and to be used by the Indians in the manufacture of their clothing. The Indians were

said to get their gold from the sand heaps thrown up by the desert ants, which were larger than foxes. Each man took three camels — namely, a female camel, on which he himself sat, and a male camel on each side, to carry the gold. Whilst the ants were burrowing themselves away from the heat of the sun, the gold-hunters came up and filled their sacks with the gold in the ant heaps with all speed, and then rode off as fast as possible; for otherwise the ants would speedily discover them by their smell, and being the swiftest of animals, would overtake the gold-stealers and destroy them.

In the extreme South were the gigantic long-lived Ethiopians, whose country produced gold and ebony, and elephants of monstrous size. There also were the Arabians, whose country breathed a divine odour from its frankincense, myrrh, cassia, cinnamon, and ledanum. The frankincense trees were said to be guarded by winged serpents, which could only be driven away by the smoke of burning styrax. The cassia plant grew in a shallow lake, round which lodged a number of winged bats, which were very fierce, and made a most horrible screeching; and the Arabians enveloped themselves in hides before they could possibly get the cassia. Ledanum was to be found sticking like gum to the beards of goats.* Cinnamon was supposed to be collected in a still more wonderful manner. Large birds were said to carry the rolls of cinnamon to their rocky and inaccessible nests. The Arabians then placed some very large pieces of meat on the ground, which the birds carried up to their nests; and then down fell the nests with the weight of the meat, and the Arabians got the cinnamon.

In the extreme West were the islands which produced

* "The ledum is a shrub. Goats browse on its leaves, and carry away a gummy matter on their beards. The peasants of the Levant collect the gum with a wooden comb, and then run it into a mass." — *Tournefort.*

tin; and in the North were a people with only one eye, who stole the gold from the griffins who guarded it.

Besides these geographical stories, Herodotus heard a number of anecdotes and traditions connected with the histories of foreign countries, which we shall relate when we follow Herodotus in his travels to the countries themselves.

It must not however be supposed that the conversation was purely literary, for there was much news, much singing, and much jesting, and some philosophical disputing. One of the company had been recently married, and consequently was much rallied by his friends present. Some pitied his indiscretion; others admired his courage. The ball then went round, and every one cracked his jest. Grasshoppers were envied for having wives who could not speak, and many other merry sarcasms were passed upon the marriage state. At last a sophistical philosopher undertook to prove that all women were deceitful, and Euphorion good humouredly offered to combat the charge.

"First of all," said Euphorion, "will you prove it from your own experience, having been taken in yourself; or from seeing your friends taken in without stepping forward to save them?"

"I shall prove it by analogy and inference," said the sophist, "for that is the only true philosophical way of carrying on an argument. All animals not endowed with personal strength are gifted with instincts of a deceitful nature to enable them to defend themselves against animals that are more powerful. Thus foxes and cats are endowed with infinitely more cunning than lions or wild bulls; and in the same way women, who are certainly inferior to man in their bodies, are wily, treacherous, and inconstant in their minds."

Every one present assented to this proposition which fully confirmed all that the poets had declared of the fair sex. Euphorion even was posed; his reasonings were

overturned one after the other by his acute antagonist; at last, partly to gain time, and partly to draw out Herodotus, he asked the latter what he thought of the argument.

"I have been trying," said the young foreigner, modestly, "to see how far that gentleman's theory would apply to worms, for I know they are not strong, and never heard that they were deceitful."

The sophist immediately collapsed, and for the remainder of the evening had the pleasure of finding that his unhappy proposition excited more mirth and jesting than even the Athenian ladies.

The next morning Euphorion offered to conduct his guest to all the wonders of Athens. His house was situated near the Itonian gate in the southern quarter of the city; and from thence the two gentlemen proceeded in a north-easterly direction along the banks of the river Ilissus, towards the fountain called Enneacrunos, over against the great half-finished temple of Olympian Zeus. The morning was bright and clear, and the shallow stream, pure and transparent, reflected the yellow beams of the autumn sun. That beautiful retreat was one of the loveliest spots in Athens, for though included within the walls which Themistocles had enabled the people to build eighteen or nineteen years before, it was still covered with tall luxuriant grass and shady bushes; and noble trees likewise threw out their leafy arms from which countless birds sang their sweet woodland songs in innumerable choirs. During the walk many a friend tugged the himation of Euphorion, and asked him "What news?" but the proxenus always replied that he had heard nothing as yet, and passed on, determined to devote himself for that day at least entirely to the son of Lyxes.

"This is a famous place," he said to Herodotus, "besides being a very pleasant walk. It was somewhere near here, or else beyond the city wall, that the beautiful maiden,

Oritheia, a daughter of King Erechtheus, was straying when Boreas fell in love with her and carried her off to Thrace; and many other pretty stories are also told of this locality by the poets. That fountain yonder, where a crowd of female slaves are getting water, is called Enneacrunos, because it runs through nine pipes, which were laid down by the Pisistratids. The spring itself, however, is still called Callirrhoe. It is the best and almost the only water fit to drink in all Athens, and is exclusively used in the temple services; and Athenian brides and bridegrooms are always obliged on the wedding day to bathe in water fetched from this fountain. You see that immense half-finished temple between us and the Acropolis; that is the great temple of Olympian Zeus. It was commenced by the tyrant Pisistratus, and continued by his sons; and if finished it would be the largest and finest in the world. Our democracy, however, hate tyranny too much to spend the public money upon completing any work begun by the Pisistratids. Those solid masses of masonry were about the only things in Athens which the Persians could not destroy. If you like, we will walk past them, and go and view that great stone theatre of Dionysus, which you can see on the slope of the Acropolis yonder; and then we will go over the Acropolis itself, and after that perhaps see the new temple of Theseus which Cimon built five years ago. That will be a good long morning's walk; but as we must return through the agora, where you immortalised yourself yesterday, we may perhaps be able to drop in at the dicastery, where a trial is going on. But we shall see how the time passes."

This was the very kind of walk which Herodotus preferred above all things. He was exceedingly delighted at the chance of being rapidly conducted over Athens by an experienced friend, as he would then be enabled to roam about afterwards at his leisure, and revisit each object of interest in a more careful manner. Accordingly, passing

by the unfinished Olympieum, the two pedestrians reached the great stone theatre of Dionysus, which would hold 30,000 spectators. It had been commenced forty years before, in B. C. 500, but, like the temple, was still unfinished, and had equally defied the torch of the Persian. The work, however, had been begun by the democracy, and was sufficiently advanced for the purposes of performance. Herodotus entered the immense area of the theatre, and saw that it was excavated out of the solid rock in the southern slope of the Acropolis, whilst around it the rows of seats ascended one above the other in a succession of retreating and semicircular lines.

Leaving the theatre, Euphorion conducted his visitor towards the ancient fortified entrance at the western extremity of the Acropolis. Ascending the rugged pathway, they passed through the half-burnt walls of this fortification, and then beheld the broken fragments of the ancient buildings which had once covered the rocky platform.

"Here," cried Euphorion, "all is desolation. This Acropolis was once the fortress, the sanctuary, and the museum of Athens. Here were strong fortifications, noble temples, and beautiful statues and other works of art; but the torch of the Persian has destroyed them all. I well remember that when we returned from Salamis, we looked upon our wasted farms and vineyards, our smouldering houses, and even our desolate hearths, as the fortune of war which men must often suffer before they can gain a victory. But when we ascended this sacred rock, and, passing through these ruins, saw the blackened temple of Erechtheus on one side, and on the other the temple of Athena levelled to the ground, we swore to be revenged, and not only to drive the barbarian from the soil of Hellas, but to sacrifice him to the gods whose fanes he had destroyed."

Herodotus was wise enough to remember his father's

warning; and though he fully sympathised with Euphorion's feelings, yet he was prudent enough to keep his sentiments to himself. He, therefore, merely asked if the Athenian people would not some day rebuild the temples.

"The very thing we are about to do," said Euphorion. "Hitherto we have kept these ruins as they are, in order to keep alive our hatred; but if our present great man, Pericles, can only carry out his designs, in a very few years this Acropolis will be cleared of all its ruins, and rise up in greater splendour and magnificence than ever. Time will tell."

"But I must now show you what ancient curiosities have survived the devastation. This rock is about one thousand feet long, running from east to west, and five hundred feet broad, running from north to south. This fortified entrance where we are standing is the propylæa, or gateway, which was hastily built up after the Persian war, but which is some day to be rebuilt of Pentelic marble. You see the fetters hanging on that blackened wall. Those are the chains with which the Athenians bound their Bœotian and Chalcidian prisoners after they had defeated both armies one after the other on the same day. Here, too, is a very curious trophy of that double victory; a chariot and four horses all made of bronze. The inscription on them is worth reading: —

> "Athena's sons o'ercame in feats of war
> Bœotians and Chalcidians, and subdued
> Their pride within a dark and iron dungeon,
> And tythed the spoil, and gave these mares to Pallas."

"Yonder on our left hand are the ruins of the old temple of Erechtheus. Before the Persian war a serpent always lived in that temple; and the Athenians used to say that it was the guardian of the Acropolis, and were accustomed to bring it honey-cakes every month. When, however, Xerxes arrived in Hellas, the serpent left the cakes untouched; and the people said that the

god had abandoned the citadel, and were more anxious than ever to abandon the city themselves, and get on board the fleet. There also is still the salt spring and sacred olive, of which, I dare say, you have heard; but, if not, I will tell you the story.

"That temple contains a chapel of Erechtheus, and also another chapel of Athena, the protectress of our city. The logographers say that in the reign of Cecrops, the goddess Athena disputed with Poseidon, whom some think is the same as Erechtheus, as to who should have the possession of Attica. The Olympian gods decreed that it should be given to the one who should be able to produce from the soil the most precious gift to mortals. Poseidon accordingly struck the rock with his trident, upon which a spring of salt water welled up from the earth. Athena then planted the sacred olive, which at once sprung up, and was declared by the gods to be the most precious gift to man. The salt spring and sacred olive are still there; and when the temple was set on fire by the Persians a very singular prodigy occurred. The olive tree was of course burnt down to the stump; but when the Pisistratids who accompanied Xerxes were ordered, the day after the conflagration, to ascend the Acropolis and sacrifice to Athena, the Protectress, they found that a shoot had sprung up from the stump during a single night, and this they all attested on oath.

"On the other side of the Acropolis over against the Dionysiac theatre is all that remains of the old temple of Athena the Virgin, and goddess of war. It is to be rebuilt almost immediately, and much of the ruins are already cleared away. Take care when you return to Halicarnassus, and mention it to your father, that you do not confound this temple of Athena the Virgin with the chapel of Athena the Protectress in the Erechtheum."

Euphorion thus spent a considerable time in conducting Herodotus over the Acropolis. He directed his attention

to the steep sides, which were all inaccessible excepting at the western extremity. He described the ancient Pelasgic stone wall or fort, which had been built for the Athenians by some Pelasgian wanderers; but which had been subsequently dismantled by the democracy, in order to prevent any revolutionist from obtaining the government by merely seizing the Acropolis. He also informed our traveller, that at the time of the Persian invasion the Acropolis was only surrounded by a wooden palisade, whilst the sloping ascent at the western extremity was merely guarded by wooden gates and fortifications. He likewise pointed out to him the spot where the few Athenians who refused to go on board the ships made their last stand against the invaders.

"It was a sad siege," he said. "The wooden fortifications were quite sufficient to protect this rugged rock, and though the Persians used every effort to storm the western extremity, they could not succeed. At last they posted themselves on the hill of the Areopagus yonder, and fired the fortifications, by shooting in arrows wrapped round with lighted tow. But even when the wooden entrance was burnt down, they could not carry the rock; for our desperate citizens rolled great stones down the ascent, and kept the Barbarian at bay. At last some of the besiegers climbed the deep ascent on the northern side, here under the Erechtheum. We call it the Long Rocks; and nobody believed that any man could ascend it. Thus, whilst the main forces were making another attempt to advance up the western slope, these climbers mounted the Acropolis in the rear of the Athenians, and took it by surprise. Our poor citizens seeing that the place was lost, fled as suppliants to the chapel of Athena the Protectress; but the Persians soon swarmed over the rock, and impiously slew the suppliants, and set fire to the temple."

Herodotus looked down the steep Long Rocks with much

interest and horror. The spot, indeed, had been celebrated in the oldest times. It was here that Aglauros, the daughter of Cecrops, had thrown herself down in order to stay a terrible war; an oracle having declared that the Athenians would never gain the victory unless some one sacrificed himself for his country. A small excavated sanctuary of Aglauros still marked the spot; and there every young Athenian, on receiving his first suit of armour, took a solemn oath to defend the state to the very last, and always observe its laws.

It was scarcely noon when Euphorion left the Acropolis, and led the way to the new temple of Theseus in the northern quarter of the city. Herodotus first viewed the Grotto of Pan in the north-western slope of the Acropolis, and passed by the hill of the Areopagus. On the hill itself the Areopagite Council was sitting to try a case of wilful murder. In the valley below the hill the preconsidering Senate of Five Hundred was in full conclave; for though the Prytaneum was quite large enough to hold the sitting Prytanes, yet it would not receive the whole 500 from whom the Prytanes were taken according to their allotted order. Euphorion and Herodotus did not stop to listen to the Council or the Senate, but hastened on to the temple of Theseus. This was a beautiful sanctuary, which had been built to receive the bones of Theseus, brought by Cimon from Scyros to Athens in B.C. 469. Five years were occupied upon the erection, so that it was finished just four years before Herodotus saw it. The sacred enclosure or temenus in which the temple stood was large enough for a military assembly, and was considered to be a sacred asylum for all runaways. The temple was built of Pentelic marble, in the Doric order of architecture. It consisted, like all Greek temples, of a cella or inner sanctuary, having a pronaos, or principal front, at the eastern end, and an opisthodomus, or back portico, at the other end. It was an oblong building surrounded by

a colonnade or ambulatory supported by columns; six columns along each of the two ends, and thirteen columns along each of the two sides. The pronaos and opisthodomus were each separated from the cella by two walls, called antæ, and a gateway or railing; and again from the ambulatory by ten pillars and a similar railing. The entire temple was one hundred feet long; the cella being forty feet; the pronaos, including the eastern portico, thirty-three feet; and the opisthodomus, including the western portico, twenty-seven feet. This temple was interesting from the beautiful whiteness of the freshly cut marble; and at a subsequent period it was covered with glorious sculptures and filled with exquisite paintings. The nearest way from the Theseum to the house of Euphorion was through the agora; and as one of the dicasteries was sitting at the time, Euphorion proposed to take Herodotus into the assembly to hear the trial.

"What is the nature of the charge?" inquired Herodotus.

"Oh, one of our unfortunate philosophers has come to grief. Men are not content with reading Ionian philosophy, but they must needs preach it. The people cannot understand it, and consequently denounce it as impiety towards the gods. Then there is a public outcry; and some luckless individual, who only sought to enlighten his fellow-citizens, is brought to a public trial. Whereas, if he had contented himself with merely writing what he thought, none could have known his opinions excepting those capable of judging them; for no man without intelligence ever cares to read mere prose books. But suppose we mingle with the crowd, and hear a little of what is going on."

Euphorion and Herodotus approached an open space in the agora, which had been railed round for the court or dicasterion, and was surrounded by spectators. Within the railing were rows of wooden benches, upon

which sat the 500 dicasts appointed to judge the case; and before them was a raised platform, upon which stood the accused and accuser, and the presiding archon. The accused was evidently a feeble-minded man, who hardly knew what he believed himself; but having had his head turned by a little philosophy, and having too much vanity to avoid making a show of his superficial attainments, had at last been brought to the bar of public justice,—a position far too honourable for such a presumptuous blockhead. His ridiculous attempts to save himself, and yet preserve his character as a man of learning, were, indeed, almost amusing; and Herodotus could not help feeling far more contempt than pity on hearing him make his defence.

"Gentlemen of the dicastery," said the would-be philosopher, "I have been accused of saying that Helios the Sun god is a mere mass of red hot iron, and that Selene the Moon goddess is a mere stone. But, gentlemen, even my accuser dare not say that I believed such things. I only said what I had read in the works of Anaxagoras and other Ionian philosophers, which any man present may have read also if he had skill and leisure. I believe in the gods, I sacrifice to the gods, and I take a part in all the religious festivals and assemblies; and I think that any one who says that the sun is not Helios, and that the moon is not Selene, is at once foolish and impious."

"The man is a fool! I thought he was only a luckless philosopher; but he is not worth hearing," whispered Euphorion.

"Oh, I have heard quite enough," replied Herodotus. "I suppose he will not be condemned to death,—he is too contemptible for that."

"Why, I am afraid," replied Euphorion, "that his impeachment is mixed up with some political movement; but from the look of the dicasts, who are evidently heartily weary of their morning's work, he will be let off with a

fine. I hope you are ready for your dinner, for I am sure I am, and so are the dicasts. We, however, can help ourselves, and they cannot. We are not above five stadia from my house."

The pair accordingly walked rapidly towards the Itonian Gate; but whilst approaching their destination, a citizen plucked the himation of Euphorion, and fairly stopped him.

"Have you heard the news?" he said excitedly.

"No," replied Euphorion; "what is it?"

"Why, a special assembly of the people is to be held to-morrow morning at the pnyx. The Council of Five Hundred has prepared a measure about Megara. The criers will soon be round to proclaim the meeting. You will be there, of course."

"Most assuredly," replied Euphorion. Upon which the other hastened away, apparently eager to tell the news before the criers could be heard.

"There!" said Euphorion to his guest, "to-morrow you will have an opportunity of hearing some of our great orators at the pnyx. I will explain to you this evening the nature of the measure that is to be brought forward. A joint of roast kid and a goblet of Chian wine is more to our present purpose."

CHAP. XXI.

ATHENS (CONTINUED), B.C. 460.

HERODOTUS'S OPINION OF ATHENS.—THE TWO POLITICAL PARTIES: THE CONSERVATIVES LED BY CIMON, AND THE YOUNG ATHENS PARTY LED BY PERICLES.—HATRED TO SPARTA, AND ALLIANCE WITH ARGOS.—POPULAR ASSEMBLY AT THE PNYX.—OPENING SPEECH.—MEASURES PREPARED BY THE SENATE OF FIVE HUNDRED.—OPPOSED BY CIMON.—ADVOCATED BY PERICLES.—EFFECT OF THE ORATORY ON HERODOTUS.—A DISCUSSION ON DEMOCRACY.—HOW AN OLIGARCHY MAY BE BETTER THAN A DEMOCRACY, AND A TYRANNY BETTER THAN AN OLIGARCHY.—A DISCOVERY.

"AND what do you think of Athens?" said Euphorion to Herodotus as they sat together in the warm afternoon in the open court of the andronitis.

"I scarcely know yet," replied our traveller. "It seems to be more populous than Sparta, and yet not so large; and more bustling than Corinth, but without half the traffic."

"True," replied Euphorion; "Athens is a young giant. Her infant democracy is already as strong as the Heracleid government of Sparta. Her citizens work not for themselves, like the traders at Corinth, but for the state. They are the bravest, the wisest, the gayest, and the most active in all the world. To-morrow we shall see men from all the demes in Attica at the Popular Assembly. By the way, you will want a little enlightenment upon the present state of affairs at Athens, or you will not be able to understand the speeches.

"There are two great parties in Athens,—the old conservative party, and the more democratic, or young Athens party. The conservative party is headed by

Cimon, the son of Miltiades; the young Athens party by Pericles, the son of Xanthippus. Cimon and the conservatives are opposed to all progress and all reforms. They want to carry on the war against Persia for ever, to keep up a friendly alliance with Sparta under any circumstances, and to stem the tide of democracy. On the other hand, Pericles and young Athens are all for progress and for democratic perfection. They wish to end the war with Persia by an honourable peace, to renounce the alliance with Sparta, to set up the land forces of Argos as a rival to the land forces of Sparta, and to obtain for Athens the headship of Hellas.

"For years the conservatives were in the ascendency. The protracted war against Persia checked the progress of reform. Cimon, as the admiral of the fleet, was the idol of the Athenian people. Four years ago (B.C. 464.) he defeated the Persian fleet and the Persian army on the same day on the banks of the river Eurymedon, in Asia Minor; and thus for a time he was the most powerful man in Athens. Then came the reaction. Sparta was overthrown by an earthquake, and nearly destroyed by the rebellion of her helots. She sent to Athens for assistance. Pericles opposed the measure with all his might, and dwelt on the jealous enmity and insolence which Sparta had always exhibited towards Athens. Cimon asked the Athenian people if they desired to see Hellas lamed of one leg, and Athens drawing without her yoke-fellow. Cimon prevailed, and was sent to Sparta at the head of an Athenian army; but Sparta, even in the hour of trial, grew suspicious of her friends, and soon sent back the Athenian forces with ungrateful insolence.

"The Athenians were then equally enraged with Sparta and with Cimon. Following the advice of Pericles, they renounced the alliance with Sparta, and allied with Argos, the ancient foe of Sparta, and the greatest military power

in the Peloponnesus next to Sparta. The struggle between Cimon and Pericles still continues to the detriment of the state, and every day we expect that a measure of ostracism will be proposed; and if that is adopted, Cimon will doubtless be banished from Athens.

"The questions which will be brought before the Popular Assembly to-morrow are two in number. First, as to whether we shall aid Megara against Corinth; and, secondly, whether we shall assist the Egyptian revolt of Inaros against Artaxerxes. Cimon will certainly denounce the first, and Pericles will as certainly urge it. I understand that Cimon fought hard against it in the Council of Five Hundred this morning, and there he has the most influence. It will be strange if he carries the day in the Popular Assembly to-morrow, against the oratory of Pericles; but we shall see."

For the rest of the day friends were continually dropping in upon Euphorion. The whole-engrossing subject was the meeting of the Popular Assembly appointed for the morrow. The very short notice granted to the citizens was in itself very remarkable; but it was believed that extraordinary envoys both from Egypt and Megara had reached the Prytanes, bringing despatches which required the immediate decision of the Athenian people. Political conversation is only interesting to the parties engaged in it. Herodotus, however, was much excited, and looked forward to the morrow with very great expectations; for though a stranger, yet Euphorion had assured him that there would be no difficulty in introducing him into the body of the pnyx; for if he only made a slight change in his costume, and the trimming of his hair, he would be easily mistaken for a citizen of one of the distant demes.

It was still early dawn when Euphorion and Herodotus, having partaken of a light breakfast of bread and wine, left the house near the Itonian Gate, and proceeded towards

the pnyx. Bright Helios had begun to rise from his mysterious slumbers, and joyously smiled upon the glistening earth. The morning breezes were bringing fragrance and freshness from far-off rural demes into the innermost streets of the awakening city, and rippling the breast of the Ilissus to receive the first kisses of the golden Sun god. Countless birds were singing their morning hymn to far-glancing Apollo. In the eastern quarter of the city might have been heard the laughing and greeting of merry women and graceful maidens round the clear fountain of Enneacrunos. But in the western quarter crowds of citizens were pouring through the startled streets towards the pnyx; not to join in some gay festival procession through the leafy groves of fair Attica, but to plunge in the stormy arena of political strife; not to gaze on the contests of athletæ, or the races of horses and chariots, but to decide upon the measures of their fiery leaders, and exercise a sovereignty unimpeachable and supreme.

Euphorion and Herodotus were soon mingled with the living stream which emptied its thousands into the pnyx. The immense semicircular area was quickly filled with eager and excited citizens. Above their heads was the clear blue sky, before them was the bare stone of the bema, and beyond the bema were the Prytanes and their scribes. The busy hum of conversation continually rose from anxious groups. Suddenly the assembly was hushed, as the epistates of the sitting Prytanes stepped on to the bema, and formally addressed the assembly as follows:—

"Athenians! Certain envoys having arrived both from Megara and Egypt on the same day, the Prytanes have considered it their duty to call this extraordinary meeting, in order that you, Athenians, may hear the envoys yourselves, and then decide upon the measures which the Senate of Five Hundred have prepared, and

which the Secretary will presently read. These measures are connected so intimately with each other, that it is proposed that the envoys from Megara be first heard, and then those from Egypt, before the measures themselves be read; but if any citizen have aught to object, let him briefly state his objection."

No dissentient voice was heard. The envoys from Megara then came forward, and their spokesman made a long and powerful speech, in which he stated that Corinth had made encroachments upon Megara, and that Megara was desirous of throwing off her connexion with Sparta, and enrolling herself as an ally of Athens. The Egyptian envoys followed; but merely produced a letter written in Greek, which was read aloud by the secretary of the Prytanes, and which entreated the people of Athens to assist the revolt of Inaros against the Persian yoke. The secretary concluded these preliminaries by reading the two measures:—1st, That the Athenians do receive Megara into their confederacy, and defend her against the encroachments of Corinth. 2ndly, That the Athenians do send a fleet up the River Nile as far as Memphis, to support the Egyptian revolt under Inaros against the Persian garrison.

These two measures were now under discussion, and Cimon the son of Miltiades mounted the bema amidst a storm of hisses and applause, and then, when silence was obtained, he thus addressed the assembly:—

"Athenians! that voice within me which ever urges me to labour for the state cannot be hushed by your disapproval. My ever-burning and passionate love for our free and mighty city—that city for which my father fought at Marathon, and for which I myself have bled on many a glorious day—is not to be quenched by the cold doubts of friends, or the bitter calumnies of unscrupulous and designing enemies. I come before you this day, because I perceive that ambitious and reckless men, taking

advantage of your honest and generous openheartedness, would hurry you into a fathomless barathrum which lies yawning beneath your feet; because I feel assured that, if you will heed my words, I shall do as much service to the state this day as when I shattered the Persian fleets on distant seas, and destroyed their army on a foreign soil.

"Megara, the enemy of Athens, and the ally of Sparta, prays us to protect her against the encroachments of Corinth, and admit her into our alliance. Now, of what use can Megara be to us that for her sake we should go to war with Corinth, and still further embroil ourselves with Sparta? We allied with Argos, the deadliest foe of Sparta, because Argos possesses a powerful army; but the army of Megara can never assist Athens, and her city is too far from the shore for our fleets to assist her. The alliance with Argos was equal to a declaration of war against Sparta; but an alliance with Megara will be war itself against the whole Peloponnesus.

"Now, I have little love for Corinth, but did she not prevent the Peloponnesians from restoring the Pisistratids? I have little affection for Sparta, but has she not shed her best blood in the cause of Hellas? But I have still less love for that Argos which refused to fight against Xerxes, and for that Megara which has ever been the foe of Athens.

"Athenians, the great questions upon which you have this day to decide are these: — Are we resolved upon a war with Sparta? Are we determined on fighting against the Persian in the Ægean, and for the Persian in the Peloponnesus? Abroad our fleets are triumphing over the Persian; at home we are allying ourselves with the friends of the Persian, and arraying ourselves against his foes. In this juncture Egypt has revolted from the great king. Excited by our triumphs in the Ægean, she too has turned against the invader; and can Athens refuse her alliance? The blood of our fathers and the smouldering

ashes of our temples are still crying for revenge. Shall we, then, stay our hands against the Persian in order to sheathe our swords in the breasts of our brother Greeks? I say unto you, if we are to fight against the Persian, let us assist the Egyptian; if we are to fight for the Persian, let us ally with Megara and war against Sparta.

"It may be that your hearts are steeled against these appeals by the false insinuations of political foes. Men may mount the bema after me, and use their smooth tongues and oily words to persuade you that I am a traitor to Athens and a secret friend to Sparta. They may tell over again, with a thousand additions, how Athenians under Cimon were sent to assist Sparta against her helots, and how those Athenians were sent back again with marked insults. Such men's charges are contradicted by their own words. If I were too friendly to Sparta, would Sparta have dismissed me with such indignity?

"But I have held the stone too long. Still, I would again beseech you — you who still burn for revenge upon the Persian and fresh glory for Athens — I conjure you by the common gods of Hellas, not to suffer your fathers' murderers to go unpunished, and your fathers' blood to remain unavenged. I implore you by those kindly deities who aided both Dorian and Ionian when fighting side by side in the common cause of Hellas, not to deliberately war against men who speak the same tongue, worship the same gods, and are sprung from the same glorious and immortal heroes."

Shouts of applause rang through the clear morning air as Cimon descended from the stone. His manly voice, his open and generous countenance, somewhat clouded by a sense of his declining popularity, the earnestness of his delivery, and the memory of his former exploits, had all conspired to make a considerable impression upon the assembly. Many of the older citizens were indeed decidedly

favourable to his policy; hating the Persians as our fathers hated the French, and hating the democrats as our fathers hated the Jacobins. Cries for Pericles, however, soon filled the area.

"What!" whispered Herodotus to Euphorion, "is it possible that any man will answer the speech of Cimon?"

"Wait a minute," was the reply; "I see Pericles approaching, and the lightning in his eye shows that he is aroused. Hush!"

A slight, pale man, with forehead of marble whiteness, and eyes of wondrous depth and brilliancy, slowly mounted the bema. Gradually Herodotus was filled with the idea that he was in the presence of a being mysterious and spiritual. The figure before him was as graceful as Apollo, as majestic as Zeus. Intellect was enthroned upon his brow, lightning flashed from his eye; but a melancholy, like the majestic grief of a divine hero, pervaded the sweetness of his countenance. Men held their breath to catch the first accents which fell from his lips.

"Athenians," he cried, dwelling upon the word as upon some favourite chord of music, "Athenians, once more the gods have enabled Athens to exhibit to the world her grandeur and her glory. Once more that bright goddess Athena, who ever dwells in yon Acropolis, the fair protectress of our ancient city, has given to Athens the happy chance of again standing forth as the protector of the distressed, and the avenger of our mighty fathers. Here, from this sacred spot to the dreary shores of that mysterious ocean stream which engirdles the entire earth, the growing power of the Athenian people is the theme of every tongue, the envy of the Greek and the admiration of the Barbarian. We are a city of kings, with none to sway us but the immortal gods.

"We, the citizens of Attica, have assembled in solemn conclave. Greeks, eager to throw off the selfish and suspicious domination of Sparta, are earnestly entreating

us to admit them into our confederacy. Barbarians, fired by our example, have thrown off the Persian yoke, and pray us to aid them in their holy struggle. Athens benignly listens to the suppliants. The Council of Five Hundred have formally prepared the necessary measures; and now submit them to the judgment of the sovereign people. On the wisdom of that sovereignty all men might rely; but Cimon is fearful lest you should be deceived by specious oratory. He beseeches you — you the offspring of gods and heroes — not to be duped by smooth tongues and oily words. Having been himself mightily befooled at Sparta, he comes back to implore you not to suffer your weak minds to be led astray. I, who would have saved him from his disgrace, who entreated you not to send him to Sparta, I — even I — am now charged by Cimon with seeking to beguile you. Surely too much wisdom must have made him mad. He boasts of his father's exploits at Marathon, but bids us fear the Persian; he brags of the victories which he has achieved for Athens, but bids us be afraid of Sparta. Is the intelligence of the Athenian people to be thus insulted?

"But let us forget our indignation, Athenians, and discuss the measures before us with that calm deliberation which befits a sovereign people. Megara is the only city between us and the Peloponnesus. Her territory occupies the isthmus, and is, in fact, the key to the Peloponnesus. If we admit her into our confederacy, no Peloponnesian army can invade Attica. Cimon tells us that, by so doing, we shall offend Sparta, and lay ourselves open to the Persian. But I tell you, Athenians, that the Persian is a bugbear; never again will he send an armament to redden the waves of Salamis. It is Sparta we have to dread,—selfish, suspicious, heavy-armed Sparta; she who suffered Athens to fight her battle at Marathon; she who shrank behind the isthmus wall when Athens was in flames, and Attica was a desolation; she

who sought to overthrow our democracy, and was jealous of our very walls.

"The question of assisting the Egyptian revolt might be adjourned to a future day, but Megara demands your immediate attention; Megara, the key of the Peloponnesus, the bulwark against Sparta. Now is the time for driving out the Corinthians; Sparta is paralysed, and totally unable to assist them. The other allies of Sparta are disgusted with her sluggishness and arrogance. Her helots are in open revolt. Megara has cried to her in vain for justice. Great Poseidon himself has shaken her soil and overturned her city. Truly the present moment is a divine chance given us by the gods for the lasting preservation of Attica against the Peloponnesus. Will you, then, dream it away in peaceful slumbers lulled by the fears of Cimon?

"Athenians, we are not the men that Cimon takes us for. He forgets that he must implicitly rely upon the collective wisdom of the sovereign people,—that wisdom which made him admiral in the Ægean, and gave to Miltiades the command at Marathon. He bids us remember the services of himself and of his father,—but forgets the glorious deaths of our fathers and brothers, by which alone have we attained our immortal renown. By the shades of those departed heroes I now implore you to act worthy of that power which they bequeathed unto you, worthy of your own high destiny and the present crisis. That freedom which they purchased by their blood must be preserved by your energy and valour. Dispatch, then, an army to Megara, and escape the war which is now threatening Athens; and thus, with the lofty wisdom of a democracy, and the generous daring which belongs to free citizens, shall we utterly defy the jealousy of Sparta, and preserve our city without the sacrifice of her sons."

An impressive silence pervaded the whole assembly as Pericles descended from the bema. The graceful majesty

of his figure and the musical sweetness of his voice had given an almost sacred authority to his language and a mysterious significance to his words. His counsels were as the oracles of Apollo; he seemed not to be advising the people, but to be imparting to them the inscrutable will of Olympian Zeus. But though all men were thus powerfully affected by his oratory, yet all were not equally swayed by his opinions. The democratic party looked upon him as their great leader whom no man could gainsay. The aristocratic party regarded him as a political charlatan, having a marvellous plausibility and a wondrous flow of language,—whose counsels it was easy to condemn, but almost impossible to refute. Herodotus was singularly interested. He had listened to the straightforward speech of Cimon with interest and sympathy; but Pericles seemed to carry him away against his will — to excite his passions and warp his judgment by sheer subtlety of words. He felt that Pericles had triumphed, — that the people must give him their votes; but yet he vainly hoped that some still more powerful orator would ascend the bema, scatter the arguments of Pericles, and successfully espouse the declining cause of Cimon.

But where was the Athenian who dared to face the lightning eye of Pericles? that eye whose searching glances could tell a confused speaker that all his thoughts were known, and his shallow intellect fathomed in every direction. One engine, however, was left to the aristocratic party, namely, that of invective. Abuse could be poured upon the dignified orator until the assembly had forgotten his best arguments, and the effects of his oratory had passed away. Speaker after speaker successively mounted the bema. Democrats contented themselves with dwelling upon the most striking passages in the speech of their favourite leader. Aristocrats wisely avoided all argument upon the matter in hand, and contented themselves with merely stating elaborate opinions directly opposed to those

of Pericles, and with vilifying and reviling him in the most scurrilous and offensive language. That sympathy for the fallen, which is the beautiful characteristic of young and ardent minds, now enlisted the feelings of Herodotus in favour of Pericles. He forgot that the aristocratic orators were partisans of Cimon, and only looked upon them as the slanderous calumniators of a noble and elevated statesman. Some hours passed away, and the sun had risen high in the heavens. The area was hot and oppressive, for no awning defended the heads of the assembly from the noon-day rays. Hearty disgust for the orators began to fill the heart of our young traveller. Nearly all the citizens of Athens had been engaged for the best part of the day in listening to speakers who merely talked about the measures, vituperated each other, or endeavoured to confuse the judgment of the assembly by artful fallacies and subtle speeches. At last the audience became as wearied and hot as Herodotus. The orators were perpetually interrupted with cries of "go down." No one was at length permitted to mount the bema, and the epistates came forward to take a show of hands. Then it was finally declared, amidst much commotion and applause, that the measure for sending a force to Megara was affirmed by a large majority, but that the motion for assisting the Egyptian revolt was postponed for the consideration of a future meeting. Thus Pericles and the ultra democrats achieved another triumph over Cimon and the conservatives.

It had certainly been a fatiguing morning; but when Herodotus and his host had returned home and partaken of some refreshment, Euphorion did not fail to question our traveller upon what he thought of the workings of a democracy. Herodotus, however, remembered the caution of his father, and returned evasive answers. Indeed, he had already been somewhat practised in that kind of fence; for during the last two days almost every one he had seen

had asked him what he thought of Athens and her institutions. Euphorion saw his hesitation and attempted to remove it.

"I am aware," he said, "that many of our ardent democrats are anxious that our democracy should be admired by all men, and especially by those who have lived under a tyranny, or an oligarchy; whilst at the same time they will resent the least slur which might be cast upon our government, or upon our laws. I however ask you, not for the sake of gratifying any national pride, but in order that I may know the first impressions of a foreigner."

"To tell the truth, then," replied Herodotus, "and to tell it with full confidence, that you will not be offended at any opinions which I may now express, and which may hereafter become modified as my experience becomes enlarged, I must confess that I like not a democracy. I think that all men are better adapted for one avocation than for another; and that statesmanship can be better practised by the few who understand it than by the many who only follow their factious leaders."

"But who would you choose to be the few?" said Euphorion.

"Either those," answered our traveller, "who were born to power, and have, therefore, been accustomed to it from their infancy; or else those who are chosen for their talents by the great body of the citizens."

"But is not the collective wisdom of the many more to be depended upon than the wisdom of the few?"

"No; because the masses are always swayed by their leaders, whilst the few would be well fitted to govern from their hereditary rank or superior talents, and would neither be obliged to pander to the mob nor to yield to it."

"But ought not every citizen who shares the burden of the State to have an equal share in its government?"

"I do not think that because a political question more

or less affects the whole body of citizens, that it is necessary to call every citizen from his daily avocations to decide upon every political measure. The price of cabbage affects every father of a family; and yet you would not call an assembly of all the citizens to decide upon the price of cabbage."

"Now we are getting at the question," said Euphorion; "we certainly should not call an assembly to settle the price of cabbage, but to choose from their own body such citizens as would be best fitted to regulate the market, and who would be always responsible to the people for their acts, of which, indeed, the people would be the best judges. I have no wish, however, to disturb those opinions in which you have been educated by your father; and I would only have you consider that there is a great deal to be said in favour of every form of government, and that a people are generally able to establish for themselves that form which best suits their city and nation. I have a curious book written by a philosopher, who desired for argument's-sake to prove that a pure tyranny was better than democracy. I have a slave who knows his letters very well, he shall read it to us."

In a few minutes the slave appeared by Euphorion's orders, and taking up the roll of Nile paper read aloud as follows: —

"How an Oligarchy may
be better than a Democracy,
and a Monarchy better than
an Oligarchy.

"After Smerdis Magus, King of Persia, had fallen by the conspiracy of the Seven, the Seven met together for the purpose of settling the future government of the Persian Empire, and three out of the seven then delivered their separate opinions, as follows:

"First spoke Otanes, who advocated a democracy, thus: 'Having experienced the insolence of kings, we cannot think of establishing a monarchy. Indeed, how is it possible for a monarchy, in which one man is allowed to do as he pleases without control, to be a well-constituted government? If you were even to invest the best of men with the sovereign power, he would soon cast off his previous wisdom and moderation. Envy is implanted in every man from his birth, and insolence is likewise engendered in a king by the advantages which surround him. The possession of these two vices leads him to indulge in every other. Stung by envy, he commits many nefarious actions; and, puffed up by insolence, he indulges in many vices. One would think that a sovereign should be free from envy because he possesses all things; but the contrary is always to be found. He envies the best citizens, takes delight in the company of the worst, and readily listens to the envious reports of calumny. In his behaviour towards his subjects, he is the most inconsistent of all men. Treat him with moderate respect, and he is offended at the slightness of the honour. Prostrate yourselves before him, and he is offended at the grossness of the flattery. His insolence again is unbearable. He alters the established institutions of the country, takes whom he pleases to be his wives and concubines, and puts men to death without judicial trial. On the other hand, a democratic government, where every citizen enjoys an equality of rights and privileges, is the fairest upon earth, and cannot be guilty of the excesses which are practised by a sovereign. Archons and Prytanes obtain their offices by the ballot, and are not only responsible to the people for the just performance of their several duties, but are also obliged to submit their plans to the people before carrying them into execution. I therefore give it as my deliberate opinion, that we should abrogate the Persian monarchy

altogether, and establish a democracy in its stead, for in the government of the many is to be found every virtue.'

"Secondly spoke Megabyzus, who advocated an oligarchy, thus: 'I perfectly agree with what Otanes has said about abolishing the Persian monarchy; but when he bids us place the government in the hands of the people, he evidently shuts his ears to the counsel of the wise. No one can be more foolish or insolent than an ignorant mob. It would, therefore, be madness in us, after throwing off the insolence of a tyrant, to fall under the insolence of an ungovernable multitude. When a sovereign commits a tyrannical act, he does it knowingly, and is therefore, to some extent, restrained by his own conscience. But the multitude are totally ignorant of everything; they have never been taught hitherto, nor have the means of knowing now; they would, therefore, rush on without reflection, and overwhelm the state like a winter torrent swollen with rain and snow. Let those, then, who desire the ruin of the Persians adopt a democracy; but let us transfer the sovereign power to a council of nobles, amongst whom we ourselves shall be included; and thus we may reasonably expect that the best counsels will proceed from the best men.'

"Thirdly, Darius, son of Hystaspes, advocated a monarchy, thus: — 'I, for my part, perfectly agree with what Megabyzus has said concerning a democracy; but I am entirely opposed to his proposal for the establishment of an oligarchy. Let us examine the three different forms of government, — namely, democracy, oligarchy, and monarchy; and, for the sake of argument, let us consider each one as the best of its kind; and if we then compare one with the other, we shall find the monarchical form of government to be the best of all. In the best of monarchies will be seen one good man acting upon the wisest plans, governing the people without blame, and keeping his designs perfectly secret from all who are ill affected

towards the State. In the best of oligarchies, however, though the council of nobles will exert its energies for the public good, yet strong private feuds will spring up amongst its members. Thus factions will arise, and factions will bring on murders; and this dreadful state of things can only be terminated by some one seizing the supreme power and establishing a monarchy, which alone proves it to be the better government. Last of all, we come to a democracy; and, under the indiscriminate government of the people, it is impossible but that many evils should spring up. These evils, however, do not so much arise from the private animosities of the evil-disposed, as from the powerful combinations of party; and these party struggles continue until some one of the people stands forward and puts them down; and on this very account the people will admire him and make him their king. This termination again proves that a monarchy is the best government that can be adopted. But, to sum up everything, let me ask this question:—Whence came the freedom of Persia from the Median yoke? Who gave it? Was it a democracy, or an oligarchy, or a monarchy? I need scarcely remind you that we obtained our freedom through our just and great king Cyrus. It is therefore my opinion, that, as we were made free by a monarch, so we ought to preserve a monarchical government; and that we ought, on no account, to subvert the righteous institutions of our great and glorious ancestors.'

"Darius, the son of Hystaspes, having thus spoken, four out of the seven declared themselves to be of his opinion; and thus the Persian monarchy was preserved, and Darius was shortly afterwards invested with the sovereignty."

"That is a wise book," said Herodotus, when the slave had finished reading; "I should like to study it alone."

"Take it, by all means," responded Euphorion; "I freely make you a present of it."

Herodotus took it from the hand of the slave, and what was his surprise to see that it was written in the well-known handwriting of his own father, Lyxes. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

"What," he cried, "did you mean by saying that this book was written by a good Athenian democrat?"

"You have already, I see, discovered the author," said Euphorion. "Your father desired me to deliver it into your hands; but I had a mind to hear whether you had become too good a democrat to admire it. It is all sophistry, and some day we will go over its arguments together. What say you now to a walk along the banks of the Ilissus, or a stroll into the agora?"

"Oh, the walk through the groves near the Ilissus, by all means," said Herodotus. And the two left the house, and wandered forth in company.

CHAP. XXII.

ATHENS (CONTINUED), B.C. 460, 459.

PURSUITS AND AMUSEMENTS OF HERODOTUS. — ATHENIAN PARTIALITY FOR FOREIGNERS, AS OPPOSED TO SPARTAN JEALOUSY. — EXCURSION TO MARATHON. — THOUGHTS ON THE BATTLE FIELD. — VISION OF THE ENGAGEMENT. — BREAKING UP OF OLD IDEAS. — PREPARATIONS FOR A VOYAGE TO THE SCYTHIANS ON THE BLACK SEA. — GEOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE ROUTE PAST MACEDONIA AND THRACE. — STRANGE ARTICLES FOR BARTER. — TRADE IN GODS. — GREEK IDEAS UPON THE SUBJECT. — FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF HERODOTUS'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF AND POLITICAL VIEWS.

HERODOTUS resided at Athens for several weeks in the house of Euphorion, during which he every day made himself more and more acquainted with her citizens and her institutions. He found, indeed, that the manners of the people accorded exceedingly well with his own tastes. He would rise early in the morning, soon after sunrise, and take his light breakfast of bread and wine in his own room; then he would walk to the agora and hear the news, and stroll along the banks of the Ilissus with Euphorion or some of his friends; and generally once a day he paid a visit to the gymnasium. Not unfrequently, also, he walked to the Piræus and saw if any ships came in; and he called more than once at the house of the father-in-law of his friend Phylarchus, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the worthy captain, and the wife which had occasioned so much trouble with the oracles. Of this quiet Athenian damsel we have nothing to record. Of course she was many years younger than Phylarchus, and perhaps young enough to be his daughter; but he certainly had no reason to doubt his own felicity. She was

evidently as attached to him as he was devoted to her; and as navigation was considered to be far too dangerous an occupation for the winter season, it may be readily supposed that Phylarchus spent a few months with his young wife in a state of unalloyed happiness.

It is hardly to be expected that Herodotus should see much of his seafaring friend during this, his first visit to Athens. Their occupations were essentially different. Whilst Phylarchus was squaring the accounts of his last voyage, and preparing for a new expedition, Herodotus was looking on at a dicastery or attending a public assembly, or, in short, doing anything by which he could become better acquainted with the trade of Athens, her laws, or her democracy. Indeed, the democratic usages and institutions of Athens made a very great impression upon Herodotus, as they were sure to do upon a young foreigner who had been brought up under monarchical institutions. At Sparta, the modesty of the young men and the veneration paid to old age were carried to the extreme; and Herodotus being both young and a foreigner, had found himself for a long time but little more regarded than a Helot. At Athens, however, the younger citizens considered themselves as important as their fathers; and swaggered through the agora, speechified in the pnyx, or shouted in the dicastery with as much consequence as a citizen of twenty years' standing. Moreover, the younger men at Athens were far less under the control of their elders than those at Sparta, or at any other Greek city which Herodotus had as yet visited. Those with whom he came into contact were tolerably well supplied with money and indulged in amusements equally as expensive, though, perhaps, more manly than those of the Corinthian gallants. Horse-racing, chariot-driving, hunting, cock and quail fighting, with an occasional rattle at the dice-box, would sometimes clear out a young Athenian just when

he wanted to buy a handsome suit of armour to join the garrison at Megara, or procure a respectable outfit for the Ægean fleet.

Herodotus liked this free and independent kind of life. He had obtained his money from Phylarchus, and had no objection to amusement, so long as it was unaccompanied by vice. A merry symposium, or a rapid drive through the rural demes, were very enjoyable; though the unevenness of the soil of Attica occasioned perpetual accidents. But at Athens, as well as in other learned cities of modern times, there were a set of reckless stupid fellows yclept triballi, who thought there could be no fun without mischief, and were consequently carefully avoided by all young men of sense and reputation. Indeed, the triballi would get stupidly intoxicated early in the day; quarrel and fight over their horses, dogs, cocks, or quails; pitch into the fortunate winners at astragali or dice; or lie in wait and frightfully ill-use any one, slave or free citizen, who chanced to offend them.

There was another circumstance which rendered our traveller's residence at Athens exceedingly agreeable. The Spartans hated foreigners, whilst the Athenians were by no means averse to them. At Sparta, therefore, he had not unfrequently been insulted during the early part of his stay in that jealous and severe city; but at Athens the curious and open-hearted citizens received him with the greatest cordiality from the very fact of his having come from the opposite shores of the Ægean. Euphorion especially took pleasure in the society of his guest, and kindly used every endeavour to promote his amusement. Day after day passed away, and Herodotus still continued to live in the house of his entertainer; though he very rarely saw the wife of Euphorion, and never had a single glimpse of the face of the daughter. He offered more than once to remove to some other house, but Euphorion pressed him to remain where he was, at least until the spring; and

when Euphorion at last heard that his young guest purposed going on another voyage with Phylarchus directly the winter was over, he assured him that he had better postpone taking a house at all.

As the spring advanced and before Herodotus finally left Athens with Phylarchus, he made an excursion to the immortal plain of Marathon, about twenty-two miles from Athens. The road ran through the pretty little village of Cephisia, at the source of the river Cephissus. As far as Cephisia the country was most beautiful. The road ran past farms and pastures, hamlets and villages. Hills and valleys were carpeted with green verdure and early flowers; whilst the prospect was varied by myrtles, ivy, olives, and wide-spreading plane trees. Beyond Cephisia was a magnificent olive wood, but beyond the wood the country became waste and bare, and the vegetation was stunted. Here the road ascended the rocky eminences along the northern slope of Mount Pentelicus, and Herodotus, who was on horseback, found this part of the journey not over pleasant. When, however, he reached the highest part of the road, all his toil was fully repaid by the magnificent view which met his eyes. Before him was the beautiful plain of Marathon, and beyond it were the blue waves of the sea which washed the eastern shores of Attica; whilst in the distance he could plainly see the finely varied forms of the mountains of Eubœa. Turning into a ravine the road wound slowly down the zigzag stony mountain path; and at last, after a long morning's ride, he stood on the hallowed soil of the famous battle-field.

Numerous guides offered their services to our traveller, but he had made himself too well acquainted with the history of the battle to need their assistance. His slave had accompanied him throughout the journey, and carried a basket of provisions and skin of wine; and Herodotus having duly refreshed himself, left the horse and slave at

a neighbouring tavern, and strolled out to view the glorious plain.

Marathon is principally famous as the scene of the first great conflict between Greek and Persian on European soil. When the Ionians and other Asiatic Greeks revolted against Darius, Athens had sent over ships and troops to assist in the war of independence. After Darius had crushed the rebellion in Asia, he resolved to avenge himself on Athens. The Persians brought an immense armament to the shore of Marathon. Athens sent to Sparta for aid, but waited in vain for the reinforcements from her sluggish and jealous rival. At last her heroic citizens marched boldly out to victory or death, and encamped on the heights whilst the Persians advanced haughtily into the plain. Then the men of Athens sounded the pæan, and rushed fiercely on the foe. Their centre gave way at the first shock of that terrific charge, but their wings were victorious, and soon turned back and gained the day.

Herodotus became another man as he trod that hallowed ground. For the first time in his life he began to glory in the thought that he too belonged to that noble race of Hellenes who had defied and overthrown the Persian. His education in his father's house had led him hitherto to take a pride in exhibiting his loyal attachment to the great king, under whose imperial sway Halicarnassus had enjoyed a comparative immunity from the horrors of a war, and the throne of Artemisia had been unshaken by the factions of an oligarchy, or the party struggles and seditions of a democracy. But his travels had opened his eyes. His sympathies were no longer enlisted in the cause of Persia, but in the cause of Hellas. He saw the mounds erected over the dead; the graves of those heroes who had freely sacrificed their lives in that glorious contest against the barbarian invaders. He looked around and recalled the entire scene. The Persian fleet anchor-

ing in the bay, — the terrible and overwhelming army of the barbarian arranged in order of battle, and filling the entire plain, — the small but intrepid lines of Athenians encamped upon the heights. Hark! the Athenians sound the pæan, and rush like madmen upon the invaders. The field is covered with a confused mass of combatants, — cuts and thrusts, dead and dying, Persian shrieks and Greek execrations. The green verdure is dyed with human blood. The blooming flowers are broken by the heels of furious warriors, or crushed by the wounded and the slain. The air of heaven is filled with yells and curses. At length the day is over. The barbarians rush to the shore. Athenians seize the ships and shout for fire. The struggle becomes more deadly and more desperate. Life and limb are yielded without a sigh in that fierce battle for land and liberty. The Persian fleet slowly bears away the shattered squadrons. The band of victors return to Athens with songs and pæans, to exult in the deliverance of their glorious city, and sacrifice to her kindly and protecting deities.

Mighty thoughts were revolving in the brain of Herodotus as he returned to Athens on the succeeding day; thoughts that broke up the confused pictures and half-formed images which had previously occupied his mind. He felt that the world within him was being reduced to a chaos; that his old ideas were not being merely modified, but were passing away altogether. He had no such aspirations for fame as he had experienced in the valley of Olympia. He was inspired with a burning desire to know more of man and of his actions, more of heroes and of their immortal deeds. He began to contemn his own ignorance, his mistaken notions of great events, his one-sided view of politics and governments. It was therefore with a strange dissatisfaction with what he had, and a strange craving for what he had not, that he again entered

the house of Euphorion, and hurried weary and dispirited to his own chamber.

The very next day he was called upon by Phylarchus to make preparations for a long and even dangerous voyage. Two merchants from Olbia, on the Euxine, had agreed with the worthy and experienced captain upon a joint expedition to the Black Sea, to purchase gold and furs of the Scythians; and perhaps, as the vessel was a large one, to bring back a cargo of corn and slaves. The voyage out, if the weather proved favourable, would occupy nearly three months; and Phylarchus had arranged to return to the Propontis or Sea of Marmora at the latter end of the summer, and spend the winter at Byzantium, on the site now occupied by the city of Constantinople. The time, however, which such a long run would occupy, could scarcely be calculated. At many of the ins and outs of the coast of Macedonia and Thrace the navigation was very dangerous. The winds even during the summer were also very treacherous both in the Ægean and in the Euxine or Black Sea; and a sudden squall might occasion more damage in three minutes, than could be remedied in days. Phylarchus therefore strictly cautioned Herodotus to take as much of warm clothing with him as would defy the intense cold of the northern climate should they be compelled to winter in any distant port.

Scythia, in the time of our history, occupied the whole of the Crimea, together with that part of Southern Russia which lies between the mouths of the Danube and banks of the river Don. The furthest port to which Phylarchus was bound was the Greek settlement of Olbia, at the mouth of the river Dnieper, not far from the modern town of Cherson, and about seventy miles from Odessa. It will thus be seen that the course of the voyage ran along that line of coast which has been familiarised to every Englishman by the present war against Russia,—namely, first along the

western and northern shores of the Ægean; then through the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Channel of Constantinople; and lastly, along the western shore of the Black Sea, past the mouths of the Danube to the mouth of the Dnieper. This line of coast, as far as the Danube, belonged to Northern Greece, Macedonia, and Thrace, and now answers to the modern territories of Turkey in Europe. Beyond the Danube commenced the Scythian territory; a region which answers to the modern provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, and the countries of the Ukraine, the Nogays, the Don Cossacks, and the Tartars of the Crimea.

Macedonia was divided from Northern Greece by a range called the Cambunian mountains. Thrace, again, was divided from Macedonia by an arm of the Balkan, called Mount Dysorum, just at the north-western corner of the Ægean, where the three-pronged peninsula of Chalcidice runs out into the Archipelago. On its northern side it was separated from Scythia by the river Danube. Thrace was thus a huge square mass of country divided into two by the Balkan range; having the Ægean and Sea of Marmora on its south, the Black Sea on its east, the Danube on its north, and a boundary line, partly indicated by Mount Dysorum, may be drawn to mark its western frontier. The coasts of Southern Thrace, Macedonia, and Northern Greece, were celebrated as the route by which Xerxes, after crossing the Hellespont or Dardanelles, invaded Greece by sea and land; whilst the line of coast northward from the Hellespont over the Balkan range and river Danube into the territory of Scythia, was celebrated as the track by which Darius, the son of Hystaspes, invaded the Scythian territory.

A voyage to the Crimea is considered but a small thing in the present day, however disastrous may be its results. In ancient times the neighbouring ports were frequently

visited by Greek merchants, and the coasts of the Black Sea were studded with Greek colonies; but yet Scythia was considered to be almost as remote as the Australia of the last generation.

It was in the same spirit of adventure as that in which young Englishmen sometimes hurry off to the South Seas, and examine the institutions of Malays and other savages, that our young traveller prepared for his great voyage to Olbia. As he was not going out, like Phylarchus and the two other merchants, for the purposes of trade, he laid in no stock of wine, and only bought a few brightly-coloured garments and tinselled ornaments as presents, together with arms and armour, and a sufficiency of winter clothing. Meantime, however, the worthy captain and his two partners had laid in a tremendous stock of goods for barter. Skins of wine of excessive potency, smartly dyed sashes and vests, glittering baubles, and an immense number of other articles of similar worthlessness and attractiveness, were taken for the purpose of dealing with the natives; whilst articles of greater use and of more refined luxury were shipped for the more legitimate trading with the Greek settlers, or with the foreign merchants who came in caravans from the far interior. Amongst other things, too, Phylarchus insisted upon taking on board a quantity of ugly mis-shapen monsters of baked clay, which he had purchased from Glaucus, the Corinthian. Herodotus saw these monsters in a warehouse in the Piræus, and thought Phylarchus must be mad; but the two Olbiopolitan merchants, who happened to be present, warmly approved of the exportation, and evidently set their affections upon the most evil-featured, hideously-deformed demons in the whole collection.

"Pray for what reason," cried our traveller to the worthy captain, "are you going to load the ship's hold with that pack of ill-omened barbarian images?"

"They will make very good barbarian gods," replied Phylarchus, with a grin.

"Gods!" cried Herodotus.

"Aye, aye," replied the captain; "there is always a good trade for gods in the interior. The merchants at Olbia will buy them at once, and sell them. Zeus only knows where. The Scythians, it is true, worship no images; but there are hosts of savages on the Black Sea and in the interior who worship idols, and who always break up their old gods when it lightens, or when they are defeated in battle, and then, of course, are ready to buy a fresh lot."

"What! such ferocious-looking images as these are?"

"Aye, aye, the uglier the better! Why I have seen the barbarians on the Black Sea sacrifice human victims to an old sword; and I have no doubt but that hecatombs of prisoners will be sacrificed to some of these brick-bat deities."

"Their oracles must be worth consulting. Had you not better inquire of one of them concerning your first-born?" remarked Herodotus.

"Go and make ready," replied the captain; "we sail in seven days."

But though Herodotus was willing to jest upon the trade in deities, yet his religious feelings sustained a similar shock to that which they had encountered in the warehouse of Glaucus. A year and a half had elapsed since he had visited Corinth; and he was no longer the same retiring Dorian youth who had refused to listen to the sneers of the philosophers of Samos. He had imbibed a little of the independence of the democratic Athenian. He had learned to exercise his own judgment upon men and things. But in all religious matters, he was as reverent and believing as ever, for so were the Athenians. Not indeed regarding the gods of Hellas with that holy awe and spiritual adoration with which the true Christian

bends before the mercy-seat of the Eternal Father; but more with the childlike confidingness, the reiterated prayers, and tearful entreaties with which the simple-minded and imaginative Roman Catholic addresses the several saints in his legendary calendar, or approaches the speaking picture of the blessed Virgin, or the mystic symbol of the holy crucifixion.

Herodotus and his religious contemporaries had begun to throw off their implicit faith in the ancient mythes, and to consider them as based upon truth indeed, but as having been expanded and distorted by poets, who had not been always truly inspired by the divine Muses, and who therefore required to be interpreted on rationalistic principles. But they unhesitatingly believed in, and worshipped, the gods themselves, not only as being each possessed of individual and particular attributes, but as being, in virtue of their divine character, mediators between man and the all mighty Zeus. The religious worship in other countries was supposed to be merely a barbarous corruption, or imitation of the religion of Hellas. Barbarians in distant climes were considered in general to be worshipping the same gods, though under different names, and with very different rites and ceremonies; in some cases to be confining their attention to only one or two of the gods in the Greek calendar; and in others, to be worshipping a god under a name so strange, and with rites so peculiar and mysterious, that it was almost impossible to identify it with any Hellenic deity. We moderns feel shocked when we hear of a South Sea chief worshipping a neatly turned bed-post; a Chinaman burning incense before the picture of Napoleon; or the entire inhabitants of an island marching in solemn procession, with the priests and singers at their head, to appease the mysterious wrath of an old tom cat. But the shock sustained by Herodotus corresponded more to the sensation we should experience, if we saw a Protestant potter exporting a quantity of cheap and ugly

earthenware saints and apostles to an ignorant and priest-ridden community. One exception, however, must be made to this comparison. We, on our part, would gladly see the sublime truths of revelation carried into every hole and corner throughout the entire earth; and would merely consider the exportation of the images as the pandering to a degrading superstition, for the sake of lucre. Herodotus, however, regarded the Olympic gods as being peculiarly the gods of Hellas; he cared not whether the barbarian worshipped them or no; he was willing to reverence the gods of such countries as he might visit, from a sense of politeness, and from a fear lest he should condemn a deity who might prove to be identical with a god of Hellas; and, lastly, being accustomed to approach all temple images with mysterious awe, he was quite as much shocked at seeing that load of figures shipped off in the most common manner, and for the most common purposes of barter, as he was hurt at thinking that, ugly and misshapen as they were, yet they might possibly be worshipped as the images of those wise, holy, and beneficent deities, whom he had been accustomed to revere from his earliest infancy.

It will thus be seen that Herodotus's thoughts and ideas generally were in a state of progression; and that at the time he sailed from Athens to Olbia, they had reached a certain and decided stage of development. His political views had become enlarged with a decided leaning towards democracy. He was more independent and self-reliant; less sentimental, and more energetic; less poetical, and more practical. His religious belief was less superstitious, and perhaps more elevated. Nurses might have thought him lax; philosophers might have thought him dreamy; whilst rakes and triballi would have put him down for a strait-laced hypocrite. His aspirations were more sound and healthy. He hoped some day to win the admiration of his fellow men, but he saw that he could only obtain it

by ministering to their real welfare, and not by pandering to their tastes. To sum up all, we may say that in morals, he was too proud to indulge in any vice; whilst in mind, he had ceased to be merely contemplative, and was becoming thoughtful. We shall see how his intellectual character was still further modified by the distant travels which he is now about to undertake, and by other events which are more generally incidental to the young men of all times and nations, and which we shall describe as we best can in succeeding chapters.

CHAP. XXIII.

MACEDONIA, B.C. 459.

EMBARKATION AT THE PIRÆUS. — VISIT TO THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ. — HISTORY. — BATTLES OF MARATHON AND THERMOPYLÆ COMPARED. — DESCRIPTION OF THE PASS. — TREACHERY OF EPHIALTES. — GLORIOUS DEATH OF LEONIDAS AND HIS THREE HUNDRED. — MONUMENTS AND INSCRIPTIONS. — THESSALY ANCIENTLY A LAKE. — VALE OF TEMPE. — MOUNT ATHOS. — CANAL OF XERXES. — ANCIENT HISTORY OF MACEDONIA. — ANCIENT LEGEND OF THE TEMENID CONQUEST OF MACEDONIA. — STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF THE PERSIAN ENVOYS. — MACEDONIA IN THE TIME OF HERODOTUS.

At sunrise on a fine morning early in April, B. C. 459, Herodotus, having made Euphorion a present of his slave, embarked with the two merchants at the Piræus, and fairly set out on the long and important voyage. Turning towards the southern promontory of Attica, the voyagers doubled Cape Sunium the same night, and on the second morning were sailing in a northerly direction along the eastern coast of northern Greece. Proceeding up the channel of Eubœa, and through the straits of Euripus between the island of Eubœa and the main land, they passed by Marathon; and then finally leaving the coast of Attica, they sailed along the shores of Bœotia and Locris towards the Maliac gulf on the southern frontier of Thessaly.

Herodotus went ashore in the Maliac gulf to view the famous pass of Thermopylæ; and a day or two afterwards landed upon the northern coast of the island of Eubœa to view the immortal beach of Artemisium. Our readers will probably remember that ten years after the defeat of the generals of Darius at Marathon, his son and successor, Xerxes, invaded Europe with an enormous army, and an almost equally powerful navy, to carry out the subjugation of Hellas. The barbarous tribes of Thrace and

Macedonia sullenly submitted to the overwhelming forces of the Persian, and the enemy arrived at the Cambunian mountains, which form the northern frontier of European Greece, without check or hindrance. Thessaly, the first Greek nation on the north, was unable single handed to guard the pass through the Cambunian mountains against the myriads of Xerxes; and they were therefore compelled not only to submit but to unite their forces with those of the invaders. The Persian fleet sailed to the southern coast of Thessaly opposite the beach of Artemisium in Eubœa, off which the ships of the Greek confederates were stationed. Greek heroism, though backed by the blasts of Boreas, could only make a momentary stand at Artemisium against the overwhelming armament of Xerxes. The allied fleet retreated to Salamis, and there fought that desperate and glorious battle which gave deliverance to Hellas. Meantime the army of the Persian poured through Thessaly, and tried to force its way through the narrow pass of Thermopylæ into Locris and Phocis, in order to trample down the cornfields of Bœotia, and ravage the consecrated soil of immortal Attica. Then a Spartan king was equal to the crisis. A band of heroes, brave as an army of lions, held that glorious pass in the teeth of those haughty myriads. But treachery did its work. Ephialtes, a Greek, lured by the hope of gold, guided the Persian through another and a secret pass. Leonidas and his Spartans fell gloriously at their post. The Persian marauder trampled on, burning and destroying, to the bay of Salamis. The heroism of Sparta has brightened her name for ever. The treason of Ephialtes is held in eternal scorn.

At Marathon, Athens had dashed fearlessly and impetuously upon the astonished barbarian. At Thermopylæ, Leonidas and his martyrs sought only to die in the cause of Hellas, to fall unconquered and unconquerable. At Marathon the Athenians poured down a rocky slope upon

the enemy in the plain. At Thermopylæ the Spartans stood in a narrow way, with a mountain wall on one side, and the shallow sea on the other. Thermopylæ, or Hot Gates, consisted of two narrow openings, having an intermediate mile of enlarged road and hot springs between them. Leonidas, with an allied force of about 4000 men, encamped in the intermediate space, to guard the front entrance, which was only wide enough to admit a single chariot. He hoped to be able to hold the position until the main army of the allies could march up. Then the information reached him that there existed a secret path over the otherwise inaccessible mountain wall on his left, and that by that path a division of the Persian army might advance and take him in the rear. He at once despatched a thousand Phocians from his small army to guard the mountain path. Meantime the whole Persian army advanced upon Thermopylæ. Throughout two days of desperate conflict Leonidas held the pass against the bravest and best of the invaders. Xerxes, in spite of his innumerable hordes, became fairly alarmed. He could make no impression upon the forces of Leonidas. The pass appeared impracticable. At last Ephialtes, the dastard traitor, betrayed the fatal secret to the great king.

In one dark and never to be forgotten night, the Persian imperial guard, known by the name of the Immortals, moved along the secret mountain-path, led by the sordid betrayer of Hellas. These Immortals consisted of 10,000 picked infantry, under the command of Hydarnes. The thick forest of oaks which covered the mountain, together with the darkness of the night, prevented the advance from being observed by the Greek pickets. In the deep stillness of daybreak—a stillness which is so remarkable in Greece — the measured tramp of the Persian Immortals upon the rustling leaves at last reached the ears of the thousand Phocians. In a moment they sprang to their arms, and saw that the wood was full of warriors.

Hydarnes feared they were Spartans; but, learning the truth from Ephialtes, he drew up his Immortals in battle array. A shower of Persian arrows obliged the Phocians to give way; but the gallant band only retired to the mountain-top, and there prepared to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Hydarnes cared not to pursue them: he only sought to clear Thermopylæ of Leonidas and his army; and, therefore, hurried down the mountain to take the Spartan in the rear.

Meantime the fatal truth reached the little camp in Thermopylæ. Scouts ran down the hill with the news that the mountain-path was in the hands of the Persians. The officiating seer who performed the morning sacrifice read the approach of death in the portentous aspect of the victims. Small time was there for a council of war; still smaller time for men to decide whether to retreat or die. The allies generally were for a precipitate flight. Leonidas at once dismissed them; but resolved to stay himself with his three hundred Spartans. Death stared him in the face, but the laws of Sparta required him to stand to his post, to conquer or to die; and he, the descendant of Heracles, was resolved to sell his life in that terrible pass in a manner worthy of Sparta, and worthy of her Heracleid kings. But it was not only his duty, his honour, and his aspiration for immortal renown which determined him to perform this noble self-sacrifice. One loftier thought inspired him. It had been told at Delphi that men sprung from Perseus would either take Sparta, or Sparta must mourn the loss of a king; for the Persian monarch was endued with the strength of Zeus, and no force could resist him. These were the words of the oracle; —

> "Hear me, ye citizens of spacious Sparta!
> Either your glorious town must be destroyed
> By the fell hands of warriors sprung from Perseus,
> Or else the confines of fair Lacedæmon
> Must mourn a king of Heracleidan race.

For all the strength of lions and of bulls
Is naught to him who has the strength of Zeus;
And never shall that monarch be restrained
Until he takes your city or your king."

Thus Leonidas determined to devote himself and his three hundred for the salvation of Sparta.

Seven hundred Bœotians refused to leave Leonidas and his Spartans. The seer, Megistias, who had read the will of the gods in the morning sacrifice, would not be sent away with the allies. Thus a thousand men remained to hold that pass against the millions of Persia.

It had been settled in the Persian camp that Xerxes and the main army should advance against the Greeks a little before noon, by which time Hydarnes and his Immortals would be in the rear of Leonidas. Accordingly, Xerxes having poured out libations to the gods at sunrise, began his attack upon Thermopylæ about eleven o'clock, A. M. Onward came the trampling lines of the overwhelming barbarian. Leonidas and his devoted band knew that death was certain; that all was lost directly the Immortals should arrive at their rear. Their only thought was to thrust and slay for as long as the gods should grant them life. The narrow pass no longer gave them elbow-room. Out they marched into the wider road to form a wider front. Each man clenched his teeth and grasped his spear. That morn they were living men; that night they would be hero martyrs. Not a single heart trembled at the thought; every arm was nerved for Hellas and for Sparta.

Onward came the glittering and innumerable Persians. The Persian van charged and fell, but on pressed the mighty host, trampling under foot their shrieking comrades. Still the heavy-armed Spartan speared them down. The Persian scourges forced on their own shrinking squadrons. The Spartan ranks, fierce and immoveable, thrust them back with murderous spears. Persians

dashed into the shallow sea rather than face the Spartan, and bubbled up their drowning prayers to barbarian gods. Spears were broken, but the Greeks drew their swords and slaughtered thousands. Men staggered through streams of blood and climbed hills of slain. Leonidas fell, and round his bleeding body arose the last and deadliest struggle. Four times the Persians carried it off, four times the Greeks rescued it by desperate valour. The Immortals at last arrived.. An unconquered and unconquerable remnant of Spartans fell back upon a small rising ground. The Persians, like an infuriated mob, pressed the lion-hearted warriors on all sides, but still the slaughtering work went on. The barbarians threw stones and javelins, but the Greeks cut them down with their swords, or flew on them with their fists and teeth. Thus fought and fell that glorious band; and such were the men of Sparta!

Twenty years had passed away, when Herodotus landed at Thermopylæ. He had but short time for the visit, but he walked through the pass and saw the spot near the rising ground where Leonidas fought and fell, and where a stone lion had been erected to his eternal memory. He also gazed on the other monuments and inscriptions which marked the spot. Over the grave of those who fell before Leonidas dismissed the allies, were the following words:

"From Peloponnesus came four thousand men,
And on this spot fought with three hundred myriads."

Over the tomb of the Spartans were the following:

"Go, stranger! tell at Sparta that her sons
Lie here obedient to their country's laws."

And over the tomb of Megistias the seer, was the following inscription, written by his friend Simonides, the old Greek poet of Ceos:

"The monument of fam'd Megistias,
Slain by the Medes, what time they passed the Spercheus:
A seer, who, though he knew impending fate,
Would not desert the gallant sons of Sparta."

We need scarcely say that Herodotus's heart was full as he gazed upon these spirit-stirring objects; and such thoughts would not lightly pass away. During the following days he passed many other spots which had become memorable during that great war. Leaving the Maliac gulf, he passed the beach of Artemisium on the northern shore of Eubœa, where the Greek fleet had performed prodigies of valour, whilst their brethren were guarding Thermopylæ. Then coasting northward along the shore of Thessaly, he passed the places where the winds and waves had destroyed many of the Persian ships, and been a sign to Hellas that the gods themselves would deliver her cities if her citizens would but remain united against the common foe.

Thessaly possessed the largest territory in Hellas, but Phylarchus could not wait whilst Herodotus spent any time on shore. Our traveller, however, landed at Tempe, and saw the wonderful ravine of the great river Peneus. The beautiful and romantic valley of Tempe, between the mountains of Olympus and Ossa, is about five miles long, and forms the principal pass between Thessaly and Macedonia. Herodotus was most delighted with the wild and lovely scenery. The river Peneus traverses the entire glen, and on each side of it the rocks rise precipitously from the bed of the stream, and in some places leave so little room that the road is absolutely cut in the solid rock. Five rivers fall into the Peneus, and thus discharge themselves through the narrow vale of Tempe into the sea. Herodotus was told by some Thessalians that in ancient times this outlet did not exist, and that Thessaly was then covered by an immense lake or sea, surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains. The Thes-

salians also said that the outlet was formed by great Poseidon, the god of the sea and shaker of the earth; and when Herodotus had fully examined the wonderful ravine, he was of the same opinion, for he saw that the two mountains must most decidedly have been severed by an earthquake. When Xerxes invaded Hellas he did not march his army through this ravine, but through another pass in the Cambunian mountains, called the Pass of Gonnus. He, however, paid a visit to Tempe, and when he saw its extraordinary formation, he could not refrain from commending the prudence of the Thessalians in surrendering to him at once; for, he said, if they had attempted to hold out, I could easily have dammed up the Peneus and inundated the whole country.

After some days' voyage along the coast of Thessaly, the voyagers at last reached the frontiers of Macedonia, and coasted round the Thermaic gulf, and the three-pronged peninsula of Chalcidice. The only point on the whole of the Macedonian coast which attracted our travellers' attention was the furthest prong of Chalcidice towards the east, which was known by the name of Mount Athos. It consisted of a large and celebrated mountain, stretching out into the sea, and joined to the continent by an isthmus only a mile and a half across. Before Darius had dispatched those generals against Athens, who were defeated at Marathon, the Persian, Mardonius, had set off with a large armament for a similar purpose, but the fleet had been almost entirely destroyed by a storm off Athos. It seems that whilst this Persian fleet were endeavouring to double the promontory, a terrible and irresistible wind sprang up from the north and wrecked 300 vessels; and upwards of 20,000 men were either seized and destroyed by the monsters which were said to reside in the depths of the sea, or else were dashed against the rocks and drowned, or else perished from the intensity of the cold. In order to avoid a similar calamity,

Xerxes had cut a canal through this isthmus which was well worth seeing. Accordingly, Herodotus spent a day there, and learnt all the particulars of the excavation, whilst Phylarchus conducted his ship round the promontory; the canal having been again filled up in the middle, in order to allow a more ready land passage into and out of the peninsula.

Three years were employed in the excavation of this canal. Men of all nations were sent out from the army, and compelled to dig under the lash in successive sets, whilst the inhabitants of the surrounding country were also compelled to take a share in the labour. The excavation was thus managed. A straight line was drawn at the narrow part of the isthmus, where the country was very level; and the entire space was allotted in parcels to the several nations that were employed. In the progress of the excavation the earth dug out was handed up from man to man from the bottom of the canal to the top; the whole being performed by hand, without the aid of cranes or barrows. The canal was made sufficiently wide for two triremes to pass abreast, and the Phœnicians showed their superior intelligence by being the only people who took the precaution of beginning the excavation at a breadth far greater than that prescribed, so as to enable them to gradually narrow the canal as they approached the bottom, and leave a convenient slope for the sides. The others dug straight down, so that their time as well as their toil was doubled by the continual falling in of the sides. Should any of our readers ever follow in the steps of Herodotus, they will find that this canal of Xerxes is still most distinctly to be traced all the way across the isthmus, with the exception of about 200 yards in the centre.

Macedonia was anciently inhabited by a number of warrior tribes bearing different names, but acknowledging a common nationality. In the century previous to Hero-

dotus's visit, these tribes were divided into distinct petty principalities, of which the Macedonians, properly so called, only formed one. From a singular legend, which we shall presently relate, it would appear that a Greek adventurer from the city of Argos, in the Peloponnesus, became sovereign of the Macedonians proper, and of some of the neighbouring tribes; and that his successors gradually extended their rule until the Macedonian empire stretched from the borders of Greece to those of Thrace, and to an unknown distance in the interior. When our traveller visited the country, Alexander, the son of Amyntas, was king of Macedonia, and his territory extended from the Cambunian mountains to Mount Dysorum. It was in the century after Herodotus's visit that Macedonia attained its greatest celebrity and power, under the sceptres of Philip and Alexander the Great.

Herodotus tried to learn something of the history of Macedonia, but without much success. He had been already told the legend connected with the establishment of the reigning dynasty on the throne of Macedonia; and this legend is so well worth repeating as a sample of the old historical traditions which were preserved by the early Greek logographers, that we cannot do better than present it to the reader in full.

"In ancient days, when the children of Heracles, the hero, had subdued nearly all the cities of the Peloponnesus, the city of Argos was given to Temenus, the son of Aristomachus, and great-great-grandson of Heracles himself. Then Temenus became king of Argos, and his first-born after him; and from that time the princes and the daughters belonging to the royal house of Argos were called the race of the Temenids.

"In process of time there lived at Argos three brothers of poor estate, but they were Temenids; and the names of the three were Gauanes, Æropus, and Perdiccas. One day the youngest brother said to the two elders, 'My

brethren, let us not stay in Argos and starve; but let us leave our city, and work for strangers, and obtain food and wages.' And the advice of the youngest brother was followed by the two elder ones; and the three went to the land of Illyria, and from thence into Macedonia, and at last reached the city of Lebæa, where dwelt the king of Macedonia. This king took the three brothers into his house and hired them as servants. And Gauanes, the elder, had the charge of the horses; and Æropus, the second, had the charge of the oxen; and Perdiccas, the youngest, had the charge of the sheep and of the goats.

"In those days the people paid no tribute, and the king was therefore no richer than his subjects; whilst the queen cooked the meat and baked the bread for all the household. One day, when the queen had baked the loaves for the three brothers of the race of Temenus, she saw that the loaf of Perdiccas was twice the size of the other loaves; and this prodigy continued many days. Accordingly, she went to the king, her husband, and said to him, 'Master, every day I have made and baked the bread, and have made all the loaves of the same size; but after the bread is baked, I find that the loaf of Perdiccas, the youngest of the three men, is twice as large as the other loaves.' 'Then,' said the king, 'it is a prodigy, and bodeth ill.' And he sent for the three men and dismissed them, without making any complaint, or paying any wages. Accordingly, the three brothers cried out in their wrath, 'Give us our wages, and we will go.'

"And the fire was not kindled; but the chimney in the roof was open, and the sun's rays came through and shone upon the ground. And the king, being filled by the gods with madness, stretched out his hand towards the sunbeams, and said, 'Hear me, ye three men of Argos; I give you those rays as the wages equal to your services.' The two elder brothers stood amazed and speechless; but

Perdiccas, the youngest, said, 'We accept thy offer, O king!' And the king answered never a word, but girded up his raiment, and went out into the streets of the city.

"Then Perdiccas took a knife, and drew a circle on the ground around the place where the rays fell; and then placing himself under the rays, he drew them three times upon his bosom. Having so done, he left the house, and was accompanied by his two brothers. A Macedonian, however, had seen the action of Perdiccas, and went and told it to the king. And the king immediately exclaimed to the men who were standing by, 'Take your horses, and pursue the three brothers, and slay them, and bring their heads to the royal house.' The attendants at once mounted their horses, and hotly pursued the three fugitives.

"In that region, however, there is a great river. The three brothers crossed the river; but when the horsemen came up to the bank and prepared to follow, the waters rose, and they dared not venture. Meantime the three brothers proceeded in safety to the gardens of Midas, the same where wild roses grow with sixty leaves, and surpass all others in fragrance. In these gardens Silenus was taken when drunk with wine, and was bound with wreaths of flowers. There the three brethren settled down, and took the land for a possession; and thence they went out, and conquered all the country of Macedonia. And the first Temenid king of Macedonia was Perdiccas; and the sixth king was Amyntas; and the seventh king was Alexander, the son of Amyntas; and the reigning king and all his family offered sacrifices every year to the river which swelled its waters, and delivered the three Temenid brothers from their pursuers."

Such was the family tradition of the origin of the Macedonian monarchy. Its early history was a blank. Amyntas the father of the Alexander who was on the

throne at the time of Herodotus's visit had carried on a friendly intercourse with the Pisistratids; and his son Alexander was favourably disposed towards the Athenian democracy. Amyntas and Alexander had successively tendered their submission to Darius and Xerxes; but when the envoys of Darius first arrived to demand the customary earth and water, they were put to death by Alexander, who was at that time a very young man, under the following circumstances. The Persian envoys were very illustrious generals; and the king Amyntas not only promised submission, but invited them to a magnificent feast. Accordingly the Persians attended the banquet and drank very freely of the wine, for temperance was by no means one of their national virtues. At last they expressed a great desire to see the ladies of the royal household; and though it was contrary to the customs both of Greece and Macedonia for any ladies to be present at a drinking party, yet King Amyntas, out of excessive fear of the Persian power, introduced all the princesses to the noble strangers. The envoys, however, treated the ladies with disrespect, and their conduct threw the young prince Alexander into a boiling rage. He persuaded his father, Amyntas, to retire, and said to the guests, "The ladies have come to the feast without their festival ornaments. Suffer them to retire for a few moments, and decorate themselves, and then I am certain you will respect their beauty." Meantime he dressed a number of smooth-faced young men in ladies' costume, armed them with daggers, and brought them to the feast in the room of the princesses. The Persian envoys were too much intoxicated to perceive the difference, and quickly made room for the supposed damsels to sit amongst them. Then Alexander gave the signal, and each Macedonian youth plunged his dagger into a Persian's bosom, and thus obtained a bloody revenge for the insult upon

the ladies of the royal household. All the attendants of the envoys perished the same night, and all their carriages and baggage disappeared as though they had never been in the country.

Not a single man escaped to tell the tale; but as the embassy never returned to Persia, inquiries were set on foot, and a number of troops were sent under Bubares, the general, to make the necessary search. The matter soon became serious. King Amyntas was getting frightened, and even his hot-headed son Alexander had begun to repent the murderous deed. When, however, the Persian commission arrived at the Macedonian court, the prince brought his sister, Gygæa, who was the most beautiful maiden in the country, into the presence of Bubares, and the susceptible Oriental fell violently in love with the Macedonian princess. Alexander now saw a chance of stopping all further inquiry, and by giving his sister in marriage to Bubares, with a very large dower of gold and jewels, he prevailed on the Persian to hush the matter up, and say that no information could be obtained concerning the missing envoys. It was this same Alexander who was reigning when Herodotus visited Macedonia. But very little more is known concerning him. When a young man he had been permitted to contend in the Olympic games, having proved that he was not descended from a Macedonian ancestor but from a Greek stem, namely, from the Temenids of Argos. Shortly before the battle of Platæa he was sent by Mardonius to persuade the Athenian democracy to submit to Persia; but we need scarcely say that his mission was unsuccessful. Notwithstanding his sister's marriage with Bubares, he heartily hated the Persian supremacy, and a day or two before the conflict at Platæa he gave the Athenians such information concerning the Persians as would further the Greek cause, and entreated them, if they obtained the victory, to assist

him likewise in throwing off the yoke of Persia. It is a great pity that Herodotus could learn so little of this half-barbarous prince; but Macedonia was not at that period much of a place for commerce, and Phylarchus was eager to get on to Thrace and Scythia, to which countries we shall now introduce the reader as speedily as possible.

CHAP. XXIV.

THRACE, B. C. 459.

GEOGRAPHY OF THRACE. — GREEK SETTLERS AND SAVAGE NATIVES. — POLYGAMY. — SLAVES. — TATTOOING. — RELIGION. — SUTTEES. — MOURNING AT BIRTHS AND REJOICING AT FUNERALS. — AMPHIBIOUS PEOPLE OF LAKE PRASIAS. — GOLD MINES. — THE HELLESPONT OR DARDANELLES. — TROY. — INTERESTING TRADITION OF THE GREEK COLONIZATION OF THE CHERSONESUS BY MILTIADES THE ELDER. — ANECDOTES OF MILTIADES THE YOUNGER, THE TYRANT OF THE CHERSONESUS AND HERO OF MARATHON. — THE CHERSONESUS AT THE TIME OF HERODOTUS'S VISIT. — SEPULCHRE OF HELLE. — TRAGICAL LEGEND CONNECTED WITH ATHAMAS. — BRIDGES OF XERXES OVER THE DARDANELLES. — HERO AND LEANDER. — XERXES PUNISHES THE STRAITS FOR DESTROYING HIS BRIDGES. — RECONSTRUCTION OF THE BRIDGES. — VOYAGE THROUGH THE BOSPHORUS, OR CHANNEL OF CONSTANTINOPLE. — DESCRIPTION OF A THRACIAN TRIBE, WHO BELIEVED IN THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL. — TRADITION CONCERNING ZALMOXIS. — DOUBTS WHETHER ZALMOXIS WAS A MAN OR A GOD.

THRACE, in the time of Herodotus, included that square mass of country which extends northward from the Ægean to the right bank of the Danube, and answers to the modern territories of Bulgaria, Rumilia, and eastern Macedonia. On the west is the river Strymon, on the east is Constantinople and the Black Sea, whilst the interior is filled up by the craggy and precipitous mountains of the Balkan range.

The whole of this region was occupied by a number of ferocious and untameable tribes, each of which was known by its particular appellation, though the members of all were called by the common name of Thracians. The Pæonians, a less savage nation, which was neither Macedonian nor Thracian, likewise occupied the banks of the river Strymon and other fertile lands in the western quarter,

whilst settlers from different parts of Hellas possessed certain ports along the coast. These ports were very dangerous acquisitions, for the settlers were constantly liable to an attack from some wild Thracian tribe, who, disregarding the laws of commerce, would sack the entire place, and murder every Greek inhabitant. The gold, however, which could be obtained from Scapte Hyle and the mines near the Strymon, and the extensive traffic in slaves which everywhere prevailed, induced many a hardy emigrant to brave all dangers rather than retire from so profitable a locality.

The only ports worth mentioning, at which Herodotus landed in his course from Mount Athos to the Dardanelles, were those of Eion and Abdera; and here he obtained nearly all the information which he ever procured concerning the habits and manners of the Thracians. The difference between the Greek settlers and the wild and ferocious aborigines, was as strongly marked as that between the English emigrant and the savage Red Indian of a century and a half ago. The rude barbarians of Thrace would do no work at all, unless forced by the most urgent necessity. They considered it a great disgrace to cultivate the soil for a livelihood, and they regarded war and rapine as the most glorious and honourable means of obtaining a subsistence. They all practised polygamy, marrying as many wives as they could afford to buy; and they were always ready and willing, in their turn, either to sell their daughters to Thracian husbands, or to sell either sons or daughters to those Greek merchants who would export them to foreign lands. Wives were generally well guarded, lest they should prove unfaithful; daughters, on the other hand, were permitted every freedom, and not the slightest check was placed upon their proceedings until consigned to the care of a husband. Tattooing was practised to a very considerable extent, as all who were not tattooed were said

to be of ignoble birth. Their gods were identified by the Greek settlers with Ares, Dionysus, and Artemis; and Herodotus was told that they possessed a great temple and oracle of Dionysus on one of the loftiest summits of the Balkan. The kings or chiefs of the several tribes traced their descent from a god whom the Greeks identified with Hermes; and this god was worshipped by the chiefs alone, who swore only by him, and not unfrequently sacrificed a human victim in his honour. Amongst many of the tribes, the death of the husband was followed by the horrible suttee. On this occasion fearful contests would arise amongst the several widows and their relations as to who had been the most beloved by the deceased husband. When the point had at length been settled, the favoured woman or victim received the praises of all the mourners, and was then slain upon her husband's tomb by her nearest relative, and buried in the same grave, whilst the surviving widows were supposed to consider themselves to be disgraced. When a rich man died, his body was laid out for three days. The mourners then made great lamentations, and killed various animals for sacrifice; after which they all feasted, and then either burned the body of the deceased, or simply buried it in the grave. A great mound of earth was afterwards thrown up over the grave, and all kinds of games were practised upon it; the highest prizes being adjudged to those who gained the victory in single combat. A tribe named the Trausi, likewise observed a strange custom at births and burials, in which they differed from all other Thracians. When a child was born, its relations sat round it and deplored the many ills it would have to undergo, and at the same time enumerated the various sufferings incidental to mankind. When, however, any one died, they buried it in the earth with merriment and rejoicing, that now, being released from so many ills, the departed being would henceforth revel in perfect bliss.

Whilst Herodotus was stopping at the port of Eion, on the river Strymon, he paid a visit to the very strange people who lived upon a neighbouring lake named Lake Prasias, and who, in this singular locality, were enabled to preserve their independence against Persia. The people actually lived upon the lake itself, in dwellings or huts built upon planks, which were fixed on lofty poles in the centre of the lake. A single narrow bridge alone connected this community with the main land. The piles which supported the planks were anciently fixed at the common charge of all the citizens, and the wood was brought from a neighbouring mountain, known as Mount Orbelus. Subsequently the people established a law, that whenever a man married he should sink three piles for each wife, for, like the Thracians generally, they practised polygamy to a considerable extent. Every man had his own hut upon this extensive platform, with a trap-door closely fitting in the planks, and leading down to the lake, and a cord was tied to the feet of the young children to prevent their falling in. Horses and draught cattle were fed with fish instead of fodder; and there was such an abundance of fish, especially of the species named papraces and tilones, that when a man let down a net of basket-work through the trap-door into the lake, he drew it up again after a little time completely filled.

Between Eion and Abdera was the island of Thasos, which had been colonized by the Phœnicians at a very ancient period, and was celebrated for its gold mines. It had been conquered by the Persians in the reign of Darius, but, after the conclusion of the Persian war, had been received by the Athenians into their confederacy. Five or six years before Herodotus's visit, it had revolted from Athens, but after a three years' siege had been subdued by Cimon the Athenian. Herodotus himself landed and visited the mines, and was astonished at their immense

size, a large mountain having been apparently thrown upside down, in the search for ore. He was told that, before the Persian conquest, the Thasians had derived from the mines in the island, and from those on the opposite coast of Thrace, a clear surplus revenue of between 200 and 300 talents yearly, a sum which was equivalent to 50,000*l.* or 60,000*l.* sterling.

After many days' sailing along the coast of Thrace, and round the promontory called the Chersonesus, our traveller and his fellow-voyagers at last entered the Hellespont, or modern Dardanelles, leaving the coast of Troy on their right or Asiatic side, and having that of the Chersonesus on the left or European side. The Hellespont connects the Ægean with the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora, as it is now called; it is about fifty miles in length, and in width varies from six miles to two, and in some places to one mile or even less.

Both the Hellespont and the shores on either side were famous in olden story and more recent history. Of the immortal plains of Troy, on the Asiatic side, nothing need be said. The history of the Athenian colonization of the long straggling peninsula on the European side, anciently known as the Chersonesus, or "land island," is, however, less known, and very interesting, both as illustrative of the manners of the time, and as connected with the history of Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, and we shall therefore relate it at length as it was told to Herodotus.

In the days when Pisistratus was tyrant, there lived at Athens a citizen named Miltiades. This Miltiades was the son of Cypselus, and belonged to a family of great riches and influence at Athens, being especially celebrated for maintaining a breed of horses for the chariot races at Olympia, and indeed Miltiades had himself gained an Olympic victory. Now it so happened that the Chersonesus was at that time in a very troubled state. It was inhabited by a tribe of Thracians called Doloncians; but these

Doloncians were very much harassed by another Thracian tribe, named Apsinthians, who were perpetually entering the Chersonesus for the purposes of plunder; and it would seem that as the Doloncians inhabited a maritime country, which contained several Greek colonies, they had become more civilised and wealthy, and less warlike and barbarous; and were therefore unable to defend themselves with any success against the wild and ferocious Apsinthians of the interior. In this predicament, the Doloncians sent their kings to consult the oracle at Delphi upon the best means of carrying on the war, being probably advised to take this step by the Greek merchants who visited their shores. Accordingly, the kings and some other chief men amongst the Doloncians proceeded to Delphi. The pythoness ascended the sacred tripod, and received the inspiration from Apollo, and then informed the Doloncian deputies that they must take that man with them to found a colony in the Chersonesus, and defend them from the Apsinthians, who, after their departure from the Delphian temple, should first offer hospitality to their party. The Doloncians having received this answer, left the temple and proceeded along the Sacred Way through Phocis and Bœotia; and then, as no one offered them hospitality, they turned out of the road to go towards Athens.

A few days after this event, Miltiades, who knew nothing of the Doloncians, was sitting under the portico of his house at Athens, enjoying the cool of the evening, and lamenting over the tyranny of Pisistratus. Suddenly he saw a party of foreigners marching along the street, attired in long cloaks of various colours, and carrying javelins and light bucklers. Being struck by the travel-worn, but yet noble appearance of the strangers, he courteously offered them shelter and hospitality. The Doloncians of course thankfully accepted the invitation; and after washing their feet, and partaking of the evening meal, they told

him all the circumstances connected with their inquiry at Delphi, and besought him to obey the will of the deity. Miltiades was exceedingly pleased at hearing this relation from his illustrious guests; for he had been much troubled by Pisistratus, and was anxious to leave Athens. He therefore set out to consult the oracle at Delphi on his own account, and was directed by the pythoness to obey the previous oracle. He then returned to Athens, and taking with him all such Athenians as were willing to join in the expedition, he set sail with the Doloncians, and at length arrived at the Chersonesus. Here he was introduced to the other citizens, and made tyrant or sovereign of the Chersonesus. The Athenians and Doloncians combined, were soon enabled to drive out the Apsinthians; and in process of time, Miltiades built a wall right across the narrow isthmus which connected the Chersonesus with the main land, and thus effectually protected the promontory from the savage invaders.

After some years, this Miltiades, the son of Cypselus, died, and the Chersonesians sacrificed to him as their founder, and instituted horse races and gymnastic contests in his honour. He left no children, but his half-brother, Cimon, had two sons, respectively named Stesagoras and Miltiades; and Stesagoras had been brought up by his uncle in the Chersonesus for the express purpose of succeeding him in the sovereignty. Stesagoras, however, was killed shortly after his accession by a pretended deserter, who struck him on the head with an axe as he sat in the Prytaneum; and thus the throne was once more vacant, for Stesagoras, like his uncle, died childless.

Miltiades, the brother of Stesagoras, and younger son of Cimon, was now the nearest heir. Cimon, like his half-brother, Miltiades the elder, had been much troubled by Pisistratus, and was at last banished from Athens. During his exile he had gained an Olympic prize in the four-horse chariot race, and transferred the honour to

Miltiades the elder, who was at that time still living and reigning in the Chersonesus. At the next Olympiad he obtained a second victory with the same mares, and this time he transferred the honour to Pisistratus, and thus obtained his own recal to Athens. Lastly, at another Olympiad, he, with the same mares, gained a third victory, and this time he permitted himself to be proclaimed the victor. When, however, Pisistratus had died, and his son Hippias ruled Athens, Cimon again fell under the displeasure of the government. But his Olympic victories had made him so popular in the eyes of the citizens, that Hippias was afraid of sending him into another exile. Accordingly the tyrant hired some assassins, who waylaid Cimon by night, and slew him near the Prytaneum. Cimon was afterwards buried in the neighbourhood of the city, and opposite him were likewise buried the four famous mares by which he had obtained the three Olympic victories; for they were the only mares in all Hellas that had ever performed the treble event, with the exception of the mares of Euagoras, the Spartan.

Miltiades the younger had been educated by his father, Cimon, at Athens, whilst Stesagoras was educated by his uncle, Miltiades the elder, in the Chersonesus. When Cimon died, the Pisistratids treated his son Miltiades with the utmost kindness, in order, if possible, to ward off the suspicion that they had been parties to the assassination of Cimon. When Stesagoras died, they sent Miltiades with one ship to the Chersonesus to succeed his brother in the sovereignty. This Miltiades was a man who evidently possessed a great genius for command. On arriving at the Chersonesus he found that the inhabitants generally were discontented with the sovereignty. Accordingly he kept himself in his late uncle's palace under pretence of honouring the memory of his late brother, Stesagoras. The principal persons of every city throughout the Chersonesus then assembled at the palace for the purpose of

condoling with him; upon which he threw them all into chains, and thus obtained ready possession of the whole of the peninsula. Further, in order to secure himself in the sovereignty, he took 500 mercenaries into his pay, and married a Thracian princess named Hegesipyle, who was the daughter of a Thracian king named Olorus. When Darius made his great expedition against Scythia, Miltiades and the tyrants of the Ionian cities in Asia Minor joined the army, and were left to guard the bridge of boats over the Danube, by which Darius entered the Scythian territory. After many days Miltiades advised the other Greeks to destroy the bridge, and leave Darius and his Persians to the mercy of the Scythians, and thus throw off the Persian yoke. This proposition, however, was overruled by the other tyrants, on the ground that the existence of their power as petty sovereigns depended on the supremacy of the Persian; and if that supremacy was thrown off, the people of the several cities would depose their tyrannies, and establish democracies. Darius accordingly was enabled to effect his retreat. Soon afterwards the Scythians determined on invading Persia, and actually marched as far as the Chersonesus; and Miltiades, not daring to oppose them, was compelled to fly; but they retired in a very little while, and he returned to his sovereignty. Not long afterwards, the Ionian cities fairly revolted against Darius, but were resubdued by the overwhelming forces of the Persians. Miltiades soon heard that a fleet of Phœnician ships was approaching the Chersonesus to reduce it to the Persian dominion. He therefore placed all his property on board five triremes, and leaving the Chersonesus to be subdued by Persia, he escaped with some difficulty to Athens. Here his military talents were so well appreciated, that when Attica was invaded by the generals of Darius, he was chosen to be one of the ten leaders of the Athenian army, and acted as commander-in-chief in the great battle of Marathon.

After the Persian war the Chersonesus fell into the hands of the Athenian confederacy, and such was its condition at the time of our traveller's visit.

Herodotus landed at different points in the Chersonesus, and amongst other places he visited the sepulchre of Helle, who had given her name to the Hellespont. The legend belongs to the mythic history of the family of the Æolids. In very ancient times the great city of Orchomenus in Bœotia was ruled by Athamas, the son of Æolus, grandson of Helen and great-grandson of Deucalion. Now Athamas, the king, was of mortal race, but, at the command of Hera, he married the goddess Nephele, and became the father of two children, Phrixus and Helle. After a time, Athamas fell in love with Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, and, putting away the goddess, he married the mortal, and thus became father of two more children, Learchus and Melicertes. Ino soon became jealous of the children of Nephele, and hated them with all the hatred of a step-mother. At last she laid a snare for the life of Phrixus. She persuaded the women to roast the seed-wheat, and thus, when the seed was sown it yielded no crop, and direful famine soon overspread the land. Athamas, the king, was terribly alarmed at this direful prodigy. He sent to Delphi to implore the god for counsel and a remedy, but through the machinations of Ino with the oracle he received for answer that the barrenness of the fields could only be alleviated by offering up Phrixus as a human sacrifice to the great Zeus. The distress of the people compelled the agonised king to execute this command in order to turn away the divine wrath. His son, Phrixus, was led as a victim to the altar. But the power of Nephele, the goddess mother of the devoted prince, was sufficient to save Phrixus. She snatched him from destruction, and procured from Hermes a ram with a fleece of gold, upon which Phrixus and his sister Helle mounted, and were carried across the Ægean.

The ram proceeded in the direction of the Euxine Sea, and Colchis, but whilst crossing the Hellespont, Helle fell off into the narrow strait, which was henceforth called after her. The ram, which was endowed with speech, consoled Phrixus for the loss of his sister, and carried him safely to Colchis, south of the Caucasus; and here Phrixus sacrificed the ram to Zeus, and hung up the golden fleece in the sacred grove of Ares, where it remained until carried off by Jason and the Argonauts.

Meantime King Athamas and his cruel wife, Ino, were driven mad by the anger of the goddess Hera. Athamas killed his own son Learchus, and would have put to death his other son Melicertes, if Ino had not snatched him away. She fled with him through Attica towards the Saronic gulf, and leaping into the sea became a sea goddess. Her son, however, was drowned, but his body was cast ashore, and the Nereids commanded that honours should be paid to him as a hero.

Athamas fled to Thessaly, and was afterwards worshipped as a hero in the city of Alos, where he had a chapel and consecrated grove attached to the temple of the Laphystian Zeus. At Alos some sanguinary religious rites and very peculiar family customs prevailed down to the time of our traveller, and as they were connected with the legend of Athamas we may mention them here. A special curse was affixed to the family of which Athamas was considered to be the heroic progenitor. The eldest of the race was ever forbidden to enter the Prytaneum. If found within the doors of that building he was seized by the citizens on going out, covered with garlands, and led in solemn procession to be sacrificed as a victim at the altar of Zeus Laphystius. Many of the individuals thus excluded from all the public meetings and ceremonies, political as well as religious, were bold enough to transgress the law. Some had been seized on quitting the Prytaneum, and actually sacrificed; and

others had fled the country for a long time to avoid a similar fate.

The voyage through the Hellespont was very slow, for the waters of the Euxine pour through the Bosphorus into the Propontis, and again from the Propontis through the Hellespont in a constant current. About half way through the straits, and just opposite the Asiatic town of Abydos, was the place where Xerxes constructed his double bridge of boats for the conveyance of his immense land forces into Europe; and here too, according to a legend of much later date, Leander swam across to visit the beautiful priestess Hero. Of course Herodotus was unacquainted with the lives of Hero and Leander, but he determined, if possible, to learn exactly how the bridges of Xerxes were constructed; and as Philarchus stopped a short time at Abydos, our traveller landed also, and was fortunate enough to meet with a man who had assisted in the great work, and who was only too pleased to tell him all about it.

The two bridges of boats were to stretch from Abydos on the Asiatic side right across the Hellespont, to the coast near Sestos on the European side, at a point where the strait was scarcely an English mile in breadth. The execution of this work was entrusted to Phœnician and Egyptian engineers, who had received orders long before to prepare cables of extraordinary strength for the purpose. The Phœnicians made their cables of flax; the Egyptians made theirs of the fibre of the papyrus. At last the two bridges were completed, and Xerxes was informed that they were available for transit. At this critical moment a violent storm arose. The cables broke in every direction; and the ships which formed the bridges were completely scattered by the tempest. The news soon reached the Persian army, which had encamped in the neighbourhood of Sardis. The Persians, who were accustomed to worship the sun, to sacrifice

to rivers, and to regard all the great objects of nature as being responsible agencies, possessing certain personalities and attributes, were terrified at this demonstration on the part of the sea; an element which they had been accustomed to hold in mysterious fear. Xerxes endeavoured to arouse the drooping spirits of his army and restore their confidence in him as the great king, by exhibiting his own power as superior to that of the sea. He ordered a pair of fetters to be thrown into the strait, and likewise commanded that the Hellespont should be scourged with 300 lashes; and he charged those who scourged the waters to cry out during the infliction of the sentence, "Thou bitter water! thy master inflicts this punishment upon thee because thou hast injured him without having suffered any harm from him. King Xerxes will cross over thee whether thou wilt or not. It is with justice that no man sacrifices to thee, for thou art a deceitful and briny river."

Xerxes next satisfied his own wrath by ordering those who had superintended the construction of the bridges to be immediately beheaded; and he then employed other engineers to reconstruct the two pontoon bridges in a more strong and substantial manner. Each bridge now consisted of a line of ships moored side by side across the strait, having their sterns turned towards the Euxine, and their prows towards the Ægean. Each ship was moored by anchors at the head and stern; those in the bridge nearest the Euxine being intended to hold fast the line of ships against the north-easterly winds which might blow from the Euxine; and those in the bridge nearest the Ægean being intended to hold fast that line of ships against the south-westerly winds which might blow from the Ægean. The bridge nearest the Euxine consisted of 360 ships; that nearest the Ægean consisted of 314 ships. Over each of the two lines of ships were stretched six vast cables from shore to shore, for the double purpose of

holding the ships together, and of supporting the bridge-way to be laid upon them. Both bridges ran somewhat obliquely across the channel, in order that the current might keep up the tension of the cables; but the bridge nearest the Ægean ran in a much more slanting direction than the other, because, owing to the shape of the channel in that part, the set of the current is not in the line of water, but oblique from one shore to the other. The six great cables in each line of ships were tightened by means of capstans on each shore; and in three different places in each line a gap was left between the ships for the purpose of enabling small trading vessels without masts to continue their voyages between the Ægean and the Euxine.

In the previous bridges the Phœnician cables of flax had been employed for uniting one line of ships, and the Egyptian cables of papyrus for uniting the other. In the present bridges, however, two cables of flax and four of papyrus were employed for uniting each line. The flax cables were as thick and compact as those of the papyrus, and, at the same time, were superior in weight, each cubit length weighing a talent; or, as we should say, each yard of cable weighing a hundred weight. Planks of wood were then placed across the cables from one end to the other in regular order, and fastened together; and upon this foundation a causeway was formed of earth and wood, with a palisade on each side high enough to prevent the cattle which passed over from seeing the terrifying billows.

When everything was prepared for the crossing over, every description of perfume was burnt upon the bridges, and the bridgeways were strewed with myrtle branches. At length, early in the morning, and whilst the Sun-god was rising, Xerxes poured a libation into the sea from a golden cup, and offered up a prayer to the Sun, that nothing might prevent his subduing Europe to its utmost limits. He then threw the golden cup into the Hellespont, to-

gether with a golden bowl and a Persian sword. Seven days were occupied by his immense army in crossing over the two bridges; the infantry and cavalry marching by the bridge towards the Euxine, and the attendants and beasts of burden marching by the bridge towards the Ægean.

. At Abydos Herodotus was also shown the spot where Xerxes had surveyed his entire armament, and had wept to think that in less than a hundred years the whole must pass away. He also heard one or two other particulars connected with the great expedition, which we need not repeat here. He however encountered no adventures worth recording, and in a few days the ship had finished the voyage through the Hellespont, and traversed the Propontis or Sea of Marmora, to the channel of Constantinople. This channel was called Bosphorus in the time of Herodotus, a name which exactly answers to the English word Ox-ford. At its entrance was the town of Byzantium, afterwards called Constantinople, near which Mandrocles, the Samian architect, constructed the pontoon bridge by which Darius and his land forces crossed the Bosphorus and proceeded to the Danube for the invasion of Scythia.

The vessel which carried our traveller proceeded through the Bosphorus and entered the Black Sea, and then coasted northwards along the shore of Thrace towards the mouths of the Danube. The only interesting particulars belonging to this part of the voyage are connected with the information which Herodotus was enabled to collect concerning the Getæ, a Thracian people who occupied the northern quarter of Thrace, between the Balkan range and the right bank of the Danube.

These Getæ were the most valiant and just of all the Thracian tribes. They believed in the immortality of the soul, inasmuch as they imagined that men did not actually die, but that the soul of the deceased went to the deity Zalmoxis, who, as some of them thought, was

the same as Gebeleizis, or "he who gives repose." Every fifth year they selected one of themselves by lot to go to Zalmoxis and tell him what they required. Their mode of sending the messenger was as follows. Some of them stood together holding three lances with the points upward. Others then seized the appointed ambassador by the hands and feet, and swinging him backwards and forwards, tossed him upon the points of the lances. If he died of the wounds they considered that the deity Zalmoxis would prove propitious; if he did not die they decided that the messenger was a bad man, and selected another. These Getæ considered that there was no other deity but theirs, and during storms of thunder and lightning they shot their arrows towards heaven and threatened the god.

Herodotus was informed by those Greeks whom he met in the Hellespont and at the ports on the Euxine where Phylarchus touched, that this Zalmoxis, who was worshipped by the Getæ, was only a Thracian slave who had fallen into the possession of Pythagoras the philosopher, whilst the latter was living at Samos, about seventy or eighty years before the date of the voyage we are now describing. When, however, Zalmoxis had obtained his freedom, and subsequently acquired great riches, he returned to Thrace, and finding that his fellow countrymen were living in a very wretched and uncivilised state, he set himself to try and reform their habits and manners, and elevate their religious belief. Being himself acquainted with the more refined manners of the Ionians, and having enjoyed familiar intercourse with the Greeks, and especially with Pythagoras, who was certainly not the meanest sage in Hellas, he built a house and saloon after the Greek style, and received and entertained the principal persons of the country, and taught them that neither he, nor any of his posterity for ever, should die, but should be translated to a place where they would live eternally, and enjoy every kind of blessing. Meantime, he prepared for himself a sub-

terranean dwelling, and at length suddenly disappeared from amongst the Thracians and lived in this underground abode for three years; but in the fourth year, and whilst the people were still lamenting his supposed death, he reappeared, and thus obtained additional credibility for his teachings. Herodotus knew not what to think of this Greek account of Zalmoxis, but he was satisfied of one thing, that, if he were a man, he must have lived many years prior to the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus, however, could not make up his mind whether Zalmoxis was a man or a god; and, indeed, he did not think it worth while to trouble his head much upon the subject.

These Getæ were the last Thracian people towards the Scythian frontier.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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